October 10, 1962

Registered in Australia for transmission by post as a newspaper.

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Over 800,000 Copies Sold Every Week

PRICE 1/-

25 XMAS CAKES and puddings | TAKE A HINT FROM 8 FAMOUS BEAUTIES | 6 LOVELY ROSE arrangements

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The only liquid blue in a plastic squeeze pack

—and with a sprinkler top, too.
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Every woman knows that, whatever comes or goes in new detergents, powders or anything else, blue always adds still more whiteness to whiteness. But do you know this about Bluo? Bluo is the only liquid blue without sediment — a clear blue that never leaves streaks. So money saving!

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The Australian
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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Melbourne: Newspaper House, 247 Collins St., Melbourne. Letters: Box 185C, G.P.O.
Brisbane: 81 Elizabeth St., Brisbane. Letters: Box 409F, G.P.O.
Adelaide: 24-26 Halifax St., Adelaide. Letters: Box 388A, G.P.O.
Perth: C/o Newspaper House, 125 St. George's Terrace, Perth. Letters: Box 491G, G.P.O.
Tasmania: Letters to Sydney address.

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● ***Our Cake Decorating Contest will remain open until December, so there is still time to enter.***

ALL you have to do is to send a photograph (in color or black-and-white) of a decorated cake together with instructions for design and pipework.

Include your name and address, with stamped addressed envelope, for return of the photograph at close of competition.

Sections:
1. Wedding Cake.
2. Celebration Cake.
3. Novelty Cake.

Prizes of £10 and £5 will be given in each section together with £3 for any other cake selected for publication in the magazine. Address entries to Cake Contest, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Our cover

These beautiful roses (Karl Frau Druschki) won first prize in the Autumn Rose Show held by the National Rose Society of N.S.W. earlier this year. They were entered by Mrs. E. Best, Sydney.

Picture by staff photographer Don Cameron.

● **We have had a huge number of inquiries from readers who want to order a year's or six months' supply of The Australian Women's Weekly as a Christmas present for friends.**

MANY of the inquirers wondered what to do when their friends live overseas or in different States.

So to help everybody, we set out below details of how to order and the prices.
Note: Subscriptions can be lodged at any of our offices listed at the top of this page. The minimum period for subscriptions is six months. Terms are cash (payable in advance).

SUBSCRIPTION RATES IN AUSTRALIA

Subscription orders lodged at our offices in Australia (see top of page for addresses) for postage to addresses in:—

	* Australia	New Guinea	New Zealand & Fiji	British Dominions	Foreign
6 Months	£1 14 6	£2 3 6	£2 12 0	£2 12 6	£3 5 6
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* THIS AUSTRALIAN RATE also applies for copies posted to the following: Norfolk Island, Christmas Island, Cocos Island, Lord Howe Island, Nauru, and Australian Forces abroad.

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Subscription Orders lodged with Mr. P. Lawlor, Box 965, Wellington, N.Z., for postage to addresses in New Zealand.

6 Months . . . . . £2 1 6 N.Z. Currency
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N.B.: Closing date for Christmas overseas surface mails to the United Kingdom is October 29 at 10 a.m., Sydney G.P.O.; to U.S.A. and Canada, November 24 at 9 a.m., Sydney G.P.O.

ORDER AS FAR AS POSSIBLE BEFORE THESE DATES TO ENSURE THAT THE FIRST COPY OF YOUR CHRISTMAS PRESENT REACHES YOUR FRIEND FOR CHRISTMAS.

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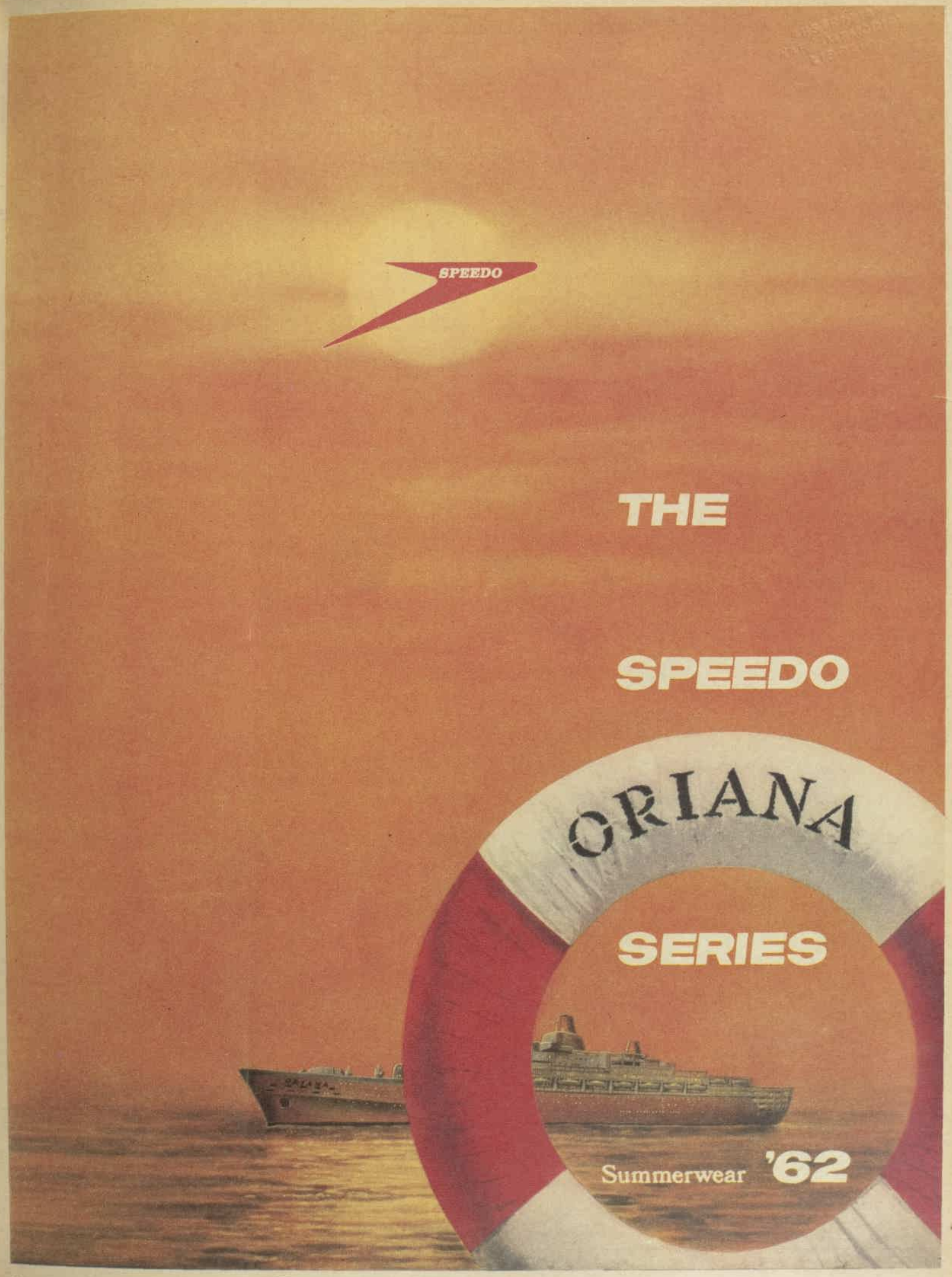

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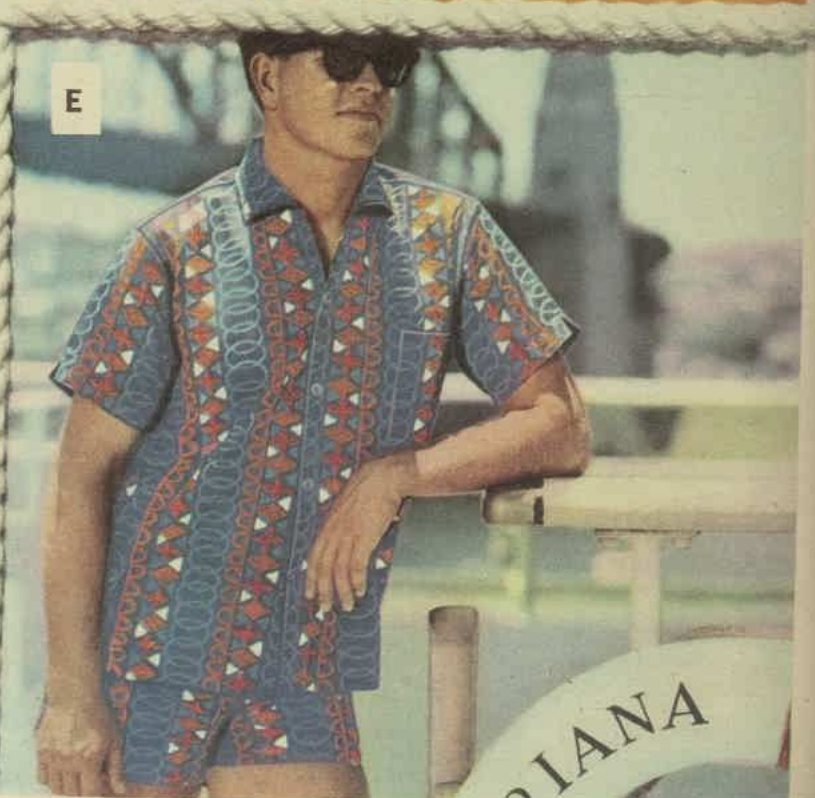
THE
SPEEDO
AUSTRALIAN MADE
ORIANA
SERIES
Summerwear '62



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SHIPBOARD, SHOREBOUND, the styles in our new "Oriana" series have the '62 message in their rigging.

Salty sea designs, inspired by far-away seat ports, styles with a luxury cruise feeling that'll have you in holiday spirits every weekend you're out in the sun. Our pictures were actually taken aboard P & O - Orient's 42,000 ton giant, "Oriana," to capture their "International traveller" feeling. Naturally, there are many more designs. The conservative man, the young blood, even the very young will spy their style somewhere in this exciting new summerwear collection. Your favourite men's store has "Oriana" in port, pop in now, take a look, we're sure you'll be pleased.

WHAT'S IN OUR PICTURES?

A L to R: "Deckshirt," terry Pop-on and "Davits," striped cotton beach shorts—"Channel," cotton Pop-on and "Nautical," cotton gaberdine 5" leg walk shorts—"Bos'n," cotton Pop-on and "Striped Tarpoon" beach shorts.

B "Boomer," cotton breaker short and "Bombay," cotton-terylene swim jacket.

C "Deckshirt," terry Pop-on and "Davits," cotton tarpoon beach shorts.

D L to R: "Corroboree"—"Companionway"—"Fineline," all-stretch helanca swim shorts.

E "Whirlpool," cotton boxer shorts and matching Cabana shirt.

F "Navigator," cotton twill Pop-on and "Herringbone," cotton twill brief boxer shorts.

G "Mistral," cotton calf-length Beachnik and matching cotton slimliner top.

This was snapped beside the pool on the "Oriana." Our girl and boy had just slipped into their "Jetstream" BRI-NYLON racers. "Jetstreams" are especially designed for competitive swimming, but our new striped fabric combined with "Jetstream's" classical contour-cut, puts them right into the ultra-fashion group. Don't worry please . . . "Jetstream" fabric is completely non-transparent, **even when wet.**

On the beach, around the pool, racing, relaxing, you can't go better than a "Jetstream." Four striped colour combinations, ten solid colours, sized from adults to infants.

Action—Elegance, that's . . .

SPEEDO
Jetstream
in BRI-NYLON

Ask for them at your favourite men's or women's shop.

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HINTS FROM A GALLERY

● *Pictured here are some of the world's most celebrated beauties. Take a good look at them. Each has her own brand or type of beauty. What is the key to it? Is it simply that these women have been born beautiful? Or have they qualities which exist in the average woman: qualities which the average woman, too, can develop? They have. Find, in this gallery, "your" type of beauty and take your cues from her.*

▲ JACKIE KENNEDY

WIFE of the President of the United States of America and First Lady of the nation, Mrs. Kennedy, American-born, of French ancestry, is 32. Coloring, dark with creamy skin. She has two children.

Special qualities: LITTLE-GIRL LOOK. If you haven't got this — and don't admire it — model yourself on one of the other "beauty types." No amount of make-up or hair tinting can achieve these clearly defined features which give Mrs. Kennedy a Dresden china look. DRESS SENSE. True, she has plenty of money to spend on clothes. But good, cheap copies in her distinctive, casual chic style are available. Take a tip from her hairstyling. It's usually natural-looking, but carefully groomed. Grooming and neatness? That doesn't cost money. Start from the shoes up. INTELLIGENCE. It can be cultivated. Start by reading the newspaper, go to art exhibitions, see a few historical film spectaculars, and learn to read a menu in French. Don't chatter. An intelligent expression is worth 1000 words.

▲ BRIGITTE BARDOT

FRENCH film star, she's 28, has been married twice, and has one child. Coloring, blond.

Special qualities: ANIMAL MAGNETISM. You need a good figure for this, so start slimming. Voluptuousness is an asset. Show your curves. A constant suntan is very "animal." Wear your hair — easily bleached if it isn't naturally blond — in the Bardot style, jungle-long and untidy. "Talk" with your hands, eyes, and body as well as your voice. Stretch a lot and walk slinkily. WORLDLY INNOCENCE. This is a contradictory combination of qualities which can be very disarming. With a daringly sophisticated dress, wear an air of naivete and helplessness. With a gingham dress, sound sophisticated. TEMPERAMENT. Whatever Brigitte is, or isn't, she's never a bore. Be unpredictable — perhaps friendly as a puppy one minute, and pouting and distant the next. Men might find you mysterious (or insufferable). So don't overdo it (especially if you're over 28).

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OF BEAUTIES

TANIA VERSTAK

MISS AUSTRALIA, and Miss International Beauty, 1963, Tania is a naturalised Australian of Russian parentage. She is 21. Coloring, brunette with green eyes and olive skin.

Special qualities: GLOWING ANIMATION. Try smiling at everyone. Try to "like" them. Get your teeth professionally polished into good smiling order. Look alive and clean. Don't use so much make-up that you can hardly move your face. MODESTY. Even if you are Miss International, try to make other people feel more important (male) or attractive (female) than you. A little shyness and humility are very endearing. If you make people feel good, they'll often-as-not think you're beautiful. POISE. Difficult if you're not by nature the poised type. Start by knowing you look right — you're wearing the right clothes for the right occasion, etc. Get used to people and situations by mixing a lot. Go to a charm school, as Tania did. If you feel you're going to burst into tears, think of something pleasant.

AUDREY HEPBURN

AMERICAN film star, born to British and Dutch parents, she is 33. Married to film star Mel Ferrer, with one child. Brown eyes and hair.

Special qualities: ELFIN LOOK. A distinctive quality, which is difficult to acquire. If you are the type, play it up with subtle eye make-up. Diet like mad. Your eyes and cheekbones must be the prominent features. If you have a long skinny neck, you have a good start. Don't clutter it with jewellery or collars. Adopt a sleek hairstyle and a smiling wistfulness. ELEGANCE. Ballet lessons would be a help to acquire this. Aim for a ramrod back, graceful, economical movements, and a lack of mannerisms. You need a skeleton figure, too, which will look good in the most advanced fashions. GENTLE DETACHMENT. A faraway unfussed look can be quite fascinating. Both men and women feel you are worth "getting through to."

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SOPHIA LOREN

ITALIAN film star, 28. Coloring, brown hair, olive skin, amber eyes.

Special qualities: VITALITY. This quality calls for a lust for life, unbounding health and energy, and a volcanic temperament. It helps if you are Italian. But you **don't** have to be classically beautiful. Use strong make-up on your eyes and lips and cover yourself with a natural tan. You need a fullness of figure. Spaghetti is good for curves. **DEPTH.** Easy to cultivate. Throw yourself whole-heartedly into everything you tackle. If you feel like weeping, weep out loud. Learn to "feel" your emotions — and show them. Don't worry about getting wrinkles. They can be attractive. **JOY.** If you enjoy life it will show in your face. And it's infectious. Your company is charming. Look for fun. It can be anywhere.

KIM NOVAK

AMERICAN film star, 29, unmarried. Coloring, silver-blond hair, creamy skin, hazel eyes.

Special qualities: MYSTERY. Move in a kind of rapt trance. Talk about "deep" things like complexes or Shakespeare. A little melancholy in the mood is an asset. Wear your cheeks alabaster-pale, and with eye make-up give yourself a deep-socketed look. **FEMININITY.** This is a sort of "sweet" sex appeal. You don't have to diet to acquire it. Clothe soft curves in lilac chiffon and wear a flowery perfume. Your hair — it needn't look natural — must be in a floating halo style. Don't talk — purr. **INDEPENDENCE.** There's something attractive about a "feminine" girl who can cope alone. Know what you want and aim for it. Don't ask for advice. It will be thrust upon you, anyway.

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LIZ TAYLOR

FILM STAR, born to English parents, married four times, with three children, she is 30. Coloring, dark hair and violet eyes.

Special qualities: SEX APPEAL. This is something you either have or you don't. Depending on your age, you might try to cultivate it. It's a combination of face — particularly the eyes — figure, and an indefinable "It." Essential for a femme fatale. CLASSICAL BEAUTY. You are lucky if you've got it. If you haven't, you can just make do with clever make-up to hide your bad points and enhance the good ones. Learn to know your face. Get the advice of a cosmetician. EXOTIC LOOK. Diamonds are best for this. If you can't afford them, bold costume jewellery and lavishness of color will do. False eyelashes and slightly extravagant make-up give a "star" look.

SHIRLEY MacLAINE

AMERICAN film star, 27, married, with one child. Coloring, red hair, green eyes, freckled skin.

Special qualities: PIXIE LOOK. You don't have to have beauty for this. Freckles are an asset; so is a turned-up nose. In any case, you just have to accentuate the positive. Paint your lips in a curly shape and smile cheekily and often. Curl your eyelashes, smile with your eyes, and encourage crows' feet. Wear your hair in a fringe. FRIENDLINESS. Try being — and looking — approachable, like everybody's young sister. It's a good quality to combine with "ugly duckling" looks. FRANKNESS. A basic honesty is appealing to both sexes. If you're not blessed with a good fashion sense, don't try to cultivate one. You're more attractive in your skirt and jumper than in phony-looking high fashion. Concentrate on off-beat clothes. You can get away with them.

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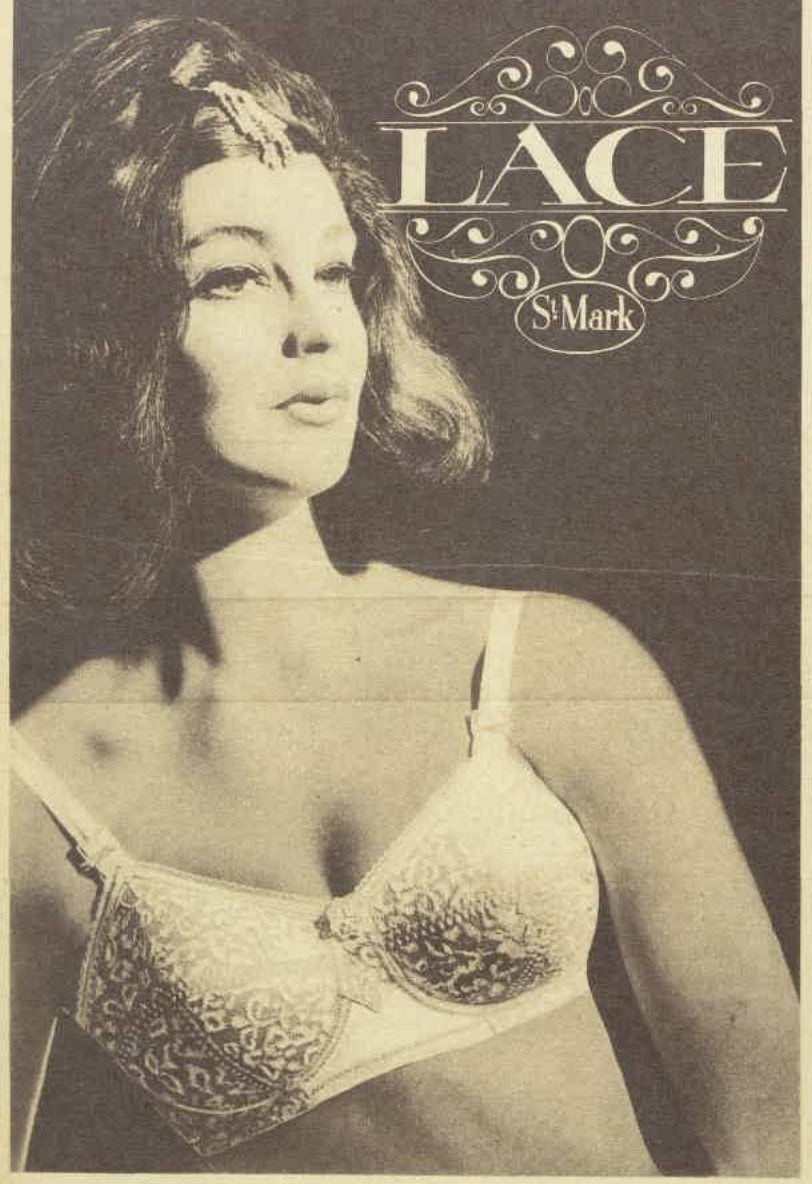
MAKE YOUR MARK IN



HAVE THE 2 GUINEA LOOK... THE 2 GUINEA FIT with this LACE CONTOUR CUP for just...

Smart figuring, perfect comfort and the irresistible magic of all-over "Rochelle" lace makes the St. Mark Contour Cup even more adorable . . . even more delightful to wear. Three section moulded cups (not usually seen on Bras selling under 2 guineas) mean added beauty and comfort . . . shoulder straps remain flat, back straps are Helanca lined, and each St. Mark Contour Cup is doubly inspected for perfection. A, 30 to 36; B, 32 to 36; C, 32 to 34.

19/11

ST. MARK LACE 5-WAY

The same wonderful features as the Contour Cup and you can wear it 5-ways too! Your size in A or B cups, 32 to 36. **25/11**

THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA AT

WOOLWORTHS

ALSO AT LAMBS OF BRISBANE

FATHER

"Got a match?"

MOTHER

"'No,' for the last time . . . For the LAST last time!"

It seems to me

By

Dorothy Drain

NEVER have so many learned so much so fast about a specialised sport as in this past few weeks.

People who a month ago didn't know a spinnaker from a spin-dryer have suddenly acquired vocabularies that would do credit to a blue-water sailor.

As for the weather — the state of the winds off Newport loomed so importantly that they quite took Sydney-siders' minds off the damp and chilly spring at home.

★ ★ ★

IT was a good thing for the Spring Racing Carnival that the yacht races took place in the early hours of the morning (Australian time). Otherwise horses might have had scant attention.

However, best hats and best horses went on parade as usual.

"Nobody will wear new clothes in weather like this," I grumbled, buttoning up my winter coat on the first day of the meeting. I underestimated my own sex. There were plenty of pretty hats, and a good sprinkling of summerweight dresses and coats.

It was interesting to speculate on whether there were spencers and warm pants under the silk suits, or whether the wearers were simply strong-minded characters suited to Antarctic adventure.

This season's clothes, by the way, are the prettiest for several years. There are practically no surprises, nothing to raise an eyebrow from a woman or a laugh from a man, but plenty to please the eye.

★ ★ ★

WOMEN have no monopoly of the edged remark, whatever legend may say.

At the races I was standing quietly, ostensibly inspecting the horses, but in reality eavesdropping on any knowledgeable-looking men within earshot.

I tuned into an elderly group who proved not to be discussing horses.

"Yes," said one proudly, "I'm 74. Don't mind admitting it. I turned 74 last Saturday."

The man beside him—in the same age bracket—stared dourly at the speaker. "I wouldn't doubt it," he said.

★ ★ ★

WHICH reminds me of my other favorite overheard remark at the races.

This was made by an elderly woman standing at the head of the doubles queue.

"I have been coming here for 56 years," she said to the man behind her, who had been kind enough to pass on a tip, "and I never listen to what ANYONE tells me."

READING a piece of advice on taking children visiting reminded me of some who used to visit our house when I was a small girl.

We children had nothing against them. They provided the usual welcome diversion of visitors of our own age. But they were a sore trial to adults. They used to descend on cupboards like a horde of locusts, unscrew or uncork bottles, and smell the contents.

As neither perfume nor liquor was among the bottled stocks in our household, they had to content themselves with sniffing worcester sauce, kerosene, and cough mixture.

After they left there was always a re-sealing job to do in bathroom and kitchen shelves.

They all grew up into normal citizens. And nothing that I've ever read since in the child-psychology line has solved the mystery.

★ ★ ★

ENTERTAINING note in an otherwise grim news story about the fear induced in Boston by a wave of strangling murders.

Because of the nervousness of housewives, an official of the Fuller Brush Company said that 40 salesmen in the Boston area reported "a very high non-admission rate."

"And did you shut the door in his face?" asks one householder of another.

"Not at all," replies the polite one. "I non-admitted him."

★ ★ ★

BECAUSE they can't find enough to eat on the lakes, seagulls have invaded the town of Menindee in western New South Wales, where reports say they hang around the hotels for scraps and fight fowls for their food.

"Really," said the old hen, "did you ever
see anything like this scavenging, screaming mob?
I call myself broadminded and nobody
could ever accuse me of being a snob,
But honestly, before the Lakes scheme, we
were so respectable round about Bourke,
Good plain honest citizens not frightened
of a day's work.
And now these coastal characters come along
making a hell of the West,
Behaving like Ned Kelly, Chicago gangsters,
bushrangers, and the rest.
People write poems about gulls because
they're so graceful and white,
But what I always say is, wrong's wrong
and right's right.
It's enough to turn anyone broody. I sit
here in the fowlhouse and weep,
Thinking about these bodgie birds who
don't even lay eggs for their keep."

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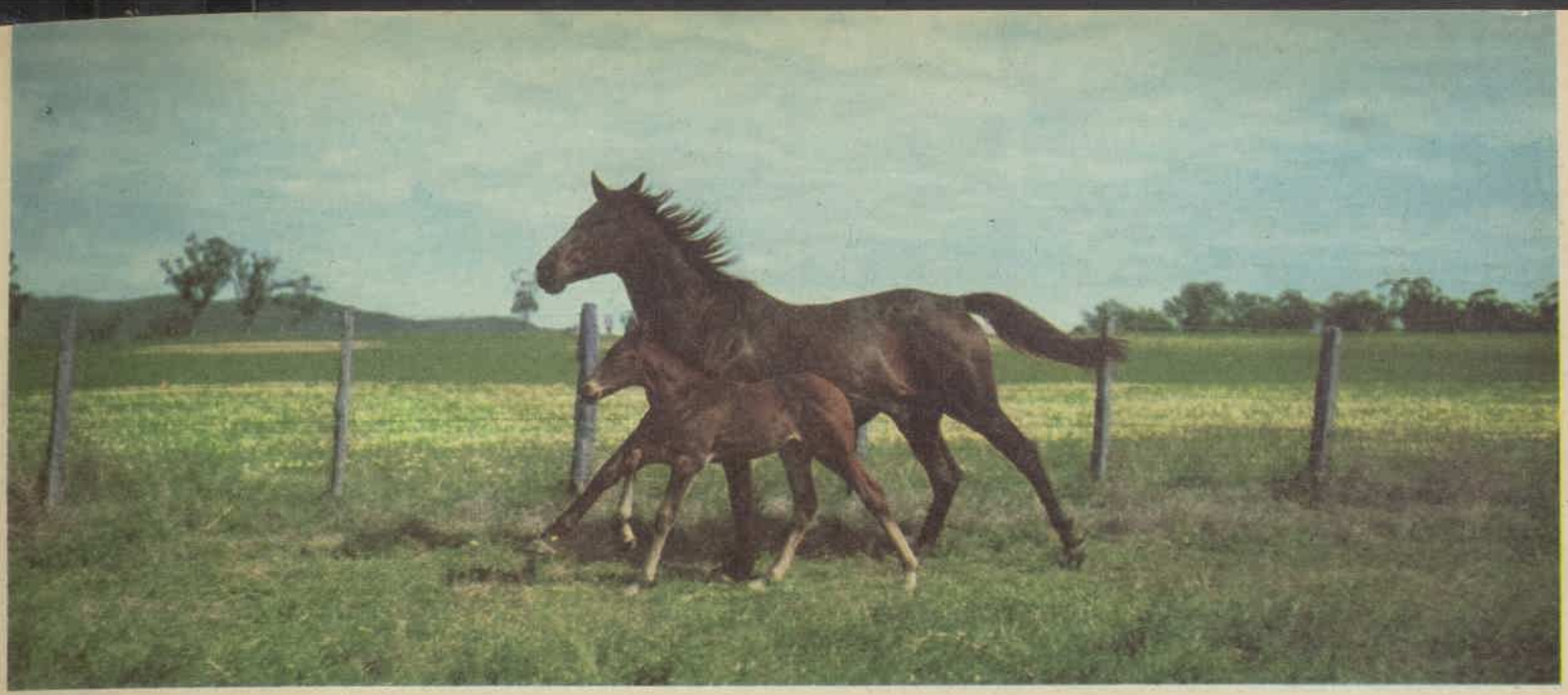

TULLOCH'S FIRST-BORN

● These two pictures of Tulloch's first-born, the one above with mother, Morning Gleam, were taken at Sledmere Stud, Scone, N.S.W., when the colt was ten days old.

GENERAL opinion of those who have seen Tulloch's son is that he is better-looking than his famous Dad, and certainly better-tempered.

But he will have to go some to beat his father's record of greatest Australian stake-winner — £110,123½ prizemoney, with 36 wins, 12 seconds, and four thirds.

Mr. H. V. Point, who has owned and bred many champions at his stud, Sledmere, mated seven-year-old mare Morning Gleam with Tulloch. Stud fee was 500 guineas.

The bay colt will be sold at the 1964 yearling sales.

He will not be named until bought. But meantime, while he runs with his mother at Sledmere, stud groom Darcy Walden calls him affectionately "Little Tul."

Little Tul's distinguishing marks are six white hairs on his forehead—exactly like his mother.

His family tree makes him a potential champion.

His mother, Morning Gleam, is by Royal Empire out of Morning Glory, who was sired by Equator. Equator sired Chicquita, champion race mare of Australia in her day.

Morning Gleam met famous mare Wiggle three times and beat her three times.

Tulloch is by Khorassan out of Florida.

Footnote: Last week Tulloch had a daughter — a brown filly by 20-year-old Bedelia, born on the property of Mr. S. N. Calders, of Grong Grong, N.S.W.

—JOYCE BOWDEN

Pictures by staff photographer KEITH BARLOW.

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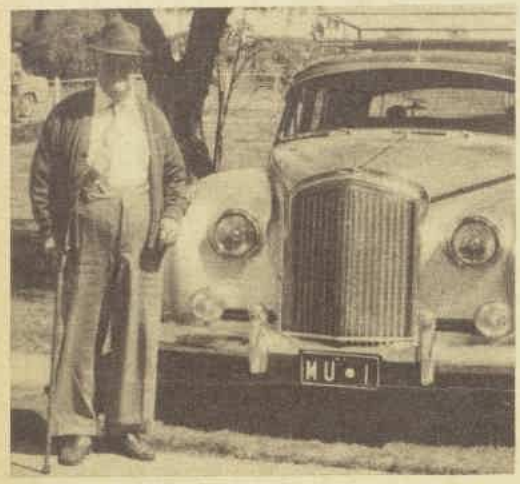
Champagne for all at Murgoo Picnic Races



MR. CHARLES ATKINS, foundation member of the Murgoo Amateur Picnic Race Club. His car has the number "Murgoo 1."

● Invitations to the Murgoo Picnic Races are highly prized. Murgoo is the only picnic race club in Western Australia, and its annual meeting is in authentic outback tradition.

THE hosts are club members and the folk who live at "Murgoo" station and other properties in the Murchison district.

We arrived at "Murgoo" for this year's races after a 400-mile drive north-east from Perth.

We hung our long, formal evening frocks on the tin walls of the shearers' quarters, laid our long evening gloves out flat on the bedside tables. (In bed, later, we put our fur stoles round our heads to keep our ears warm.)

Out in the red-dust yard, by the light of braziers, station-owners' wives grilled steaks over the coals for their Perth guests. A full moon shone bright and cold over the whole scene.

In the big flower-decked woolshed a long bar counter stretched the full width. It is an imposing counter of blondwood with a fitted mosaic heatproof top, made by the club president, Mr. Ken Maslen.

24-hour bar

On duty as barmen were station - owners Michael Foulkes-Taylor, of "Yuin," Pindar; Ken Maslen, of "Twin Peaks," Mullewa; Anthony Foulkes-Taylor, of "Tardy," Pindar; Robert Lefroy, of "Boolardy," Yalgoo; Simon Keogh, of "Byro," Mullewa; Ted Officer, of "Woolgorong," Mullewa; and several others.

All were on a strict roster which lasted (24 hours a day, I was told) for the two days of the meeting.

In the adjoining shed, flags fluttered from the roof, ready for the ball the following night.

On the weighing machine, wearing white moleskins, sat polo-playing brothers Laurie Bain, of "Woodlands," and Alan Bain, of "Mt. Clere," Meekatharra.

Young girls in jodhpurs and jumpers sat with friends, similarly clad, who had just driven in from their station homes.

George Sharpe, of "Wooleen," was busy with an axe, breaking up the ice for the cool drinks.

More cars drew into the yard. All through the night cars continued to arrive from hundreds of miles around for the next day's race meeting.

"Murgoo's" owner, Mr. Charles Atkins, was one of

By WINFRED BISSET

the original group who decided way back in 1915 to "liven the place up a bit" with a race meeting.

Now aged 89, he remembers travelling to the first meeting at "Manfred," 75 miles "up the road" from "Murgoo," in May, 1917. On the journey he heard that Lord Kitchener had gone down in H.M.S. Hampshire.

"Manfred" was then owned by Sir Edward Wittenoom and his brother, Frank, and race meetings were held there each year until the Murgoo Amateur Picnic Race Club was formed in 1920.

A race track was laid down on "Murgoo," and Mr. Atkins gave over his shearing shed for a clubroom and the race ball.

In the early days of the Murgoo Amateur Picnic Race Club women were allowed in the clubroom only when invited by a member. But their refreshment was always champagne.

Today that first "clubroom" at the far end of the shearing shed is known irreverently as "The Hock-Shop" and is used as a storehouse.

Two-day meetings were held every year until 1929, when the depression hit the world — and the Murgoo Race Club as well. Then came drought, and the races were not held again until 1935.

During World War II the Murchison Patriotic Funds Committee took over and ran two meetings a year. The first meeting after the war, in 1947, was not without poignancy. There were many familiar faces missing.

Drought years again stopped the meetings in 1950, 1951, 1955, and 1956. But the club has held its races regularly since, new amenities being added each year.

The club is jealous of its amateur status. No bookmakers are allowed, horses must not be professionally trained, and the jockeys are white and native station-hands, jackeroos, and overseers.

There are races for both

CHAIRMAN of the Murgoo Amateur Picnic Race Club, Mr. Ken Maslen, of "Twin Peaks," Mullewa (right), with vice-chairman Mr. Bert Fitzgerald and Mrs. Fitzgerald, of "Murgoo." At left, wearing sunglasses, Mr. Norman Dunkley, Mr. Atkins' son-in-law.

NEXT WEEK

● Egg cookbook

Wonderful new ways to use eggs in recipes ranging from savories to dinner dishes.

The eight-page lift-out takes the egg and you through breakfast, lunch, and dinner, snacks, and drinks.

Shown in color are four desserts, four main dishes, and an appetiser.

● Bathroom beauty

Bathrooms are currently receiving more beauty treatment than any other room in the Australian home.

A three-page color section tells about, and shows, the luxury bathroom trends, which range from more decorative, tasteful towels to new surfacing materials—even wall-to-wall carpeting.

● Summer handbags to make

Five delightful handbags to knit and crochet in cotton. They have detachable handles and can be washed.

● Summer party-dress patterns

Six pretty dress patterns to buy, any one of which will make you the life of the summer party.

● Quads' day out

Color pictures of the Sara quads when they inspected a giant jet-liner.

● TV pin-up

A color picture of leading disc-jockey Bob Rogers and his family, plus a story on Bob's new TV show.

● Home and Family

A wife says, from her own experience, that there are good — as well as bad — aspects to "keeping up with the Joneses."

● Story by H. E. Bates

You'll enjoy a delightful, amusing story of how a woman gently "traps" a husband. It's "Trespassers Beware!" by an old favorite of readers, H. E. Bates.

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CORIO streaks to the post to win the 1962 Murgoo Cup for owner-trainer Mr. Norman Armstrong, of "Mt. Narryer."

cornfed and grassfed horses. Grassfeds provide the real amateur racing—"All whack and slather," says Mr. Pat Maxwell, of "Meka."

For the uninitiated, grassfed horses are station horses which graze in open paddocks. About six weeks before the meeting, they are brought into the home paddocks and exercised, with one week's training before race day.

When the starter's flag goes down it is anyone's race.

A story is told about an English jackeroo, Ashton Craven, who rode his grassfed horse in the second race. The horse refused to take the first turn, careered off into the bush, threw his rider, and was not seen for weeks after the meeting.

The rider survived and later returned to England, changing his name to Ashton Craven-Smith-Milnes to take up an inheritance.

Cornfed horses have an edge on grassfed. They are kept in the yards and exercised regularly by colored stockmen, and their form is much more predictable.

The Tote pays first place only on a field of up to 14 horses. All proceeds go to charities like the Flying Doctor, Silver Chain Bush Nursing Association, and the Red Cross.

This is a real picnic meeting. The women wear comfortable clothes and shoes, the men wide squatter hats and clothes to withstand the red dust.

Mr. Atkins sat in grand style in his cane chair greeting each new arrival.

Old-timers

With him was a little group of men who, like himself, have seen nearly every Murgoo meeting since 1920—Mr. Frank Lefroy, formerly of "Boolardy," Mr. George Clarke, "Boolardy's" bookkeeper for 41 years, and Mr. Monty Scott, of Murchison.

The natives and the jockeys provided the color—even the jockeys' silks were outdone by the brilliant satin shirts of the native stockmen and hands. Most of them had had some part in training the horses.

The committee, mostly station-owners, performed the course duties.

David Boddington, of "Jingimarra," was compere and announcer; Pat Maxwell, of "Meka," and Alf Wood, of "Pine Grove," were judges.

The sun shone hot and the wind was dry. Transistors on the course told us it was raining in Perth.

The starting line was way over the other side of the course, over the scrub and the red-clay soil. We could tell when a race had started by the sudden cloud of dust which rose like a willy-willy.

This year's Murgoo Cup was won by Norman Armstrong's Corio, which he trained himself.

Norman Armstrong is manager of "Mt. Narryer," one of Charles Atkins' stations, and the cup was presented by Charles' daughter, Mrs. Norman Dunkley, of Mosman Park.

"I'll have a special saucer made for it," Mr. Atkins promised.

The blue ribbon was wound round Norman Armstrong's head and carefully pinned into place so that the gold tassels hung down on either side.

Then, by tradition, the Murgoo Cup was filled with champagne and passed round. And from that moment the champagne corks were popping.

A roast-turkey dinner was followed by the woolshed ball.

Until dawn

A dance-band came nearly 200 miles from Geraldton, prepared to play until dawn. The "piccaninny dawn" had already shown on the skyline before they packed up for the long drive back.

A handful of guests were still enjoying themselves when the caterers started preparing breakfast in the shearers' kitchen—and they sat down to a hearty breakfast, still in evening dress.

One stalwart didn't get to bed until 10 a.m. He slept through all the hullabaloo of packing, persistent party squeakers, and the final fanfare of car horns as the departing guests pulled away.

MULLEWA visitors Mr. and Mrs. George Sharpe, of "Wooleen." At Murgoo race meetings the women are billeted in the shearers' sheds, the men sleep in tents.

Footnote: Everyone at the meeting agreed that it was a shame not to have some pictures to record the occasion.

So Mr. Norman Dunkley took some for us at his father-in-law's home, "Murgoo" homestead, and Mrs. George Sharpe, of "Wooleen," scrambled over the scrub to take pictures of the racecourse.

Mr. David Wilcox, agricultural adviser to the Department of Agriculture at Wiluna, was so keen to take pictures for us that he barely had time to place his bets at the races and missed the first four dances at the ball.

"BATTLE," a full-blood aboriginal from "Wooleen" station, is a familiar sight at the races — he has never missed a meeting.

STATE MEMBER for Murchison, Mr. Richard Burt, M.L.A., and Mrs. Burt came from Kalgoorlie for the meeting. "Murgoo" is in the Murchison constituency.

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Ngaio Marsh, surrounded by books and flowers, gets ready for another

MURDER BY CONTRACT

● In one of the loveliest and most peaceful settings in Christchurch, a New Zealand woman has gone into retreat to conjure up a crime of violence.

By Dorothy Braxton

NGAIO MARSH. She usually lives one year in Britain for every three in New Zealand.

IN the next few months, under contract with her publisher, New Zealand's famous detective fiction writer Ngaio Marsh plans to "kill" at least one person, probably more.

Will the first victim meet his death by a bashing with a brick?

What cranial damage then does a brick do? How much evidence does it leave of the murder weapon which could be traced to the killer?

Perhaps a difficult-to-detect poison?

Then how long would it take to have the desired effect?

A library of legal and medical books will provide Miss Marsh with many of the answers to the problems she is almost bound to face while working on her new book—her 23rd.

"I have friends in both professions," Miss Marsh said. "If I get stuck on a particular legal or medical point, they never mind what hour of the day or night I ring them."

Pipe-smoker

Miss Marsh returned to her New Zealand home from London last January.

Since then she has had a hectic time with Shakespearian festivals, speaking to organisations, and working on other commitments.

"But now I simply must put all these things behind me and settle down to write another book," she told me as we sat in the lounge of her Cashmere Hills home.

Surrounded by bush, with a beautiful terraced garden, her house looks out over the city, over the Canterbury plains, with the snow-capped Southern Alps away in the distance.

You could hear the birds singing in the trees, and in the lounge were enormous bowls of spring flowers, tributes to her achievements as producer of the University of Canterbury's "Macbeth" in the city's Shakespearian festival.

"The theatre is my hobby. I love such an opportunity as working with the students," she said.

"The writing is my career."

Ngaio Marsh is tall, slender, and grey-haired.

The day I visited her she was wearing slacks and a leather jerkin. As we talked she toyed with a pipe which she likes to smoke sometimes after her evening meal.

Discussing her latest book, "Hand in Glove," Miss Marsh said she was thrilled about it. She had just had word that it was on the best-seller list in the U.S.

"Its publication in England has been delayed, as it is running in serial form in a magazine there," she said.

In longhand

"I have also just signed a contract for 'Singing in the Shrouds,' to be published in France.

"Now I must consider something new. I've only a few nebulous ideas floating round at the moment."

Did she find inspiration in any particular way?

"If I waited for inspiration I'd have to wait a long time," Miss Marsh said with a laugh.

"No, I'll sit down and get on with something. I work in the mornings, and often till very late — about 2 a.m. — at night. But never in the afternoon. The afternoon is quite impossible."

Miss Marsh writes her books in longhand. A secretary types her work for her.

"I start by selecting a group of people," she said. "One must be a murderer, one a victim. I suppose it's true to say my characters are influenced to a degree by people I meet or know, but it is never done consciously.

"In fact, afterwards if I feel I can recognise anyone, I go back and alter the description."

Miss Marsh always sticks to the field of detective fiction.

"I admit I sometimes envy other writers," she said, "particularly some Americans who seem to write at great length and then stop when they have said what they want to.

"With detective fiction, you must adhere to a certain form, and you have to be exact.

"After all, the greatest readers of my sort of book are professional people. They would soon spot anything phony."

However, recently she had one major break from her chosen field. Since she has been home she has written the libretto for David Farquhar's "Unicorn for Christmas."

"I'd never done anything like that before," she said. "It was a challenge, and I enjoyed it."

She has also made one venture into the playwriting field. Her play, "False Scent," is now in production in England.

"There is some talk of my going back to see it, but I think I shall wait to see how it goes," Miss Marsh said.

Normally she travels to Britain about every four years and stays there a year.

"I find I can work quicker in London, and it is more stimulating, but I have written more in New Zealand," she said. "But only three of my books have had a New Zealand setting."

Miss Marsh has travelled considerably and her backgrounds are always accurate.

It was while walking along the streets of Kyoto in Japan that she had one of her oddest experiences.

"I was looking at some magazines in a bookshop when my guide handed me a book," she said.

"She told me it was a copy in Japanese of 'Singing in the Shrouds.'

Given degree

"It came as a surprise. I had no idea it had been published there. My agent did, however, so it was all above board.

"It is one of the few books I've had published in a foreign language which I've kept.

"Normally, I just hand those over to the library here. They like to have them for their foreign-reading section."

With her reputation in both the worlds of writing and theatre steadily climbing higher and higher, Ngaio Marsh has proved a valuable ambassador for New Zealand.

Some recognition of her work and her talent came recently when she was one of the first three people on whom the University of Canterbury conferred an honorary degree. She was awarded a Doctorate of Literature.

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SECRETS OF A PERFECT SECRETARY

By WINIFRED MUNDAY

● Like many a starry-eyed country girl, young Jean Porter came to Sydney to seek her fortune.

THE year was 1929, an unpromising one for a girl bred on a dairy farm at Lower Bucca, on the north Coast of N.S.W.

Jean joined the queues of young white-collar workers who rushed out from their furnished rooms at 6 a.m. each day to buy the papers and study the "Sits. Vac." advertisements.

Qualifications

"By eight o'clock there would be a queue yards long outside every office advertising a vacancy," she told me in her sixth-floor office in Market Street on the eve of her retirement after 33 years with Woolworths.

"You were lucky if you even got an interview in those depression days. Unless you were near the head of the queue, a prospective employer never discovered how good your qualifications were."

Miss Porter's qualifications would be the envy of many of today's stenographers.

Her shorthand speed was 150 words a minute, typing 80 words a minute, and she could operate a comptometer and keep books.

Miss Porter learned her skills from an ex-business college teacher who lived on a nearby property, and polished them up at business college in Sydney.

"I'd been joining the queues for days when someone from the college told me that Woolworths wanted a senior stenographer," Miss Porter said.

"I was 25 and I was advised to tuck my hair under my hat to make me look older.

"I climbed the narrow dusty stairs to the head office, in the Imperial Arcade. In an office chockfull of papers, books, and invoices I found Mr. Cedric Hart, now a senior director.

"He shared his office with a lady book-keeper, and interviewed me in front of her.

● Miss Porter . . . from stenographer to a staff of 15 and her own secretary, Miss Joy Hempson.

"I had a shorthand and typing test, then he tested my arithmetic and spelling and told me to come back at four o'clock, as he had other applicants to see.

"Perhaps he thought that would put me off, because he seemed surprised when I did go back.

"I was delighted to get the job, but not more than my landlady, who was beginning to wonder when she'd get her rent.

"I had a room at Glebe Point with linen, crockery, and cooking facilities provided for 10/- a week.

"We worked at the office from 8.40 to 5.40 Monday to Thursday, on Friday we worked until 9 p.m., and on Saturday until noon. Two nights a week we worked back.

"My pay was £2/5/- a week, with no extra money for working back except 2/6 tea money. I could get a three-course meal for 2/- and still have 6d. over for lollies.

"The depression made 'Woolies'," said Miss Porter.

"With its slogan of 'nothing over two-and-six', families with fathers out of work found they could get anything from jewellery and combs for a penny or twopence to stockings, underwear, and cooking utensils for 2/6."

In her 33 years Miss Porter rose to head of the general secretarial section, with a staff of 15 girls, headed by her own secretary.

She, in turn, has been Mr. Cedric Hart's "right hand." Her polished wood-and glass-lined office is luxuriously carpeted and has potted plants and modern office equipment — air-conditioning, electric typewriter, and an automatic electric letter opener.

Miss Porter in private life is Mrs. Harry Martin. Her husband is totally disabled through war injuries, and in their home at Bexley he grows 500 orchid plants, many of which he exports.

"I'll help him with the orchids when I retire," she said, "and we both play bowls. I play golf, and am anxious to try out my new sewing-machine and biscuit-maker.

"I always wanted four daughters of my own. I didn't get them, but I do feel like a mother to my 15 girls at the office. They all come to me with their troubles, sometimes in tears about their boyfriends.

"I have to be like Caesar's wife — above reproach and very discreet.

"But I find that once I get girls on my side they will do anything for me.

"If I have to pull them up about anything, I try to do it in a nice way, and I never interview girls in the presence of a third person, remembering that lady bookkeeper who was present at my interview.

Make tea

"I never consider any task too menial and I wouldn't ask anyone else to do anything I wouldn't do myself.

"I'll make the tea and fill the boss' pen if there's no one else here to do it. I'll dust the office, too, if the cleaner isn't about.

"Young girls these days think such things are beneath them, but it is a good secretary's job to relieve the boss of trivialities."

In her neat green dress and amber costume-jewellery (necklace and earrings), Miss Porter stressed the importance of good dressing.

"I engaged all the office staff for many years, and placed the highest importance on a girl's appearance.

"My girls and I forgot about conservative dressing the other day, though. They took me out to lunch and I brought each of them a spray of orchids to wear."

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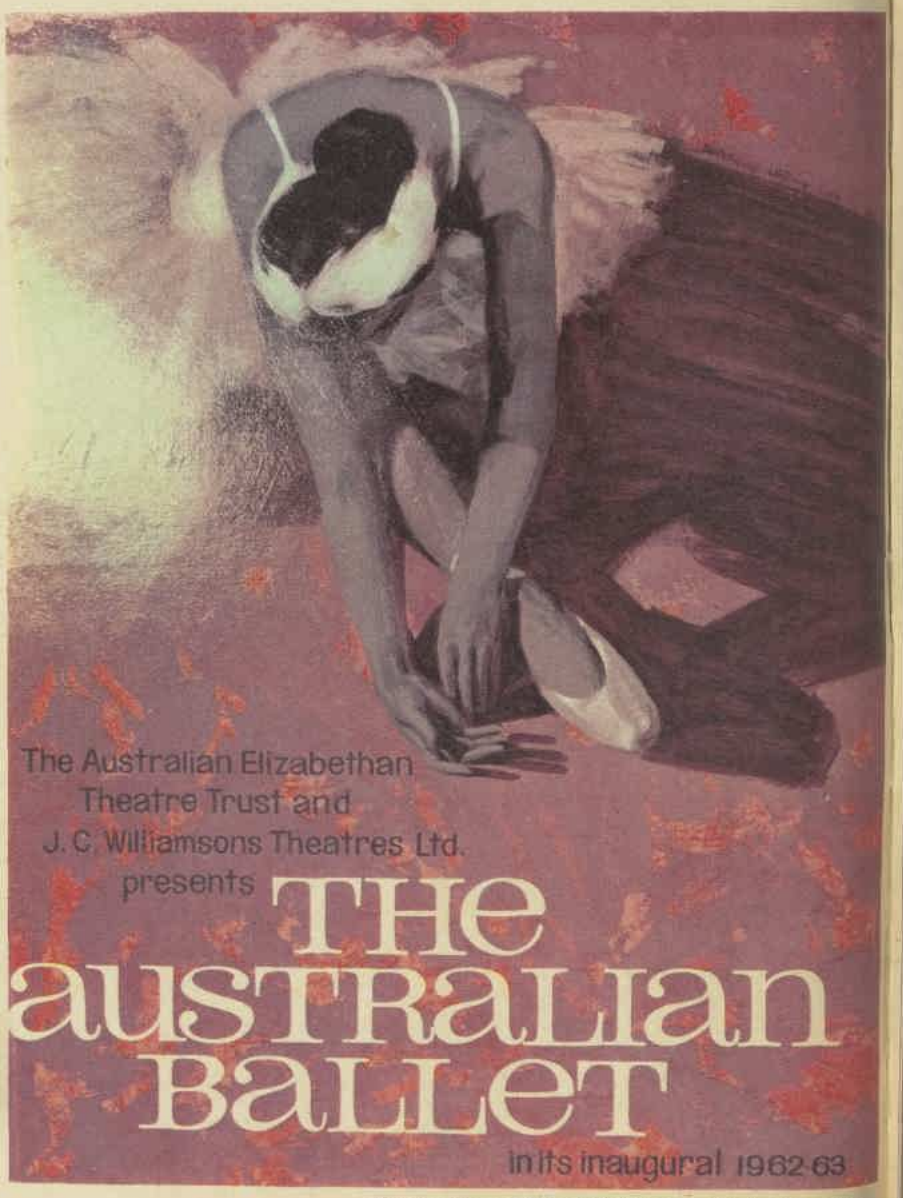
BALLET DANCERS POSE FOR A POSTER

Success for Chinese artist

RAYMOND LEE, one of the two Sydney students who, after sketching members of the ballet, won the Australian Ballet poster competition. He is 26. Below: His poster design. "I thought the angle, taken from above, was unusual," Raymond said. "Then I chose the color and worked to give the poster the 'feel' of the ballet."



Girl student's design chosen

DESIGN (above) by Marjorie Matthews, 20 (right), is the other winning entry. Because it is easy to reproduce, posters will be made from this design to advertise the Australian Ballet's forthcoming tour. Marjorie, who had never entered an art competition before, said: "I knew that simplicity would have to be the keynote, especially for reproduction, so I chose a black silhouette."

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IN THE OLD GAOL which houses East Sydney Technical College, art students sketch members of the Australian Ballet for the poster competition. The dancers modelling are Meredith Kinmont and Warren de Maria. Dancer Leon Kellaway watches beside them.

TWO young Sydney artists have won prizes in a ballet poster competition held by the board of the new Australian Ballet.

They are Marjorie Matthews, 20-year-old art student, of Artarmon, and Raymond Lee, aged 26, a Chinese art student, of North Sydney. Marjorie is in fourth year and Raymond in fifth year at the National Art School at East Sydney Technical College.

The contest was among advanced students of the Sydney art school and the Royal Melbourne Institute of Technology.

About 50 rough entries were received, and eight contestants from each State were commissioned to finish their posters. Judges were Peggy van Praagh (artistic director of the company), John McCallum (a board member), and Eric Westbrook (director of the Melbourne Art Gallery).

Both in Melbourne and Sydney members of the ballet posed for a few hours for the students.

The judges have decided that Marjorie Matthews' design should be used to advertise the ballet. They like Raymond Lee's for its artistic merit, but it was not so practical for reproduction.

Raymond has had another win to write home about to his family in Hong Kong. Last year he won the Australia-wide Commonwealth Paraplegic Games poster competition.

The Australian Ballet is a joint project of the Elizabethan Theatre Trust and J. C. Williamson Ltd. It is hoped it will be a permanent national ballet.

The company's first tour will last about 28 weeks and will cover Sydney (starting November 2), Adelaide, Perth, Melbourne, and Brisbane.

There are 42 Australian dancers in the company, hand-picked by Peggy van Praagh. Twenty-two are from N.S.W., 12 from Victoria, five from Queensland, two from South Australia, and one from Western Australia.

Guest artists for the first season will be two of the world's foremost dancers, Erik Bruhn and Sonia Arova.

GAIL STOCK, of Melbourne, kneels while Wally Bourke, also of Melbourne, does an arabesque for art students of the Royal Institute of Technology.

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SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By MARY COLES

ONE of the "vows" made by English solicitor John Welch (a son of former Lord Mayor of London Sir Cullum Welch and Lady Welch) when he married Kerry Douglass, of Killara, was a promise to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Douglass, that he would "bring her back on a home visit to Sydney every two years."

They are leaving for London on October 6, after honeymooning with Sir Bernard and Lady Croft at "Salisbury Court," Uralla, and later spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wauch, of "Branga Park," Walcha, who arranged a barbecue in their honor at the weekend.

John is a junior partner in a London legal firm founded in 1780. The firm's intriguing cable address is "Bow Bells."

He and Kerry met at a party here when John visited Sydney two years ago, but their paths didn't cross again until they met by chance once more when Kerry was in England last year.

His wedding gift to her was a fabulous crescent-moon diamond brooch—fully two and a half inches across.

She gave him gold cuff-links, engraved with his family crest, and the loveliest Davenport china carving rests.

★ ★ ★

THE garden was already "fully furnished" when Mr. and Mrs. Michael Osborne recently moved into the attractive new house they've built on their property, "Lakelands," Bungendore. Michael chose the site (long before he met Cassie) as the perfect setting for a home when he married —and planted trees there in anticipation. Living in a nearby cottage since their marriage last year, Cassie has spent every spare moment putting in hundreds of bulbs and seedlings so that when their "dream home" was completed its garden would be ablaze with spring blooms.

★ ★ ★

FROM Queensland comes news that Mr. and Mrs. Donald Mort, of "Boobasands," Inglewood, are the proud parents of a baby daughter.

Lesa Ann are the pretty names chosen by Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Copp, of Collaroy, for their infant daughter.

★ ★ ★

WHILE waiting for the home they are building at Lindfield to be completed, William Gilder and his bride, formerly Carolyn Lewarne, have taken a house at St. Ives. Their home-to-be is in a bushland setting in Lyle Avenue. A feature of its design is a courtyard separating the bedrooms from the living quarters—with the two sections linked by a glass-enclosed gallery.

★ ★ ★

PENELOPE BREAKELL and her fiance, Neal Girle, of "Heath Farm," Yelarbon, Queensland, are having an early afternoon wedding at St. Matthew's Church, Manly, on November 15, followed by a reception in the gardens of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred McGeoch's home at Warrawee. Penelope, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Breakell, will be attended by Lindsay Moxham, of "Murrambie," Girilambone, and a youthful foursome, her goddaughter Susie McGeoch, Robina White, Janne Ryan, of "Correll," Dungog, and Neal's youngest sister, Christine Girle. Neal's property at Yelarbon was formerly called "Warben," but following his advance wedding gift to Penelope of a forty-head Aberdeen-Angus stud they decided the Scottish flavor of "Heath Farm" would make the cattle feel more at home.

JUST WED. Mr. Anthony Kennedy-Green, of "Marlbone," Burren Junction, and his bride, formerly Miss Denice Herring, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Gerard Herring, of "Rothesay," Burren Junction, who entertained at the Pickwick Club after the ceremony at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. Clifford Kennedy-Green, of "Plain View," Burren Junction, and the late Mrs. Kennedy-Green. The bride wore a white guipure lace-trimmed white silk taffeta gown.

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SPRING FASHIONS AT RANDWICK

BLUSH ROSE set off the braided crinoline straw Otto Lucas model mobcap worn by Mrs. Michael Osborne, pictured with her husband on the lawns in the Members' Enclosure at the opening of the Spring Carnival.

SKY HIGH (held by his jockey, George Moore, and strapper G. Rhodes) was decorated with sash by Mrs. R. C. Packer after winning the Daily and Sunday Telegraph Stakes for his owner, Mr. Brian Crowley, at right, the chairman of the Australian Jockey Club.

—Pictures by staff photographer DON CAMERON.

COUNTRY VISITOR Miss Adrienne Hill, of "Colly Plains," Quirindi, arriving at Randwick with Mr. and Mrs. Peter Vicars, of Double Bay. Mrs. Vicars' double-breasted coat matched her hat of hand-made full-blown roses, and Miss Hill (pictured on the right) wore a tiny satin coronet with her colorful, smartly tailored lightweight woollen suit.

STRAW TRILBY with streamers of matching chiffon was Mrs. Frank McCall-Power's choice on Ladies' Day at the A.J.C. Carnival.

FLOWERED WIGS were worn by Mrs. Rupert Mosez, of "Wandewoi," Singleton, and Mrs. John Thompson, of "Ballantyne," Cassilis (on the right), when they attended Ladies' Day at Randwick. Perfect spring weather provided background for summery dressing.

GIANT POMPON trimmed the perky dome-shaped hat Miss Sue Bookallil (at right) wore to complement her tailored linen suit during the Spring Race Carnival. Mrs. Tom Livesey's wide-brimmed hat toned with her silk frock and matching chiffon coat.

MOBCAP of silk organza and checked gingham was the eye-catching style chosen by Miss Carmen Duncan, of Double Bay, for Ladies' Day.

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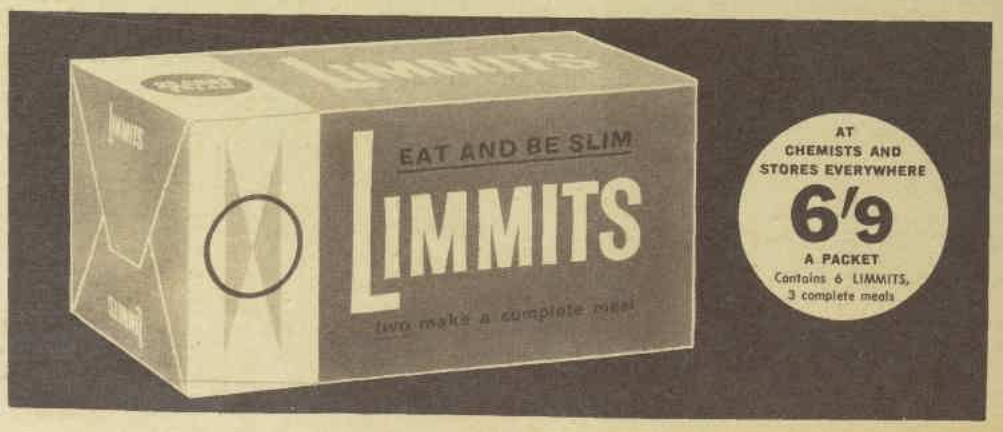

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WORTH REPORTING

FOR Adelaide barrister Miss Roma Mitchell, who recently became Australia's first Queen's Counsel, it's not just a matter of wearing a silk gown in court in future.

It means, according to a new English book on law-court etiquette, a formal dress that specifies even the type of stockings—black silk—for special full-dress law occasions.

For women Q.C.s, full dress is laid down thus:

"Coat made of black superfine cloth in the same style as a man's coat except that it should not be skirted but instead be short as in a lady's ordinary suit . . . black flexible buttons.

"Plain white blouse . . . lace frill and ruffles at wrist.

"Plain black skirt of superfine cloth.

"Black silk stockings . . . black patent-leather ladies' court shoes . . . cut-steel buckles.

"Black silk gown . . . full-bottomed wig . . . black silk 'wig-bag' . . . white gloves."

Full-dress occasions include special sittings for the appointment of a new judge and the religious ceremonies which mark the opening of the Law year.

Miss Mitchell, an easy-to-talk-to, elegantly dressed woman of 48, is tall and will wear full dress with distinction.

A member of a distinguished South Australian legal family—her father was a solicitor and her grandfather a judge—Miss Mitchell studied law almost as a matter of course and was admitted to the Bar in 1934.

● ***Miss Roma Mitchell, Q.C.***

She is well known in the courts as a specialist in family law, in which she lectures at the University of Adelaide.

She is on the council of the South Australian Law Society.

Her other great interest is the status of women.

This year she was the senior Australian Government representative at a United Nations seminar in Tokyo on the status of women in family law.

To encourage more girls to study law, she has frequently lectured at girls' schools in Adelaide.

For relaxation Miss Mitchell enjoys entertaining and music, theatre, and art.

"FRANKLY," said Lorrae Desmond, "I couldn't care less about clothes. I'm happiest when I'm in slacks and flatties. I think more clearly."

We were talking to Lorrae, TV's golden girl, at a cocktail party to promote her new-look "Lorrae Desmond Show." Guest of honor number two was pianist Eric Jupp, who also has a new show on Channel 2.

Tiny — just over 5ft.— Lorrae said that the worst thing about being a star was the lack of private life.

"You go out with a man once or twice," she said, "and the next thing you know you're supposed to be engaged.

"It plays havoc with romance, because it makes the man look foolish, and I haven't met a man yet who'll put up with that."

★ ★ ★

It takes all sorts

A DISTINGUISHED English visitor to Melbourne told us this little story.

The chambermaid in his hotel told him and his wife that General MacArthur had occupied their suite, and also Danny Kaye and Sophie Tucker.

His wife, feeling something should be said, replied, "Oh, dear, what a come down to have us here."

To which the chambermaid said, "Oh, that's all right, we get all sorts here."

Anything— will it go?

FRED ASTAIRE has been singing the song "Anything Goes" in his shower lately—and he's hoping that "Anything" will be going well.

For Anything, the yearling he bought during his 1958 Australian visit to make the film "On the Beach," is entered for the Melbourne Cup.

But Fred is not going to see Anything going—he's "too busy to get away."

Working full-time on a television drama series, he is also involved in films and a newly launched record company.

● ***Fred Astaire.***

"I haven't heard from Stan Murphy, my Australian trainer, for a while," he told our New York office. "But his last report was that Anything was in pretty good shape.

"Anything has been laid up for a couple of years—he was hurt three times—but he seems greatly improved, and he's the right age for the Melbourne Cup."

One of the most respected stable-owners in show business, Fred Astaire recently sold all his brood mares.

"I've finished breeding horses for a while," he said. "So Anything's about all I have."

★ ★ ★

From such a small group

THE 150 locals of the tiny township of Illabo, ten miles from Junee, N.S.W., are as proud as a penful of peacocks—with good reason.

The children of the town (three-fifths of the population) raised the highest donation per child of any public school in N.S.W. for the Freedom From Hunger campaign.

Their grand total was £90 toward the approximate £18,000 collected by all N.S.W. public school children.

But this isn't the first feather in Illabo's slouch hat. For several years the railway station has won the Small Stations Prize (awarded by the N.S.W. Railways Department) for the most beautiful garden. And in 1960 it won the All-Stations State Award.

"Last of the Jindyworobak club"

WE asked a suntanned man driving a tractor at a Sydney golf club for "Mr. Roland Robinson, the poet."

"How do you do," he said, and lifted his straw hat, revealing twinkling Irish eyes. This was Mr. Robinson.

Roland Robinson came to Australia from Ireland at the age of nine. At 14 he was working in the bush as a houseboy, and since then has been a station hand, boundary rider, axeman, horse-trainer, jockey, ballet-dancer, railway fettler.

We found him at work on the fairway.

We wanted to talk to him after seeing his latest book, "Deep Well," which he describes as a continuation of the one poem about Australia he has been writing since he was young.

He has had three books of poems published, and has written three books on aboriginal mythology, collected while he lived with the tribes.

One of Australia's foremost poets (and president of the Poetry Society of Australia), Mr. Robinson said it all began at school, where he was "hopeless at everything except composition."

● ***Roland Robinson, poet-tractor-driver.***

"At about 20 I began to take writing seriously," he said. "But for years I could have papered my walls with editors' rejection slips.

"That wasn't such a bad thing, though. You write much better when you're battling."

Mr. Robinson has been called "the last of the Jindyworobak club"—a group of writers, now drifted apart, who made Australia their subject and aimed at a style typical of the country.

"It is a pity," he said, "that the trend now is toward cosmopolitan writing."

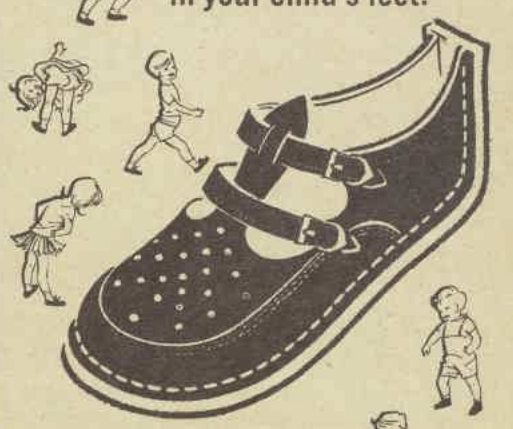
Mr. Robinson is just back from yet another trip round Australia to collect material for a travel book.

"It hasn't been accepted yet," he said. "I didn't go to all the places I should have. I'm afraid I didn't conform to established ideas of travel books.

"I used to be quite a rebel in my youth. But just the other night some young people called me a square!"

52 GOOD REASONS FOR CHOOSING "JUMPING-JACKS" by SAXONE

. . . the 52 tiny bones in your child's feet!



American and British parents have bought millions of pairs of famous "Jumping-Jacks" . . . because "Jumping-Jacks" give baby barefoot comfort, help to form little feet the CORRECT way. Their unique construction gives baby a sense of balance and the right stance, brings confidence with every step.

In white, brown, honey tan, red, beige — also two-tone. Sizes 2-8.

AT SHOE STORES WHERE THEY REALLY CARE

From 33/11. (Slightly less in S.A.)

JJ30

"BUTTERFLY." After dark creation by Rene Henri and enhanced by Vitapointe.

Summer Hair Care

Though summer sun, drying winds and salt sea air all steal sebum from the hair, you can still keep it radiant and lovely with Vitapointe's nourishing care.

Vitapointe is the cream beautifier and conditioner you can use any time. At once hair is easy to manage, frizz and dryness disappear and dullness vanishes.

Use Vitapointe to keep your hair in perfect condition, so lovely . . . lively . . . soft and shiny.

A 7/6 tube will last 2 months. From chemists, hairdressing salons and selected stores.

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Star disc jockeys turn to TV

By DAWN JAMES

BOB ROGERS

JOHN LAWS

● With TV's eye hypnotically on them, the gentlemen of Sydney radio are busily launching themselves into a new medium (now-you-hear-me-oh-goodie-now-you-*see*-me sort of thing).

FOR the past two Saturdays we have sustained Mr. John Laws compering "Startime" (ATN7, 7.30 p.m.) and telling us to be kind to each other.

And this Thursday, October 4, "The Bob Rogers Show" begins on TCN9 at 9.30 p.m.

Mr. Rogers and Mr. Laws are both top Australian disc jockeys. On the air, both are smoothly authoritative about the current Top Tunes.

But now, on TV — what?

Mr. Laws proves to be a pleasant-voiced (except that I wish he wouldn't say 'tew' and 'dew' for 'to' and 'do') 26-year-old who is — understandably — still suffering from a slight case of camera nerves.

It seems to attack his vocal chords, because he sings. I trust he will recover SOON.

On the second "Startime," Mr. Laws also said that "I am going to a smile school three days a week; they say I'm V.G."

This apparently stood for Very Grim. Take heart, Mr. Laws. It's really only R.P. (Rather Pained) and it's not too serious.

"Startime" is, of course, very white and glamorous and big, big, big—and oddly disconnected. The scriptwriters might consider having a go at better links between the various items.

Notably, the show's "regulars" Carlu Carter and Bill McGrath dance as wonderfully as ever, and the Revue 20 verge on sheer brilliance at times (I would be interested to see them star in their own show).

Ready for his TV debut on Thursday, Mr. Bob Rogers has lost half-a-stone ("no potatoes and a lot of work") and has been spending hours at TCN before the cameras "interviewing" everyone in sight to get the feel and atmosphere of the studio.

His show sounds at though it might be, at last, something different for Australian television. And he will *not*, I am told, sing.

Now for a 600-mile swim

I MUST say I find "Sports Cavalcade" (ABN2, Mondays, 8.30 p.m.) a pretty exhausting programme. All those unpuffed athletes swimming and cycling and footballing and running a hasty mile . . .

Last week it was WORSE.

Mr. Bob Richardson proclaimed that "our guest tonight needs no introduction." He then proceeded to introduce swimming coach Mr. Forbes Carlile (keeping him for a surprise, perhaps, since presentation announcer Miss Diana Ward confided earlier that the show "will feature Carlile Forbes").

Anyway, formalities over, Mr. Carlile began talking about his recent jaunt abroad. It seems the foreign swimmers are gloomily good, breaking Australian records all over the place.

And then:

"In Indiana," said Mr. Carlile, "we were amazed to find they do *600 miles of hard training* a year."

Well . . . anyone who could even contemplate a 600-mile dog-paddle from (say) Sydney to Melbourne deserves every success.

Reviews of New Films

★★★ A KIND OF LOVING

This remarkable film should not be missed. Superb photography and acting of a calibre that comes to the screen rarely make "A Kind of Loving" a film to remember.

The two young stars, Alan Bates and June Ritchie (who makes her screen debut in the film), turn in performances that rank with the best ever produced from British studios.

The action of the film revolves about a young draughtsman, Vic (Alan Bates), who finds that his girl-friend, Ingrid (June Ritchie), is pregnant. Regretfully marrying her, Vic is hounded by a jealous and possessive mother-in-law, until he finally runs away.

How the two begin to find "a kind of loving" is sensitively and believably told. **P.K.—Embassy, Sydney.**

In a word . . . MAGNIFICENT.

★ IL GOBBO DE ROMA

The hunchback hero (Gerard Blain) is a vicious criminal and the heroine (Anna Maria Ferero) a prostitute. The film, set in Rome during and just after the war, tries to say that he is really a nice fellow nobody understands and that she is a good girl. Their being in love supposedly excuses their nastiness, only it doesn't. There are plenty of scenes of vice and poverty and lots of shooting. — **Metro Continental, Sydney.**

In a word . . . DREARY.

★ ★ ★

WHEN Maximilian Schell returned to Hollywood recently he was asked about his broken romance with Nancy Kwan, who recently married skier Peter Pock. He smiled and said, "Let's forget the past. I'm very much in love with somebody else, but you'll never find out who she is."

READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES

Varicose veins may not show yet, but . . .

ACHING LEGS

SWOLLEN ANKLES

ENLARGED VEINS

HEAVINESS are danger signs!

"Who, me? *I* haven't got varicose veins," you might object. "My legs just feel heavy and ache at times, that's all!" BUT—that alone can be a danger signal leading to ugly varicose veins.

If you have noticed any of the symptoms, then you may be among the more than one million (roughly one person in every dozen) Australians estimated to be suffering from venous insufficiency. So don't take a chance on serious trouble later on, take action now—with a course of Venoruton P4. Venoruton P4 is a new Swiss treatment developed after intense clinical research. Taken as directed, you get considerable relief from pain and swelling in the first week. Sustained treatment provides a continuing improvement and is completely safe, even during pregnancy.

Varicose veins are sometimes painful, always unpleasant and certainly unsightly. They can affect your health, your appearance and consequently your happiness, so at the first sign of trouble, see your family chemist. He'll advise: Venoruton P4 Drops and Ointment!

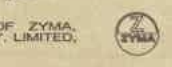
Advanced cases, however severe and long-standing, gain prompt relief from pain and swelling with Venoruton P4. Sustained treatment is necessary for both pre-varicose and advanced conditions.

New SWISS Treatment

Venoruton P4

Handy dropper bottle: 20 ml., 14/6. Also available: 50 & 100 ml. economy bottles. Be sure of the continuing relief of uninterrupted treatment.

Use new Venoruton P4 Ointment in conjunction with drops for prompt relief. Simply massage in to painful areas to reduce swelling and pain.



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It's exciting to be a woman...in Berlei

Colour's on the crest of the wave at Berlei . . . Cool-Blue and razzle-dazzle white cause a gorgeous revolution in under-fashions! Fancy Free panties and girdles with Sheer Magic bras, accent you both ways . . . with colour (it is exciting to have a colourful secret) and with a trimly curved feminine figure. Be inches slimmer, yet all woman in Berlei.

Fancy Free Cool-Blue girdle with radiating elastic strips that slenderise . . . S.M.L.XL. only **59/6.**

Sheer Magic 807 bra—invisibly contoured, **47/6.**

For sleek thigh line choose White. Fancy Free pantie with new Nylon-tricot crotch, S.M.L.XL. **79/6.**

Match it with White Sheer Magic 5-way bra . . **52/6.**

Action-happy Fancy Free Cool-Blue 2" leg pantie, S.M.L.XL. only **69/6** . . . match with never-change-its-shape Sheer Magic bra . . . **47/6**

Berlei
COOL-BLUE FANCY FREE
"BECAUSE YOU'RE ALL WOMAN"

B230

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LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Price no object

HAS any other woman a husband as uninterested in prices as my man? It doesn't matter what I bring home—anything from a shirt to a lounge suite—he admires it and is pleased with my purchase, but has not once inquired "how much?"

£1/1/- to Mrs. L. Gardiner, Cardiff, N.S.W.

Tuckshop temptations

WHAT are readers' views on tuckshops selling sweets at schools, particularly to very young pupils? On the advice of a dentist, I limited my small girl's sweet supply and substituted fresh and dried fruits. She was quite content until she started school. Now there are almost daily tearful pleas for "tuckie" money. I found it hard to be firm until I met other mothers from the same school who resist on principle. It's true children could buy sweets from nearby shops, but it's unlikely they would be so conscious of them if they were not so close at hand.

£1/1/- to "Pestered Mum" (name supplied), Parkdale, Vic.

Polite for six years, then . . .

I'VE been married for nearly six years and have often made a steamed pudding for dinner, thinking how much my husband enjoys them. Imagine my surprise the other night when I served it to him and he exploded, telling me he hated "the stuff" and wondered why I always made it. I suppose we all live and learn.

£1/1/- to "Lee Hagan" (name supplied), Brisbane.

Budgie obeys commands

I HAVE heard that birds do not understand the words they are taught, that they only mimic the speaker. But when my pet budgerigar, which has a commendable vocabulary, is told to "Ring his bell," he always does so. It's not merely coincidence, he acts on command.

£1/1/- to "Curious" (name supplied), Lidcombe, N.S.W.

Resentful packhorse

I'M a peaceful old soul and happy to help out — but sometimes there's a limit. Every time I mention I'm going to the shopping centre or the city, someone will say, "I'll just get you to do some shopping for me," or "I'll get you to match some wool for me." Recently, as I was getting on the bus, a panting neighbor thrust a long list into my hand, saying, "I'll get you to buy a few things for me." There were seven items, including an ox kidney ("Be sure to get OX kidney") and two pounds of beefsteak. I lost the list — and am now most unpopular in the district. In fact, I'm known to be extremely unreliable for "getting things."

£1/1/- to "Get Me" (name supplied), Maroochydore, Qld.

Dummy doubts

I LIKE Mrs. Lonsdale (N.S.W.), who wonders whether dummies are a good idea, disliked them until, on my arrival home from the hospital with number 4, I found him sucking his thumb quite contentedly. Having seen children with disfigured thumbs and mouths from this habit, I bought a dummy—much to the disgust of my friends. By the time the baby was 12 months old, he'd given up the dummy. I now favor dummies, provided they are not used by children up to two and three years of age.

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. L. Bassani, Cairns, Qld.

★ ★ ★

I USED to be a dental nurse and have seen so many cases of deformation of children's jaws and teeth through sucking of thumbs that I didn't hesitate to give my babies a dummy. One can keep a dummy cleaner than a thumb, which is not boilable.

£1/1/- to Mrs. L. Rees, Yarrawonga, Vic.

★ ★ ★

MY sister-in-law refused her baby a dummy and now, at three years of age, the child sucks everything—her favorite thing being the cat's ear. I'm certainly not amused to see my niece walking round with the cat under one arm sucking at its ear. My sister-in-law won't get rid of the cat, as it is a family pet. Having raised two babies with dummies myself, so that they now do not suck anything, I feel that it is a good idea to give babies a dummy.

£1/1/- to "Live and Learn" (name supplied), Newcastle, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

DUMMIES are awful things—dirty and ugly. They are usually forced on to a baby, then, when considered too old for them, the baby is deprived of a pleasure to which he has grown accustomed. Babies cry for a reason. Dummies are not the remedy.

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. Newman, Mitcham, S.A.

★ ★ ★

ONE thing I heartily disapprove of is dipping dummies into honey or condensed milk. What do these sweet things do to baby's coming teeth? I believe in dummies, but only if they have nothing on them.

£1/1/- to "Mother" (name supplied), Mandural, W.A.

Ross Campbell writes...

FRILLED LIZARD

A FRIEND of mine, Jack by name, who is in his forties, decided his 20-year-old dress shirt was due for replacement.

He went to a big store and asked to be shown some evening shirts. I met him by chance in the street afterwards, and he was looking shocked.

"The dress shirts in that shop have got *frills* on them!" he said.

My friend leads a rather sheltered life, so I felt I should put him in the picture. "Things have changed since you got your last dress shirt," I said. "It's the influence of Maverick on television. He gave a big push along to the frilly shirt."

"But if I had worn a frilly shirt in my young days they would have called me names! I can't bring myself to do it," he said.

The reason Jack is out of touch is this. He is just entering the third stage of a man's life, the Return to the Dress Suit.

A man owns a dress suit, new or secondhand (mine was secondhand), when he is in the bloom of youth. He fancies himself in it, and wears it whenever possible, trying to impress the girls. That is the first or gay-dog stage of his life.

More or less as a result, he gets married. After that he goes to black-tie dos less and less.

There are exceptions, like oboe-players and drama critics, who have to dress up as part of their job. But the average man puts his dinner jacket into storage.

The lapels begin to turn green, but it doesn't seem worthwhile buying a new one.

All this time he is growing fatter, until he finds he cannot get into his dress suit. He stops going to dress-up shows altogether. This is his second, or early-to-bed, phase.

But with the passing of years he wants to go now and then to a dinner or something. So he has to hire the clothes.

It is an embarrassing business. I did it once for an office ball. I slunk furtively into the Rent-a-Tux Service, hoping to be unnoticed—and ran slap into Ted Snodgrass of the accounts department.

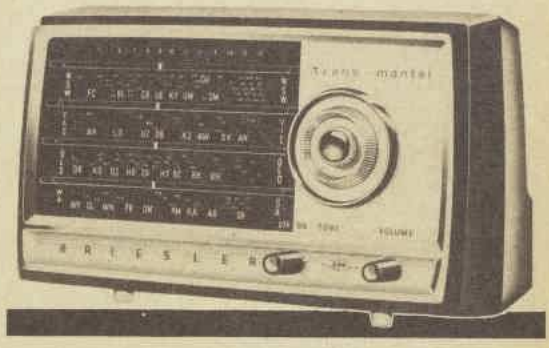
When a man has done this a few times he feels he might as well buy a dress suit. He is in the third stage—the trail back to the tuxedo.

Women are shrewder in these matters, of course. A woman has her Good Black, which she can wear to anything.

My wife had a Good Black when I only had a Bad Black. That is why I possess a dress suit now—and even, so help me, a frilly shirt.

SUDDENLY!

an entirely NEW KIND of CORDLESS Transistor RADIO



KRIESLER 'TransMantel'

with multi-vented ACOUSTIC DIAL and "INSTANT SOUND"

Just turn on "TransMantel," and *instantly* there's music or speech of glorious purity and power for your enjoyment—anywhere, everywhere—it's transportable! The first all-family transistor radio!

HEAR the multi-vented Acoustic Dial project entirely new sound quality from the "Music-shell" cabinet and 6" speaker—the very instant you switch on! Hear how "TransMantel" brings in interstate stations—increases your radio entertainment.

SEE the king-size dial—90% of the frontal area—with every Australian station clearly listed . . . just tune to your favourite station, and the sound actually comes from the multi-vented dial itself. Plus press-button dial light and battery-check indicator. See this 1962 fashion styling, with 2-tone colours and genuine gold trim.

FEEL how easily the "Flip-top" handle pops up for easy transportation—clicks back "invisibly" when not in use. Feel how light, compact and easy it is to carry anywhere—created from "A.B.S." material and indestructible under normal use!

ECONOMY — Plays over 1,000 hours (probably a full year's entertainment) from one compact in-built battery—costing only shillings to replace. As cheap to run as a power-point radio, but many times more useful.

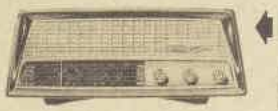
ONLY 30 GNS. *with choice of four fashion colours. All good retailers have it!*

Transportable, with instant FLIP-TOP HANDLE! "Invisible" when not in use.

. . . THE NEW ALL-PURPOSE RADIO

Here's real room-to-room or outdoor portability—the most useful radio ever. No power cord, no aerial—it's completely self-contained . . . frees power points for lamps, appliances, TV. Plays anywhere with complete electrical safety—even in bathrooms and laundries. It's the one radio that all the family can enjoy—anywhere, anytime!

THE BEST RANGE OF A/C MANTEL RADIOS

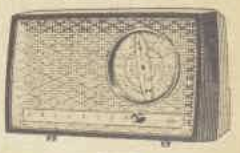


Panoramic

The low, long silhouette gives new style and smartness to your home. Looks better, sounds better because it's wider. 28 Gns.

Compact

Neatest, smartest, most versatile A/C mantel ever. "Music-shell" cabinet design. Flip-top handle makes carrying so easy—"invisible" when not in use. Value at only 21 Gns.



KRIESLER

The Best in Sight and Sound

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New!

MAGIC OVAL SCOTTIES

Now you can take one Scottie, and another floats up. Or take a handful, already neatly folded for you

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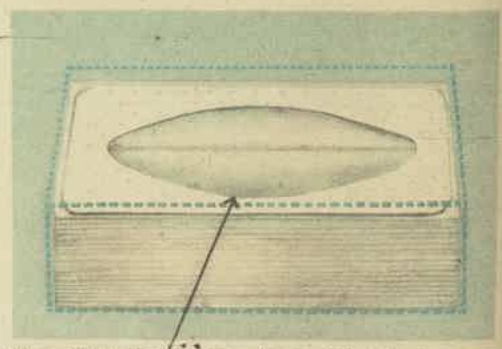

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the GOLDEN RENDEZVOUS

Second part of our action-packed serial

By Alistair MacLean

THE departure of s.s. Campari, a British cargo ship with limited but luxurious passenger accommodation, had been delayed at Caraccio in the Caribbean Sea, by the U.S. Navy wanting to search the ship for a missing American scientist, DR. SLINGSBY CAROLINE, and the nuclear weapon he had been perfecting. CAPTAIN BULLEN had been forced to allow a search by British Customs, watched by the U.S. Navy. CHIEF OFFICER JOHN CARTER knew Bullen was still angry, as well as the crew who had had their contraband goods confiscated.

Late cancellations enabled SENOR MIGUEL CARRERAS, his son TONY, and a MR. CERDAN, an invalid with two nurses, to board. Extremely wealthy, as are all the Campari's passengers, they had an enormous amount of baggage. Also, one of three coffins consigned to New York held a relative of Senor Carreras, killed in the riots in their country a week before. Briefly, Carter wondered how these passengers had been able to convert the money for their fares into dollars while the revolutionary forces were still in power. But finally the cargo, including some crates eighteen feet in length by six square, was loaded and the Campari sailed with the tide.

At dinner that night, Carter finds the conversation turns to the missing scientist. He is called away when BENSON, the head steward, is found to be missing. Searching for him, Carter is disturbed by SUSAN BERESFORD in her parents' suite and she threatens to report him. Undeterred, Carter used the phone to have the bosun, ARCHIE MacDONALD, arrange a search on the main decks.

Apologising, Susan offers to help. They are joined by Senor Carreras. Then RUSTY WILLIAMS, a cadet officer, tells Carter something has happened to RADIO OFFICER BROWNELL. NOW READ ON:

"You know how to use a gun?" Bullen asked Johnny softly.

I REACHED the wireless office in ten seconds, brushed past the pale blur of Susan Beresford standing just outside the door, crossed over the storm-sill and stopped.

Brownell was leaning forward over his table, his head pillowed on his right forearm, so that all I could see was his shoulders, dark hair, and the bald spot that had been the bane of his life. His left hand was outflung, his fingers just brushing the bridge telephone. The transmitting key was sending continuously. I eased the right forearm forward a couple of inches. The transmitting stopped.

I felt for the pulse in the outstretched left wrist. I felt for the pulse in the side of the neck. I turned to Susan Beresford, still standing in the doorway, and said: "Do you have a mirror?" She nodded wordlessly, fumbled in her bag and handed over a compact, opened, the mirror showing. I moved Brownell's head slightly, held the mirror near mouth and nostrils for maybe ten seconds, took it away, glanced at it, and then handed it back.

"Something's happened to him, all right," I said. My voice was steady, unnaturally so. "He's dead. Rusty, get Dr. Marston right away, he's usually in the telegraph lounge this time of night. Tell the captain if he's there. Not a word to anyone else."

Rusty disappeared and another figure appeared to take his place beside Susan Beresford in the doorway. Carreras. He stopped, one foot over the storm-sill, and said, "Benson?"

"No, Brownell. Wireless officer. I think he's dead." On the off-chance that Bullen hadn't yet gone down to the lounge I reached for the bulkhead phone labelled "Captain's Cabin" and waited for an answer, staring down at the dead man. I heard the click of a lifted receiver.

"Captain? Carter here. Could you come down to the wireless office? At once, please."

"Benson?"

"Brownell. Dead, sir, I think."

There was a pause, a click. I hung up, reached for another phone that connected directly to the radio officers' cabins. We had three radio officers and the one with the middle watch, from midnight to 4 a.m., usually skipped dinner in the dining-room and made for his bunk instead. A voice answered: "Peters here."

"First mate. Sorry to disturb you, but come up to the radio room right away."

Rusty appeared in the doorway.

"Surgeon's coming, sir. Just picking up his bag."

"Thanks. Go and fetch the bosun, will you. And no need to kill yourself running, Rusty. There's no great hurry now."

He left and Susan Beresford said in a low voice: "What's wrong? What—what happened to him?"

"That's for the ship's surgeon to say. Looks to me as if he just died where he sat. Heart attack or something like that."

Doctor Marston appeared. No running, no haste even, with Dr. Marston: a slow, measured man with a slow, measured stride. A magnificent mane of white hair, clipped white moustache, a singularly smooth and unlined complexion for a man getting so far on in years, piercing blue eyes. To look at him made you feel better, and that was all right as far as it went: but to go farther, to put your life into his hands, say, was a very different and dicy proposition altogether, for there was an even chance that you wouldn't get it back again.

But he and Lord Dexter had gone through prep school, public school, and university together, and his job was secure as long as he could lift a stethoscope. And, to be fair to him, when it came to treating wealthy and hypochondriacal old ladies he had no equal on the seven seas.

"Well, John," he boomed. "What's the trouble? Beau Brownell taken a turn?"

"Worse than that, I'm afraid, Doctor. Dead."

"Brownell? Dead? Let me see." He dumped his bag on the table, fished out his stethoscope, sounded Brownell here and there, took his pulse, and then straightened. "In the midst of life, John . . . and not recently, either. Temperature's high in here, but I should say he's been gone well over an hour."

"Heart attack, Doctor?" I ventured.

He turned Brownell's head and looked closely at it.

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It was such an ingenious yet simple way to send the momentous message . . . a fascinating short story

TEATIME

By MacDONALD HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

WHEN old Mrs. MacMahon died in her villa on a hillside overlooking Florence the news spread through the American colony by nightfall, and the next day there was hardly a peasant in Tuscany who did not know the rich old American lady was dead. It was not that she'd been well known in Florentine society; in fact, she had always been a notorious recluse.

She was also known to have had curious notions about how her wealth should be distributed. She never had given anything to her relatives, for example, although they had come from America every summer and sent hopeful calling cards to the villa; but she had passed out scandalous banknotes to the beggars along the Ponte Vecchio.

She had bought a cafe outright to give to a thief whom she had captured in her villa in the middle of the night, and who, on being interrogated, had declared he had once been a waiter. In short, when people heard that she was dead they expected to hear that she had done something unprecedentedly eccentric with her money; they were not disappointed.

The will itself she had left in the hands of her notary, a crabbed old man named Bagnacavallo. The first duty of Signor Bagnacavallo was, of course, to keep Mrs. MacMahon's private affairs private, and in this he failed miserably.

Within a week of her death it was widely known that the will took the form of a letter to her grandson, David Kershaw, a young lawyer on the legal staff of the American Embassy in Rome, and that she had left her Fiesole villa to the sisters of the Convent of the Sacred Heart.

The paintings went to the Accademia and the usual small bequests to the servants. The rest of the estate was left bafflingly up in the air. It seemed it was bequeathed temporarily in trust to the grandson, who was to do with it as he saw fit or give it to somebody whose name was not disclosed—it was not quite clear which.

The key to all this was sealed in a stout blue envelope, to be opened only by this same grandson whenever he got around to arriving from Rome. The rest was a mystery.

David Kershaw had never been particularly intimate with his grandmother, although he had always been on good terms with her. Since he had been in Italy he had been invited to the villa two or three times a year for a weekend, and for this he was the envy of all his aunts, uncles, and cousins in America.

Why he had been thus singled out he did not know. His grandmother had never introduced him to any of her friends, nor did the two of them seem to have anything to talk about. When he went to visit his grandmother he usually saw her only at meals; after eating she disappeared, and he would spend the weekend tinkering with his Alfa Romeo roadster in the courtyard.

Only once had she made a personal remark to him. "Blessed art thou among relatives, David," she had muttered once as he was helping her up from the table.

"Why?"

"You are the only one of my relatives who has never asked me for money."

Thus she was a curiously spiny old specimen, living a lonely life but rejecting all affection, and David, as he drove across the Tuscan hills toward Florence, realised for the first time that he missed her; he felt an unexpected sorrow, but she had been difficult to love.

David had not even been invited to her funeral. This ceremony, by her own instructions, had been attended by only her servants, a priest, and Signor Bagnacavallo. This last individual, in fact, seemed to be the only one who knew anything about Mrs. MacMahon's private life, and David looked forward with a certain curiosity to meeting him.

It began to rain as he came to the outskirts of Florence. He skidded to a stop in the Piazza Santa Croce and went into a cafe to ask for directions. The waiter pointed up the street about a hundred yards away to where a small, furtive man with a shrunken face and briefcase was just coming out of a doorway. Could this be Signor Bagnacavallo? Evidently not, since David presently found Signor Bagnacavallo in his office trying to decipher the contents of a blue envelope by holding it against the window glass. The office being on a dark street and the day rainy, the experiment was unsuccessful.

Surprised by David, he made the envelope disappear with remarkable alacrity and sat down at his desk. Everything was in order; the notary handed David a legal folder containing all the papers pertaining to the estate. The folder contained only two items: the will, written in violet ink on a piece of stamped official paper, and the famous blue envelope.

First the will, David decided. It was much as Signor Bagnacavallo had told him over the telephone: the villa to the nuns, the pictures to the academy, the small bequests.

"For yourself, David," his grandmother had added in her violet ink, "you may have what is in the bank account in Florence. It ought to amount to about twelve thousand dollars, but you are not to spend it on cars. You drive much too fast, and someday you are going to kill someone."

David opened his mouth to say something, then shut it again. Twelve thousand dollars was exactly the price of a new Ferrari he had coveted without hope for years, but his grandmother's instructions were quite clear.

There were other minor instructions. To David's mother and father, who had their own money and were also very proper, she left her seventeenth-century unexpurgated edition of the "Decameron," a collector's item, with illustrations that would certainly never be allowed through the American customs.

He read on. "David, another thing, there is the old man who comes to the opera at the Teatro Comunale and sings under his breath; he always sings the cello part. Maybe he was once a cello player, or maybe he always wanted to play a cello and could never afford one. Find out and buy one for him, or do whatever is appropriate.

"Oh, yes, and there is the woman I saw the other day in the Via dei Fornaci eating an ice-cream cone and crying. Do something about her, too. You can find her easily; she is about forty and has a typical Tuscan nose and wears a red shawl."

David put down the paper and looked at Signor Bagnacavallo, who adjusted his pince-nez and offered no sympathy. He sighed. But the violet ink went on:

"David, for the rest of the money—you know, all the bonds and the shares and things—I don't know whom to give it to. They are all gone now, all my friends, except perhaps one. Find one who loves me and give all; see contents blue envelope. Boys like treasure hunts, I know. It will give you something to do for your twelve thousand dollars. And, David, remember, no cars."

David folded the will and put it in his pocket, along with the famous blue envelope, which, to the intense disappointment of Signor Bagnacavallo, he did not open.

By the time he had reached the villa near Fiesole the rain had stopped, and pale yellow sunlight was filtering through the clouds. The gate was locked. He sounded his horn, and Guido, the dark-eyed, serious gardener boy, came to open it for him. When David had driven through the gate Guido shut it and went silently back to his work.

Mrs. MacMahon had always been scornful of the Italian notion of a garden, a kind of savage thicket, a place for shaggy, horned creatures to lurk in, and her own garden was precise and formal, with a neat English lawn and gravel paths.

Except for Guido there was no sign of life. David rang at the door several times, and finally the chauffeur, Lorenzo, appeared, wiping his mouth on his sleeve and smelling slightly of wine. He also said nothing; he simply let David in and went in search of his wife, Caterina, the cook-housekeeper.

She had always called David, rather patronisingly, "the signorino," but now, with his new halo of importance, she began calling him Signor Avvocato and following him around. Where was the Signor Avvocato's luggage that Lorenzo might carry it in? Which room would the Signor Avvocato prefer? Would the Signor Avvocato take a cup of tea? The signora, his grandmother, had always taken a cup of tea in the afternoon.

"Thank you, I do not need any tea," David told her. "All I need is a place to be alone with a desk."

Caterina went off, saying she would get the key to the study, and presently padded back bearing a cup of tea on a tray. David gave in, accepted the tea, and finally got rid of her. As soon as she was gone he locked the door of the study and got out the blue envelope. There was nothing inside it but a shiny strip of tape about eight inches long.

He rang for Caterina. "Did Mrs. MacMahon have a tape-recorder?"

"A what, Signor Avvocato?"

How did you say it in Italian? "Uno registratore magnetico."

There was a tape-recorder, it seemed. Caterina carried it into the study for him. David remembered it now; it was an expensive German one on which his grandmother had transcribed classical music from the radio. She never bought records, because she was too impatient to sit through the dull parts of symphonies, and preferred tapes, which she could cut apart and splice together as she pleased. This way she could listen to only the interesting parts.

He set up the recorder and experimented until he found how to work it. The tape lasted only four or five seconds. It began with scratchy background noise, an embarrassed cough, and then somebody said in painful English, "I luv you, Miz Mockmoun."

David played the tape at several speeds, but it was impossible to decide even whether the speaker was a man or a woman. If he played it fast it was a soprano, and if he played it slowly it was a tenor. If he played it very slowly it sounded like Feodor Chaliapin, and if he played it backward it sounded like Eskimo. He turned off the recorder and sat silently in the gloomy room.

Then, hoping to find something that would give him a clue to the owner of the voice, he went through the papers in the desk drawers. Nothing was of any use. In a way, he thought, it would be easier to start looking for the old man who sang the cello part, or the woman who ate ice-cream and cried.

But he soon found that a man who has two thousand shares of U.S. Steel, a petroleum refinery in Oklahoma, and a portfolio of six per cent. Swiss bonds to give away does not have to go around looking for candidates. All he has to do is to stay where he is and they will come to him.

The next morning Caterina brought him a card bearing the embossed crest of one of the oldest noble houses in Italy and a name so long it had to be continued on a second line.

Count Poggi proved to be a small, dignified man with a wrinkled face and bad teeth, who carried himself stiffly like a trained fencer. He dressed with elegant, old-fashioned conservatism, but his cuffs were slightly frayed. He had a manner so aristocratic that it seemed to freeze the air around him.

"Forgive me for calling at this eccentric hour," he apologised. "I am deranged. Your grandmother's demise has filled me with the bitterest grief. I am unable to console myself." He seemed perfectly calm.

"Then you were—close friends?" David asked.

"I was her sole friend, I think. She was a woman whose life was spent largely in solitude. To very few did she open her doors or her heart. I saw her every day for twelve years. I can see you beginning to smile, young man," he told David, who had not smiled at all. "The young are very egotistical. They imagine that only they are capable of love. On the contrary, it is only the old who truly understand love; as the end of life draws near we hold more firmly to that which is about to slip from our grasp."

Finally, David managed to remember where he had seen the Count before; he was the furtive figure he had seen yesterday emerging from Signor Bagnacavallo's doorway. Perhaps he, too, had tried to peer through the blue envelope. "I don't think I was aware," he said, "that my grandmother had a — relationship so close."

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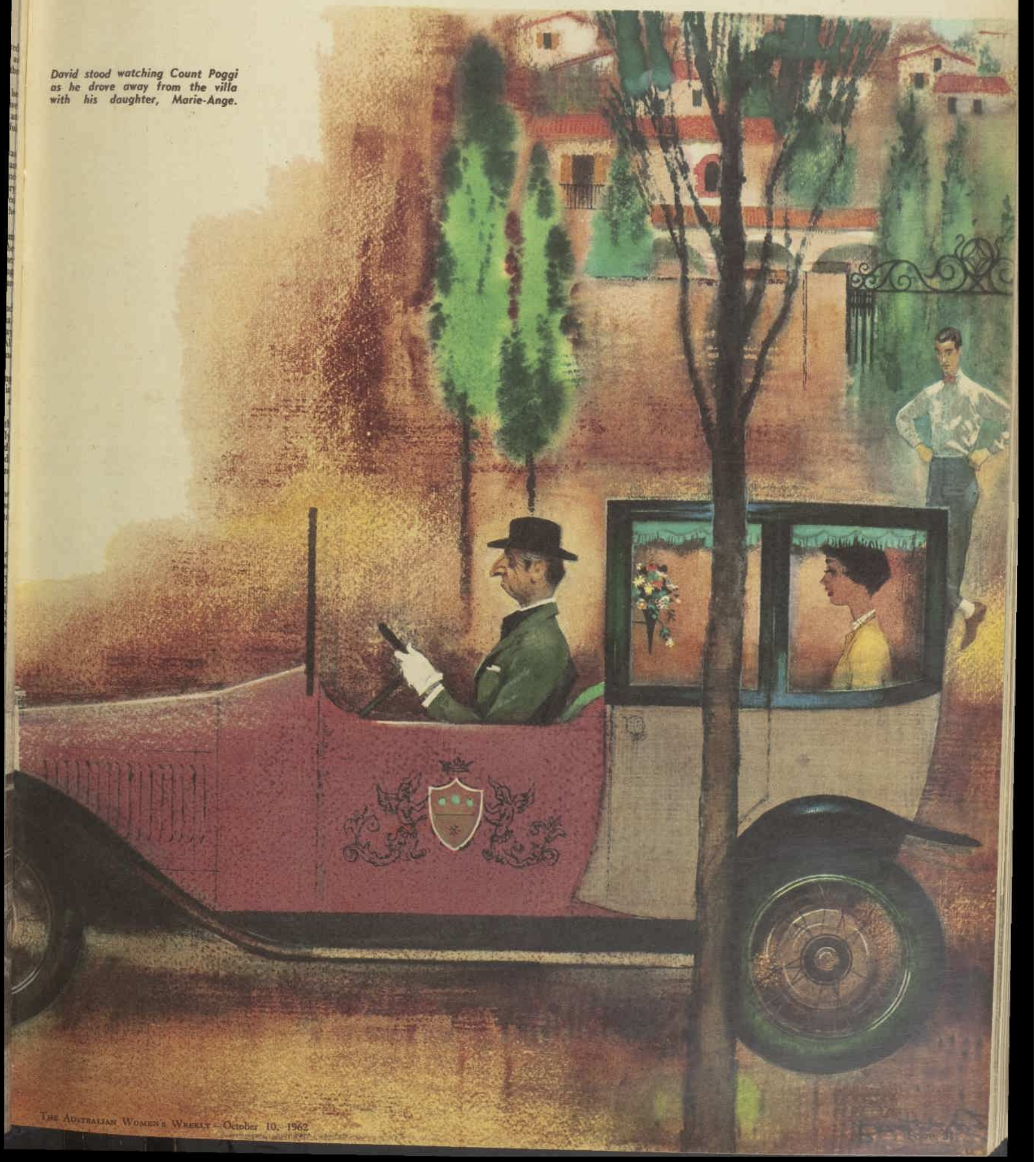
AND THE VOICE



David stood watching Count Poggi as he drove away from the villa with his daughter, Marie-Ange.

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V256

Continuing . . .

TEATIME AND THE VOICE

from page 31

"It was the one sorrow of my life," the Count told him, "that your grandmother would never consent to the marriage which would have crowned my happiness. But she said that a romance such as ours would be stifled by the dull routine of matrimony. In spirit we were united, sharing each other's solitude through the lonely twilight years of life. Except for me, she saw no one."

"Surely she saw her notary, Signor Bagnacavallo?"

"Who? Never heard of him!"

"Then you are not aware of the terms of my grandmother's will?"

"Will? What will? To allow material questions to mingle with my memory of your grandmother at this point would amount to sacrilege. I only know that, in her parting message to the world, she would not forget her one true and faithful friend."

"I suppose then," suggested David cautiously, "that you often told her that you loved her?"

"Tell her? Tell her?" repeated the count, as though the question were insane.

And somehow David felt it was. "I mean," he plunged desperately, "did you ever say to her simply, 'I love you, Mrs. MacMahon'?"

"Of course not. How very banal," said the Count. "In the first place, I always addressed her as Carissima."

For the rest of the day David interviewed, in rapid succession, a long list of visitors: a committee of American ladies, who claimed that Mrs. MacMahon had promised to help them finance a chamber orchestra; four separate young men in jeans and shaggy haircuts, who wanted to start poetry magazines; and the mother superior of the convent. All of them were very nice people; none could possibly have spoken the words on the tape.

THE final visitor of the afternoon was a Dutch painter named Van Koop, a powerful, barking man in his fifties, wearing a beard and a sweat shirt. He claimed not only to have known Mrs. MacMahon, but to have been her protege, her artistic adviser, and practically everything except her adopted son.

He had none of Count Poggi's squeamishness in speaking of financial matters. He wanted only the old lady's money, and he said so. He felt he deserved it; he had put up with Mrs. MacMahon for ten years, and she could be as cross as an old sow. He wanted the money so he could go to the Bahamas and start a vegetarian-artists' colony. He did not harp on the subject, however; in fact, he talked about everything under the sun. He had known Klee and Jean Arp, and he was full of anecdotes about the escapades of the Paris surrealists in the 'twenties. He was an excellent raconteur.

David rang for Caterina to bring some vermouth and spent the rest of the afternoon talking to him. Van Koop's English was better than the voice on the tape, but perhaps he had been working on his phonetics lately.

"Then you and my grandmother were close friends?" David inquired hopefully.

"I got along all right with the old girl. She was cross, and I have a temper, too, and we fought like alley cats, and then we drank some cognac and made up."

"But did you ever, shall we say, make a — declaration of affection to her?"

"Do you think I am the kind that goes around making love to old ladies for their money?" Van Koop demanded indignantly.

On the whole, David thought, he rather preferred Van Koop; but he was not done with Count Poggi, who came back the next afternoon, this time at the proper hour for tea. He explained that, for twelve years, he had always come to the villa at five o'clock for tea, and when one arrived at his age it was difficult to change old habits.

Fearing that David might find the company of an old gentleman boring, he had brought his daughter along. The daughter was perhaps eighteen — demure, chic, pale lipstick, a tailored suit that had surely come from Paris, short hair, the casual arrogant slouch of the fashion model.

"This is my child, Marie-Ange," explained the Count.

"What a charming child," was all David could think of to say.

"Delighted," murmured Marie-Ange.

"Marie-Ange was educated in Switzerland and speaks French and English perfectly —in addition, of course, to Italian," the Count remarked. "She is also a talented pianist and has taken lessons, in how to carry herself, from one of the most expensive charm schools of London."

"I can see that," said David. Marie-Ange was incompatible with her father's shabby clothes; but perhaps the Italian nobility makes great sacrifices for its children.

The tea was a success. There was no talk whatsoever about wills, money, or Mrs. MacMahon. The conversation confined itself to literature, classical music, horticulture, and the rearing and comportment of young girls.

As the Count rose to leave, he thought of something else. "I believe you are a connoisseur of fine motor-cars?" he remarked. "I could not help seeing your brisk little Alfa in the drive as I came in. Come outside and I will show you another remarkable automobile."

David accompanied the Count and Marie-Ange to the door, and they walked down the drive to the car. It was a vintage town car, with an open cockpit for the chauffeur and a small, closed body behind it for the passengers, a relic of an era in which people sat arrogantly among the flower vases in their closed cars and left their chauffeurs to ride in the rain. The car had wire wheels and a nickel-plated supercharger, and it was in what classic-car enthusiasts describe as mint condition.

"It was originally built for a Balkan monarch, who was unfortunately deposed before it could be delivered," explained the Count. "You do not see such automobiles every day. It came into my hands through an inheritance."

The car was a jewel. Even David, whose acquaintance with classic cars was slight, knew that only fourteen of this model had been built, and probably only two or three were still extant and in running condition. "A beautiful car," he admitted.

"I intend it as a wedding present for my daughter," the Count remarked casually. He shook hands with David and got into the car with his daughter, which was a rather complicated ceremony, since there was no chauffeur.

First, the Count opened the door and helped Marie-Ange into the little cabin in the back. Then he shut the door, shook hands with David, climbed into the open front seat, and started the engine, which barked like a lion. He let out the clutch, and the car drove out through the gateway of the villa.

Turning around, David saw Guido staring thunderstruck after the beauty of Marie-Ange.

The Count and Van Koop kept arriving and departing in alternation, like the little carved figures in Swiss barometers, who come out to tell you whether it is going to rain or not. The next afternoon Van Koop came back,

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HAZEL . . . . . by Ted Key

"And your Aunt Cora . . ."

(Hazel can be seen on Sydney's Channel 9 at 7 p.m., Fridays; Melbourne's Channel 7 at 7.30 p.m., Wednesdays; and Brisbane's Channel 7 at 7 p.m., Thursdays.)

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Lost Dog

Digger was one of the family, so whatever the cost he had to be found safe and sound.

A short short story by KEITH CRAIG

THE children yelled together, "We must keep him."

"Of course we'll keep him, we'll have to think up a name for him and Daddy will build him a kennel." That was Joan, my wife. And that was that. It was no use me arguing about it, we now owned a dog. I'll admit he looked rather cute, a tubby little fellow, shiny black except for a white splash on his chest and a dab of white on each paw. He almost won me over the way he nuzzled me when I picked him up. A moment later, however, when I walked away he clamped on to the cuff of my trousers, got tangled up between my legs, and sent me reeling into the sideboard.

There was a terrible clatter. The pup ran off yelling with fright. Wendy, our youngest, began to cry. Her brother, Richard, dived after the pup to comfort it. Joan turned on me in angry reproach. "I never thought you'd kick a dog like that," she said.

He was given his name the next morning, Digger. That was after he had dug up the tomato seedlings I had put in a day or so before. That was only the beginning. Boots and shoes soon began to disappear from the house. Clothes were ripped off the line. Moreover, he developed a ferocious and expensive appetite.

But through it all we became fonder of Digger. Even I found it hard to resist his open-hearted frankness. Then it happened. Somebody left the gate open and Digger wandered off. He didn't come back that night, nor the next day. Wendy and Richard spent all their time out of school looking for him. But Digger didn't come back. It really is good riddance, I thought, hardening my heart and trying to think of the ruined tomatoes and lost slippers rather than the quizzical look Digger often adopted when you spoke to him, but sensible thoughts were not to be permitted to triumph.

"You'll have to advertise," said Joan with finality.

"And don't forget to put 'reward,'" said Richard.

So we sent in the advertisement, not that I thought anything would come of it.

On Saturday mornings Joan always takes the children to dancing. Not long after they had gone there was a knocking at the door. A cheerful young ragamuffin of about twelve years greeted me as I opened it.

"Look, I found your dog," he said a bit breathlessly.

Sure enough there was an animal of sorts straining on the end of a piece of rope, but . . .

"Sorry, sonny," I said, "that's not our dog."

"But he's black and white just like the advertisement said, sir, and I come all the way from town with him. Tell you what, mister, he's a beaut dog, I'll sell him to you."

I couldn't help feeling sorry for this enterprising lad, and even if the animal didn't resemble Digger in the least another dog would be some comfort for the kids just the same. Nobody else will turn up, I thought.

"It's a deal, son," I said. "Here's ten shillings, that's the same as the reward; thanks for bringing him over."

I took Digger Two round the back and brought in the ladder to fix that blind in the lounge-room. I was just taking down the blind when there was another knock at the door, loud and peremptory this time.

When I opened it a burly, surly-looking man was standing there with an even more burly, surly-looking dog.

"Saw your advertisement," he says, "and I brought him back and a nasty brute he is, too."

"Look here," I said. "I'm sorry, but that is really not our dog."

"What do you mean?" he replied. "He fits the description exactly, and answers to the name of Digger . . . Here, Digger, here Dig," he suddenly shouted.

To my horror the surly-looking animal did respond to this cry in a sort of halfhearted way, and then walked over and began to sniff me knowingly. I was cornered. "He's not mine, but you win," I said, forking out another ten shillings.

I took Digger Three round the back to join Digger Two.

I had just got up on that ladder again when there was a third knocking at the door. Enough is as good as a feast, I thought, and this time remained quietly where I was. The knocking went on. It was insistent, but I clung to the top of that ladder and practically stopped breathing.

Eventually the knocking ceased, and after a pause I went on with my work. Finishing the blind I decided to go out and buy some cigarettes. That was fatal.

When I opened the door there was another mongrel tied to the verandah post. It was so skinny its sides touched. I thanked heaven that no one was in sight, and wondering what I would do with this living skeleton I started to untie it. It was then that a strident voice struck my ear.

"Your sort ought to be run in—too mean to pay the reward."

The voice belonged to a woman standing at the gate. "Yes, I left it there," she said, "but why didn't you answer my knocking, hiding inside there all the time?"

"But, madam . . ." I started.

"Don't you give me any buts," she broke in. "Just you give me that reward, not that I really want it. In fact, I wouldn't take it from a decent person, but you! Hiding away there."

I swallowed my rage, rushed over and pushed my last ten-shilling note into the woman's hand and then dragged the wretched Digger Four inside the door, slamming it.

It was not long after that I heard the family coming home again. I went up and opened the door for them.

"We got a surprise," said Wendy, jumping up and down.

"I just simply couldn't resist it, dear," said Joan. At that moment Richard came round the corner dragging . . .

"Take Digger Five round the back at once," I shouted, my voice breaking with hysteria.

"You've been drinking," said Joan icily.

Late that night Joan kicked me awake. "Ssh! Listen," she said. There was a low whining and scraping at the front door.

"You'd better get up and see what it is," Joan whispered.

I stumbled out to the front door and opened it the merest crack. There he was, our Digger, yes, the real one. He was panting and his mouth was drawn back in what seemed to be a great big laugh.

You may think this story shows the power of the Press. After all, one little advertisement did bring remarkable results. At first I thought that, too, but since then I've had another advertisement in the papers every day for a week with no result whatever.

And what does that advertisement say?

"For sale, cheap—black-and-white dogs."

(Copyright)

Results of the SUNSHINE FULL-CREAM POWDERED MILK *cook-up-a-name* CONTEST

MAIN PRIZE WINNERS

Congratulations to **Mrs. J. Calcutt of 28 Harrison Avenue, Eastwood, (N.S.W.)** first prize winner in the Sunshine "Cook-up-a-Name" Contest She wins this beautiful

Morris 850

for her entry:

Three cake layers, custard cream
Rosy apple in between
When planning a party, here's a tip
Serve luscious, tangy SUNSHINE STRIP

Congratulations also to:

Mr. N. Cope of 67 Hart Street, Launceston (Tas.) winner of 2nd prize: A Hotpoint Deluxe Range, Washer or Refrigerator. **Mrs. L. Manditch of 17 Bailey Street, St. Albans (Vic.)** winner of 3rd prize: A Hotpoint DeLuxe Range, Washer or Refrigerator. **Mrs. R. G. Lyon of 21 Collins Street, Brighton (Vic.)** winner of 4th prize: A Hotpoint DeLuxe Range, Washer or Refrigerator.

THE WINNERS OF THE 300 SPECIAL PRIZES LISTED BELOW WILL BE NOTIFIED BY MAIL

5th to 9th: Hotpoint 2-brush Polisher-Scrubbers. 10th to 24th: Hotpoint King-Size Frypans. 25th to 44th: Hotpoint Pop-Up Toasters. 45th to 64th: Hotpoint Steam Irons. 65th to 104th: Hotpoint DeLuxe Toasters. 105th to 154th: Hotpoint DeLuxe Jugs. 155th to 304th: Imported 3½ pt. top-of-the-stove Ovenware Casseroles.

And here's the glorious dessert that the contest was all about. Contestants cooked-up-a-name to use in completing our jingle—and the winning name is

SUNSHINE STRIP

4 Granny Smith apples;
2 lemons;
red colouring;
1 tablespoon flour;
1 tablespoon cornflour;
2 tablespoons sugar;
1 cup Sunshine Full-cream Powdered Milk, (dry);
2 eggs (separated);
2 cups boiling water;
1 lb. Madeira cake divided into three;
Sherry or rum (optional);
½ pint cream; almonds.

(All spoon measures are level.) Serves 8-9.

Peel and slice apples, cook with pieces of lemon peel, juice of 2 lemons and a little water, until clear. Add sugar to taste and red colouring. Sift flour, cornflour, sugar, Sunshine together. Gradually add boiling water, stir until smooth, then add beaten egg yolks. Cook in top of double saucepan over boiling water until thick. When cold, whip egg whites stiffly and fold into custard. Place layer of cake in serving dish. Sprinkle with sherry or rum and spread with half the apples, spoon on half the custard. Repeat layers finishing with cake, sprinkle with sherry, decorate with whipped cream. Sprinkle with almonds, blanched and toasted, with a little sugar.

It's the cream in Sunshine Full-Cream Powdered Milk that gives desserts such rich-flavoured goodness. Sunshine puts full-cream richness into all your cooking.

Complete contest results slips may be obtained by writing to:
The Nestlé Company (Australia) Limited,
Box 422, P.O. Crown Street,
Sydney. N.S.W.

NE1325/62

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MY COOKING SECRETS

by Leila Howard of The Australian Women's Weekly Kitchen

PEARS ORIENTAL. Pears are not often on oriental menus, but here's a dessert with the exotic touch of the East. Fill cavities of canned pear halves with chopped Chinese lychee fruit, spoon over a little ginger syrup, place on a greased tray and pop under a slow griller until pears are heated through and nicely browned on top. Lift carefully into individual serving dishes, place a scoop of ice-cream at the side of each and serve. For special occasions, decorate with one of those little paper parasols which cost only a few pence and add such a festive air.

SNOW-CAPPED PEARS. Isn't it a tantalizing name? And it tastes good, too. Simply pile a mixture of finely chopped dates, honey, cake crumbs or marzipan and a touch of spice over each pear half. Whip up a meringue, using two tablespoons sugar to each egg-white. Spoon this roughly over the pears which have been placed on an oven tray. Bake in a slow oven until meringue has firmed. Be careful not to cook too quickly or the snowy peaks will wilt and spoil.

IN A HURRY? Serve pear halves, straight from the can, with a few crunchy oat biscuits and a liberal pouring of bottled chocolate sauce.

FOR PICNICS. Canned fruits make a wonderful sweet for picnics — especially if they are cold. Here's a handy hint. Place cans in the freezer section of your refrigerator the night before, then wrap in a few sheets of newspaper for transporting. They should still be crystal-cold at lunchtime.

BARBECUES. Outdoor living is always fun. And there's nothing better at a barbecue than a "fix-it-yourself" tray of kabobs. Try threading pieces of canned pears between pieces of meat and vegetables, then cook over the glowing coals. It's delicious!

FAMILY HEALTH. Canned fruits are rich in energy, easy to digest, and lower in calories than most desserts. It's a good idea to make sure you always have a good stock.

APRICOT SUMMER CLOUD

INGREDIENTS: 1½ tablespoons gelatine; ⅓ cup water; 4 oz. sugar; 2 tablespoons lemon juice; ¾ cup pineapple juice; 2 cups fruit pulp (made by blending or sieving canned apricots with their syrup); ⅓ cup iced water; ⅓ cup non-fat milk powder; 1 dessertspoon lemon juice; 1 dessertspoon sugar.

METHOD: Soften gelatine in water, add sugar, fruit juices and fruit pulp. Heat until gelatine is dissolved. Cool until thickened, then whisk until frothy. Place iced water in bowl, add milk powder and whisk until thick. Add extra lemon juice and sugar and mix thoroughly. Fold creamy mixture into fruit mixture, spoon into mould and chill. Unmould, serve with decoration of apricot halves and whipped cream.

ACF23.5

Easy! open a can of perfect apricots

MINTED APRICOT FREEZE

INGREDIENTS: 1 large can evaporated milk, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 eggs, 2 teaspoons cornflour, strip lemon peel, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 1 can apricots, ¼ cup chopped walnuts, mint sprigs to decorate.

METHOD: Combine evaporated milk, sugar, egg yolks and cornflour, drop in strip of lemon peel. Cook over simmering water, stirring constantly until thickened. Remove from heat, cover and cool. Remove lemon peel and stir in vanilla. Drain apricots and reduce them to pulp. Fold into the custard mixture, pour into trays and partially freeze. Remove from trays, beat well and then fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Return to trays, cover with aluminium foil and refreeze.

IT'S LIKE OWNING AN ORCHARD! All the sunny, golden goodness of fruit fresh from the tree is yours — any time you want it! Just open a can. No work, no mess, no waste. And, mmm . . . just taste that healthy freshness! It's sealed into every can by pressure-cooking. You'll really enjoy making desserts like these with canned fruits. Pick up an extra can on every shopping trip.

For goodness' sake eat more canned fruit

THIS ADVERTISEMENT WAS PAID FOR BY THE GROWERS OF PEACHES, PEARS AND APRICOTS THROUGH THEIR SALES PROMOTION COMMITTEE. IT IS ONE OF A SERIES DESIGNED TO HELP YOU PREPARE CANNED FRUITS IN NEW AND EXCITING WAYS

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The day we got adjusted

The axe was Dad's solution for the locked door until Miss King arrived . . . a short story

By WADE H. MOSBY

OL' Dave was hiding in the cupboard when I came home from Brownie meeting and went to hang up my coat.

"Boo!" he said, and I said, "What are you doing?" and he said, "I thought you were Miss King.)"

I don't look like Miss King. She's probably twenty-seven or twenty-eight and I'm going on nine. Miss King is ol' Dave's teacher.

Dave is six and a half, and I don't know why we call him "ol' Dave," but we do.

Dad came up from the basement, wearing his barbecue apron and carrying a can of mushroom soup.

"Hello," he said. "How was Brownie meeting?" And he went into the kitchen. "Have you seen ol' Dave?" he called.

"Yes," I said. "He's in the coat cupboard."

"And," Dad said, "where does Agnes keep the can-opener?"

Agnes is our housekeeper and she usually gets dinner, but today she was staying with a sick sister.

"Why don't we go out and have hamburgers?" I asked.

"Because," Dad said, "this is the night we invited Miss King for dinner and she'll be here in one hour. Here's the can-opener . . ."

Dad had become quite interested in the Parent-Teacher Association since he went to the first-grade mothers' meeting at the start of the year. I knew that he had talked over lots of P.T.A. things with Miss King because he had taken her out to dinner five times.

I remembered that we were going to have Miss King at our house tonight because Dad wanted to show her what a well-adjusted family we were, even though we lost our mother when ol' Dave was born.

"Can I do anything to help?" I asked.

"Well," Dad said, "you could let Ralph in. He's been barking at the side door for half an hour."

Ralph is our dog. We call him Ralph because that's the way he barks: "Ralph!"

After I let Ralph in I asked Dad if he wanted me to set the table.

"I'd be delighted," he said. "Set it for four. And put some candles on. Ol' Dave knows where they are — in the basement. Where did you say Dave is?"

"In the coat cupboard."

"What's he doing there?"

"Waiting to scare Miss King, he said."

"Well, for the love of mud," Dad said, wiping some mushroom soup on his trousers. He went to the cupboard and opened the door and ol' Dave said: "Boo! . . . Oh, I thought you were Miss King."

"We don't greet our guests from the cupboard," Dad said. "Besides, why do you want to scare Miss King?"

"Because," ol' Dave said, "I thought she'd like to be scared."

Dad sent him after the candles and then told him to sit down and not make any noise. Dave got out his pencil and some paper and was quiet for a long time.

I set the table and it looked nice, even though I did get the forks on the wrong side and spilled a little water on Dad's chair while I was filling the glasses.

Ol' Dave announced that he was making place-cards, like they have at birthday parties. His own card said, "David Trane," Dad's said, "Dad," mine said, "Carol," and Miss King's said, "Funny funny Miss King."

Dad wanted to know what was so funny about Miss King, and Dave said nothing was funny, but he didn't know how to print any other words. His schoolbooks are real crazy, all about "Funny funny Spot" and "Oh look look look."

The steak began to burn and Dad had his hands full for a few minutes. "Well," he said then, "I'll just pour the mushroom soup over it and nobody will notice a thing."

He was heating the soup when the doorbell rang. It was Miss King. I hardly recognised her because she was all dressed up in a hat and high heels. She looked real pretty.

"Please come in," Dad said, pulling me out of the doorway.

Then Dad discovered he was still wearing his apron, and he tried to untie it, but couldn't get the knot undone.

"Let me take your coat," he said, pretending he didn't have an apron on. "Agnes couldn't be here tonight, but Carol and I will manage nicely."

Miss King said she was sure we would, and just then a big hissing noise came from the kitchen and Dad said, "Good grief, the mushroom soup," and ran off, leaving Miss King with her coat dangling from her arm.

She smiled at me and I smiled back and said that Dad usually was quite busy when Agnes wasn't around, and Miss King said she understood.

"I'll hang up my coat," she said. "This is the coat cupboard, isn't it?"

She opened the door and ol' Dave said, "Boo!" and Miss King dropped her coat. Instead of stopping at the floor, it took off toward the kitchen, saying, "Ralph! Ralph"

"That's Ralph," I said. "You put your coat on him." I caught Ralph and hung up Miss King's coat.

To page 51

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● The roses' year of glory and gaiety has begun, and there's many a charming arrangement to be organised from the resources of garden and cupboard. Here are some ideas.

Make the most of your roses

Centrepiece—with three blooms

DESIGNED to be looked down on, this could be used as centrepiece for a small dining-table or perhaps on a low bookshelf. And there's no need to worry about a shortage of ingredients — one beautiful McCready's Yellow rose, two buds, and an old piece of banksia wood found on a seaside holiday, all on a bamboo placemat. A needle-point holder is used in a small, low vase (even a coffee cup). Crush the stems first with pliers — they'll last longer.

Arranged by Miss Jan Kristensen, Carlingford, N.S.W.

A welcome on the door

WALL VASE with Cecil Brunner roses, particularly suitable for hanging on the front door when you are giving a party. The trails of Vinca Minor Variegata (variegated periwinkle) outline the arrangement and make a support for the tiny roses. Several clusters of pink polyantha roses are used at back. They have more rigid stems. As usual, the arrangement is in the form of an off-centre triangle.

Arranged by Mrs. A. M. Rickards, Homebush, N.S.W.

Miniatures in a Chinese bowl

DAINTY arrangement is not as big as it looks, for the roses used are the tiny Improved Cecil Brunner (light pink) and Permanent Wave (deep pink). If you haven't got a grid to hold the flowers, use chicken-wire crushed into a loose ball. The two colors are arranged in groups. One odd rose of a different variety is the arrangement's focal point.

Arranged by Mrs. T. Arlom, Roseville, N.S.W.

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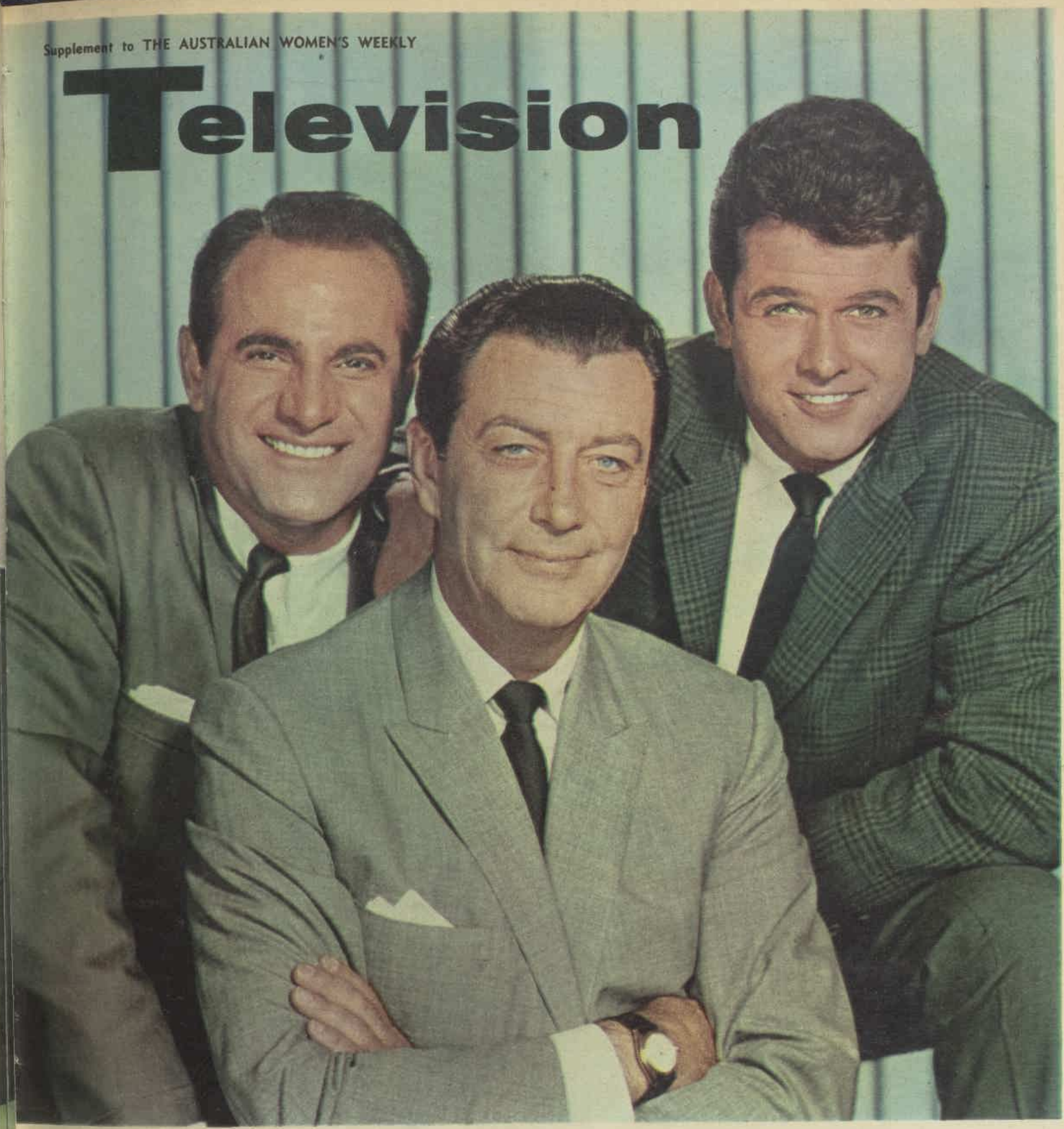
Supplement to THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Television



ROBERT TAYLOR'S DETECTIVES

One of the top American crime-busting teams (on television), Robert Taylor's "Detectives" always get their baddie. With that firm, wise, and debonair Cap'n Holbrook (Robert Taylor, centre) in charge, the boys share out the weekly starring chores among homebody-detective Russo (Tige Andrews, left), young-detective-about-town Ballard (Mark Goddard, right), and his buddy Nelson (Adam West, not shown). Robert Taylor once blasted TV after making his debut in an episode of "The Thin Man." But now he says, "TV can have me as long as it wants me." One reason given for this change is that TV allows him more free time to spend at home with the family. Formerly married to Barbara Stanwyck, 50-year-old Taylor's present wife is German actress Ursula Thiess (who has made some appearances as a newspaperwoman on the show). They have two small children and live on a luxurious 113-acre estate near Los Angeles. "Honestly speaking," said Taylor, "financially, I am not able to retire." He has made some provision for the future, though. During World War II — when Taylor was in the Navy — M.G.M. withheld his salary. In about 10 years' time, it will be a very healthy pension: almost £450 a week.

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The Limbs are back!

THEY'RE BACK! And the stars of the "Mobil Limb Show" line up (from left): Jimmy Parkinson, Leonard Teale, Betty Parker, Bobby Limb, Dawn Lake, Johnny O'Connor, Margaret Day, and Noel Brophy. The other "regular," Barbara Wyndon, will miss the first two shows of the new series because of theatre commitments.

By DAWN JAMES

● Bobby Limb, Dawn Lake, and the gang on Australia's top-rating variety "Mobil Limb Show" return to TV this week after five months' break.

AFTER watching early rehearsals of their first show, I will admit to doubts that it would reach the screen. To a TV beginner, a rehearsal is pretty confusing . . .

The scene: TCN Channel 9's studio at Willoughby, Sydney. The mood: quiet bedlam.

People wandered purposefully all over the place (they were all going *somewhere* — but where?).

One of the stagehands strolled round fondly clutching a tiger's head (mounted).

Another man perched high in a sort of hammock-seat among the spotlights, which sprouted like nightmare grapes from the ceiling. He waved the dead branch of a tree to and fro.

"He's creating moving shadows," someone explained.

The dancers of the chorus wore black tights, very, and struck attitudes. The show's choreographer, Ronnie Hay, rounded them up like a flock of long-legged black emus.

The men in the cast—Bobby, Leonard Teale, Noel Brophy, Jimmy Parkinson, and Johnny O'Connor — sported casual clothes and rather harassed expressions. They made bright quips (the cast are obviously happy in their work).

And the women (Margaret Day, Betty Parker, and guest star Vicki Benet) wore separates and pin-curls . . . except Dawn Lake, that is. She sighed resignedly that she hadn't had time to have her hair done.

All the time, from high in the control-room, the soothing and languid voice of English producer-director Ken Carter punctuated the air—

"You're a little out there, dear. I only caught your elbows on camera . . ." and "Ronnie, could we try that again? I'm not getting the couples, just a lot of people . . ."

"Quick, quick," Bobby exhorted the cast. "We've got a long way to go and verrrry leeettle time to do it in."

It's hard work

At this stage, the rehearsal was running one and a half hours over time. The dress rehearsal was still to come and then filming the show at 8 that evening.

"In the theatre," Noel Brophy reflected, "we'd say, 'This'll be all right in about three weeks!' "

But this was tonight. Now.

And the show *was* filmed, of course. The comedy sketches (Bobby and Dawn arriving back with a few films of their overseas trip, "That's seven reels. Now for the second day . . .") and the extravaganzas (Arabian nights and all) and the dancing and the songs.

Presenting the "Mobil Limb Show" could be described accurately as work—and a lot of *hard* work.

Apart from the script, this work begins on the Thursday of each week.

"We have a music meeting on Thursday morning," said Ken Carter.

"On Fridays we rehearse the sketches. At the weekends I'm plotting the cameras; Bobby, Dawn, and the cast are learning their lines.

"On Mondays we rehearse from nine in the morning till ten at night. That's when the crew goes off; some of us work for a few hours."

And on Tuesdays everyone's in at 9 a.m. again.

"We rehearse with the cameras in the afternoon. Then dress rehearsal at 5 p.m. and we begin filming at eight."

Wednesday is, loosely speaking, a holiday.

For there is next week's show to consider, with its problems and its script (which is already well in preparation by that time).

This season the "Mobil Limb Show" will appear three weeks in the month, with "Singalong" screened in the fourth week. But by January, TCN expect to be producing both shows every week.

Scheduled dates for the new season's opening of the "Mobil Limb Show" are:

- Sydney, TCN9, Friday, October 5, 7.30 p.m.
- Melbourne, GTV9, Friday, October 12.
- Adelaide, NWS9, Thursday, October 4.
- Brisbane, QTQ9, Friday, October 12.

TOMMY HANLON'S *Thought for the Week*

TOMMY HANLON

Momma once said: Isn't it amazing how superstitious most of us are? Since we were children we have made sure never to walk under a ladder . . . or let a black cat cross our path. Or, if we spill salt, throw a pinch of it quickly over our shoulder. Don't throw your hat on the bed; and how about breaking a mirror? (seven years' bad luck). How many people do you know who say . . . "Thank goodness I'm not superstitious," then knock on wood? I don't know if you are superstitious or not, but I'll bet quite a few of you reading this right now are carrying a rabbit's foot for luck. I don't know if they're lucky or not, but just think of the rabbit—he had four of them and they didn't help him.

Momma's moral: It is very unlucky to fall out of a 13th-storey window on Friday.

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School's in— for TV children

● On the "Laramie" sound stage, TV Western heroes Bob Fuller and John Smith were just cinching the saddles. They were ready to ride across the back lot for what the director called "five minutes more of shooting" . . .

SUDDENLY an energetic reminder came out of nowhere.

The voice startled both "Laramie" personalities Jess Harper (played by Bob Fuller) and Slim Sherman (John Smith), not to mention the goggle-eyed director: "Time to quit. At least for my pupil, Dennis Holmes. California law . . ."

And that was that, as far as any further shooting was concerned.

Dennis Holmes, of course, is the tousle-headed 11-year-old who stars with Fuller and Smith in the Western series.

He is of school age and, since he cannot attend a regular school, has a tutor on the sound stage to give him his required three hours' study a day. And to see to it he works no longer than the law allows.

"The hand that rocks the cradle," muttered the director, signalling for the cameras to stop production, "seems to be rocking our schedule. Oh, well, I guess she's right. The lad can't be pushed. We sometimes forget . . ."

A smile broke across his face and all was happiness on the "Laramie" set — until the next time. Then there would be another brief outburst — and the schoolma'am, Miss Abbe Krasne, would calm things down by quoting California law again.

"Because California law spells out clearly the circumstances under which children may work on the movie and TV sets," said Miss Krasne later, "we, the schoolteachers, become reigning authorities on how long they can work.

"The law says eight hours, so at 6 p.m. on a normal working day we can overrule the producer, director, and anyone else who would like to shoot 'just five minutes more', as that gentleman did a minute ago."

BOBBY BUNTROCK.

DENNIS HOLMES.

Make no mistake about it. The "Laramie" series isn't the only Western show being watched over by the eagle eye of a schoolteacher. It's happening on the "Rawhide," "Waggon Train," "Gunsmoke," and "Bonanza" series.

While the others don't have regular child stars as "Laramie" does, they occasionally have guest child actors. Like the others, they must have a schoolteacher there every minute they work.

"Many of the teachers who show up with their charges," said the producer of "Bonanza," "we don't even know by name. They come and go, because the children are always different.

"But you soon learn who they are. They watch the clock, keep tabs on their students, and will let one and all know when it's time to quit."

Strict rules

Every so-called juvenile actor must, according to law, get his three hours of study, one hour of recreation, and not under any circumstances be subjected to hazardous duty before cameras, or work longer than eight hours.

"We work under the jurisdiction of the Los Angeles City Board of Education regulations and the State of California Welfare laws," said one Western series' teacher.

"We follow a prescribed curriculum, but the resemblance between my classes and those of other regular schoolteachers ends there."

On a typical day recently on the "Laramie" sound stage, a teacher was herding no fewer than six students.

From time to time they were told to sit down at a table in a corner and start studying. Which they did.

"I don't stand for any nonsense from the children, either," said the schoolma'am in charge. "Sometimes they get an independent attitude. I have to be twice as stern with them.

"Don't forget, these are special children. Talented, headstrong some of them, and usually very bright."

Miss Krasne, a pretty woman in her early 40s, explained the whys and wherefors of her job.

"Since I am responsible not only for the child's education but his welfare, too," she said, "I alternately conduct my classes in a house-trailer schoolroom and watch over the children at the set.

"I am a TV teacher by preference. The advantage, or disadvantage, in this type of work depends on how steadily it is applied."

The schoolma'am explained that if a student works on three different TV series a week, each with a different teacher, he suffers because of the lack of continuity in his study.

"On the other hand," she said quickly, "a child who works steadily in one series, like little Dennis Holmes of 'Laramie,' has an advantage, because he may be the only student in the class."

According to most of the TV schoolma'ams, there is just one important difference between child-actor students and ordinary boys and girls who attend public school.

"Many of these theatrical youngsters," said one teacher, "are already earning good incomes — sometimes as much as 750 dollars (about £A375) a week—in their chosen profession.

"Therefore, with the normal drive toward a specific goal in life removed, they are all the more remarkable for taking their education seriously."

JOHN PROVOST, of "Lassie" . . school goes to him.

AWAY FROM WORK (both screen and school varieties), the young stars of "National Velvet" relax with the grown-ups. From left, Herbert Brown (Arthur Space), Edwina (Carole Wells), Donald (Joey Scott), Velvet (Lori Martin), and the kids' film mother, Mrs. Brown (Anne Doran).

DID YOU KNOW?

MITCH MILLER and his wife, Frances, admired a portrait of the Emir Feisal painted by Augustus John and it gave Mitch the idea for the style of beard he wears, so the story goes.

★ ★ ★

KEEP an eye open for Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis to team up again for a TV special in 1963.

★ ★ ★

FORMER "Adventures In Paradise" star Gardner McKay is putting his paintings on display at a well-known nightspot next month. Little has been heard of McKay since he stepped out of the Adam Troy role.

★ ★ ★

CLINT ("CHEYENNE") WALKER, often publicised for his fanatical beliefs in physical fitness, has written a book on the subject of fitness and health foods. In his spare time he turns his talents to singing.

★ ★ ★

THE word has it that Doris Day has turned down 500,000 dollars worth of TV appearances so far this year.

★ ★ ★

TOSSING a party for Dean Martin in Atlantic City, New Jersey, Frank Sinatra sent a helper to New York to pick up supplies. The helper used Sinatra's two-million-dollar plane to fulfil the mission—to buy 50 loaves of fresh Sicilian bread in New York.

★ ★ ★

PAT BOONE had to age 10 years for a role in the movie "Main Attraction." "It was easy," said Pat. "I just wiped the smile off my face."

★ ★ ★

A NEW trend in show business? Desilu, the TV production firm founded by Desi Arnaz and Lucille Ball, is spreading its wings into the industrial real-estate development field. Meantime, Desi has predicted the biggest year in Desilu's history. At a stockholders' meeting he said: "If I had the cash I would buy every share of stock I could lay my hands on. That's what I think of the future of Desilu."

★ ★ ★

A DOCTOR stood by while ageing actor Claude Rains went through the first day's taping of a new TV series "The Outpost." There had been concern because of a strenuous schedule and a number of retakes, but after a halting start Rains put up an impressive performance.

★ ★ ★

AMERICAN BROADCASTING COMPANY is making a special on "The World of Jacqueline Kennedy," but it will not have any film of her Italian holiday. The vacation, incidentally, brought protests from a Baptist minister, who objected to Jackie's bathing-suit "over-exposure."

★ ★ ★

DICK POWELL wants to get his partners in Four Star Television (David Niven and Charles Boyer) together in an hour-long drama before this season ends. He has signed up Groucho Marx for a role in another up-coming episode of his "Dick Powell Show."

★ ★ ★

DISTRICT Attorneys have voiced their protest about Hamilton Burger's poor lot on the "Perry Mason Show" for several years, but now they are taking action. They have formed an executive committee to arrange with Warner Brothers for a TV series "depicting a D.A. in his true light."

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Ibsen's "HEDDA GABLER"

FAMOUS STARS in a scene from "Hedda Gabler" — from left, Judge Brack (Sir Ralph Richardson), Hedda (Ingrid Bergman), Tesman (Sir Michael Redgrave), Lovborg (Trevor Howard).

● Ingrid Bergman, Sir Ralph Richardson, Sir Michael Redgrave, and Trevor Howard star in the C.B.S. television network's £100,000 production of the Ibsen tragedy, "Hedda Gabler."

FILMED in London for C.B.S. by the B.B.C., the 90-minute drama is the most expensive TV programme ever made in England.

"Hedda Gabler" was produced by Ingrid Bergman's husband, Lars Schmidt, and Talent Associates-Paramount Limited. It is scheduled for screening in Britain and America in October or November.

So far there is no indication that "Hedda Gabler" will be shown in Australia—for the time being, at least.

The cost is prohibitive for Australian networks. According to one channel's spokesman, however: "The price will probably decrease month by month, and someone might be able to afford it later on."

"Hedda Gabler" is the story of a beautiful and brilliant woman (Ingrid Bergman), who is married to history professor Tesman (Sir Michael Redgrave).

After six months' honeymoon spent exploring archives, Hedda is already bored with her marriage.

The plot thickens when a family friend, Judge Brack (Sir Ralph Richardson), brings the news that Ejlert Lovborg (Trevor Howard) — an old admirer of Hedda's—is contesting the literary appointment Tesman wants.

Hedda becomes jealous when she hears of another woman's close friendship with Lovborg. When she also learns that he once drank heavily she taunts him.

Lovborg goes off to a party and he begins to drink again. Leaving the party, he drops an important manuscript that is necessary for his literary appointment.

Tesman finds the manuscript and takes it home.

Lovborg forces his way into the Tesman home. Hedda confronts him.

Handing him one of her pistols, she asks if he will end his life . . . since there is nothing left. As he leaves, undecided, she urges him to make a "beautiful" job of it. Then, discovering the manuscript, she throws it into the fire.

Tesman is angry when he discovers Hedda has burned the manuscript, but she says "it was for your sake" and then tells him she is going to have a baby.

But Tesman's happiness is interrupted by the arrival of Judge Brack.

He announces that Lovborg is dead, shot when the pistol went off accidentally in his pocket. Brack questions Hedda and discovers the truth.

And Hedda, terrified of scandal and of the hold the Judge now has over her, commits suicide.

AS HE LEAVES the Tesman house, Lovborg takes the pistol offered by Hedda Gabler. She urges him to end his life.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

October 10, 1962

Teenagers' WEEKLY

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

Not to be sold separately

3-IN-ONE PATTERN—page 2

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LETTERS

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Letters must bear the signature and address of the writer, and when choosing letters for publication we give preference to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send all correspondence to "Teenagers' Weekly," Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

Driving lessons at school

IN sixth class at primary school I was lucky enough to attend special driving classes held at the school, and I was taught the fundamentals of driving a car. At the end of these lessons there was a practical and theoretical test.

If these classes could be taught in all schools I'm sure the death toll on the roads would be lowered through a greater understanding of how to handle a car before a driver receives his licence. — *Mark Wilmott, Lindfield, N.S.W.*

Jiving parents?

LISTENING to my girl-friends chat at a recent party, I found that most of them grumbled because their parents didn't like rock and roll, jazz, or slang.

Just think what it would be like if things went to the other extreme—mothers in matadors jiving around the house with a broom, and fathers in jeans saying "crazy, man" at every opportunity.

This would be far worse than disapproval, for while we want our parents to enjoy the things we enjoy, no one wants to see them change into teenagers.—*Margaret Francis, Upwey, Vic.*

Next week

A SPECIAL for fashion-conscious teenagers is our big feature next week — a planned eight-piece summer wardrobe of gay print and plain separates that match and mix. It includes a permanently pleated skirt, sleeveless overblouse, long - sleeve shirt - blouse, white suit, bikini set and swim-pants. ALSO, a selection of the new-season's swimsuits.

Beatnik party

RECENTLY a friend and I arranged a social in the form of a "Night with the Beatniks." Every guest was asked to come dressed as a beatnik, and each girl brought a plate of eats, and each boy a few bottles of soft-drinks.

We hired a hall, and to create an atmosphere of a dimly lit coffee bar placed red transparent paper over the lights. Abstract art was hung around the hall and candles were placed in bottles around the hall. All the guests sat on the floor.

Honky-tonk and jazz were played in the background. The eats were served in an alcove named the Beatnik Coffee Bar and the tables were laid with newspapers instead of cloths.

Games and dancing were enjoyed by all and a novel sing-song by the boys kept the girls entertained.

If any other readers are having a party or social this would be a very good idea to try.—*"Party-lover," Cairns, Qld.*

Coin common

IN reply to "Coin Collector" (T.W., 12/9/62), I have found your penny is quite common. The engraved figure of Britannia was replaced in 1911 by the penny with the words, "Commonwealth of Australia, One Penny."—*"Another Collector," Smithton, Tas.*

£113 raised

OUR class has been running a "Freedom from Hunger" campaign. Three other girls and myself gave speeches at Assembly, and with the aid of slides our school, Cremorne Girls' High, saw the misery of starving Europeans.

To raise money we sold pencils and blotters, given by a manufacturer. Other classes gave money, and the staff gave £32. A Play Afternoon, a Lost Property Sale, and a Poster Competition helped. Altogether we raised £113 for the campaign in four weeks, and our school has only 600 girls. — *Delma Wilson, St. Leonards, N.S.W.*

Disc dictators

I AM annoyed whenever I tune into a hit parade and hear the disc jockey raving about a pop song. This is not fair to the equally talented recording artist whose disc does not happen to appeal to the disc jockey.

The announcer's job is to present each record straight, keeping his opinions about the record to himself instead of trying to influence listeners by displaying a biased opinion.

Most of the top pop tunes have been boosted by favoritism shown by some disc jockeys. Isn't this a case of dictatorship? —*R. Jackson, Caulfield, Vic.*

Abolish exams

IN American schools marks are given for every test throughout the year. At the end of the year these marks are averaged and the student is given this mark instead of sitting for a yearly examination.

Wouldn't there be a higher standard of education in Australia if this scheme were used?

About 80 per cent. of the students I know wait until a few weeks before the exams, then try to cram all the year's work into their heads.

Many clever people who do good work constantly through the year suffer from nerves, and so fail their exams by a few marks. Others who pay little attention during the year pass and are given jobs.

I think that the marks earned during the year should be taken into consideration. — *"Student," Kingsdale, N.S.W.*

Happy women

I AM 13 years old and have spent most of my life in Rhodesia, Central Africa. I have been in Australia only a few months and what I find very hard to understand is how happy all the women look, even when they are carrying heavy shopping or cleaning their houses.

This work was all done by African servants where I came from, but the white women never looked as happy as they do here. I wonder why? — *Rita Collingwood, Bellevue Hill, N.S.W.*

OUR COVER PATTERN

The exciting beachwear shown on our cover can easily be made from a special set of Candy Hardy patterns—all for only 3/6. You'll need 5½yds. 36in. material, 3yds. 36in. lining, and 9½yds. narrow embroidered edging. Teenage sizes available are for 30, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. The pattern number is 7719, and you can get it by sending 3/6 to Candy Hardy, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney.

BEATNIK

"We've got nothing against your new hairstyles — but where do we find a chick our own size any more?"

Students help to run schools

● "G.H.," of Melbourne, wrote (T.W., 29/8/62) that a motion to form a students' representative council was rejected by the headmaster of his high school. Readers from schools all over Australia have written to us about their councils. Here are some of their letters.

WE are fortunate at our school to have a principal who believes that the advice of the students should be sought on various problems.

From each form a representative is elected by secret ballot. He asks his classmates for any suggestions that would improve conditions at school. These are reported at the next meeting of the students' council, discussed, and voted on. The representative then reports the decision to the class.

In the past few years subjects from stockings to soft-drinks, from cadet training for girls to yo-yos have been discussed.

The topic at the moment is whether to have a modified cross-country race for girls.

The council elects a president and secretary, and the principal attends each meeting.

The Students' Representative Council at our school is an important part of school life.—*Alison Fites, Brisbane.*

AT our high school we have a Students' Representative Council of which I am a member. The council consists of one girl and one boy elected by all forms from two to six.

The meetings are held at lunchtime, except during exams. Students can suggest different things they think should or should not be done at the school by seeing their representative or placing their suggestions in a suggestion-box.

After each meeting of the council the minutes are pasted on a notice-board for the students to read.

All the teachers give their full co-operation and assistance in the running of the council. — *"S.R.C.," Melbourne.*

I ATTEND the largest co-educational high school in Tasmania and student councils play an important part in running the school.

Two students, a boy and a girl, are elected by pupils of each class, and they meet every two weeks to discuss matters which concern the school and pupils.

It is through the student representatives that pupils are able to forward their ideas to make the school a better one.—*Karen Turner, Bellerive, Tas.*

EACH form at our high school elects a representative to the Students' Representative Council, which meets weekly with some of the teaching staff.

Last year we had an alteration made to our summer uniform, and this year we have had a new trampoline put into the gym.—*"W.B.," Caulfield, Vic.*

I GO to a girls' boarding-school, and two years ago we elected a committee of two members from each House to take a problem to our headmistress. The problem was solved and we have kept our committee ever since.

If we want to make a suggestion we do so at a meeting of girls in the House. If it is seconded and a show of hands decides that it is approved, the housemistress passes on the idea to the headmistress. The six girls on the committee then have a meeting with the headmistress to discuss the proposal, and if she approves of it the school is informed and a new rule immediately goes into action.—*Christine Boxall, Clifton Gardens, N.S.W.*

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Pardon me for asking, BUT

WHAT ARE PARTIES FOR?

By PETER EWART

● Back in the days when I started going to parties (about 1955, but let's not go into that) you went along in the sure knowledge that some time that night you were going to meet someone NEW.

THE first five times I fell in love—all in the space of a year—were with girls I met at parties. So if I sound like a traditionalist and a bit of a conservative as well as a pessimist, I hope you'll understand why.

In the past few weeks I have gone to two teenage parties and a teenage dance. I'm horrified.

One of the parties was a "bring your own partner" affair. Now back in my day, if you'll pardon my living in the past, this would have meant three dances with the girl I brought—the first, the last, and the dance before supper.

At suppertime the host or hostess would call "Supper dance," and the floor would look like a collection of Magoos who'd suddenly put on their glasses and found they were dancing with polar bears. There would be a scramble to recover their own partners and work up an appetite for supper.

Well, one hostess who obviously wasn't up with the latest, tried that at the party I was talking about. "Supper dance!" she announced triumphantly.

No one moved.

I thought it might be about time to go round the back and clear a space and polish up the duelling pistols. Heavens above, they were all about to steal each other's partners. There were no bullet-proof vests around, so I hid carefully behind a wall that I judged would be thick enough to stop most bullets and waited for the battle.

TODAY'S teenage girls are keen to meet new people at parties — but they don't get much chance, because most of the boys, who do the asking, are socially lazy and dance with the same girl all the time.

Far from the crash of pistol shots and the thump of bodies hitting the floor, the only sound I heard was the grinding of the molars. The mob were eating.

I re-entered, and if my memory serves me correctly they were all with their partners. THEY TOLD ME THEY'D BEEN WITH THEM ALL NIGHT.

Now I'm no square. No sir, not me. Just let Chubby Checker hit the old turntable and I'm out there twisting with the best of them. One foot, too. But this is an aspect of modern living I just don't dig.

I mean, why go to a party if you're going to be with the one girl or boy all night? Why not go to the pictures or just sit at home with the family and watch television. If this is your way of having a party, tell me—what is the good of the other people in the room?

The difference between having a party and not having a party is simply this—the first alternative involves a whole lot more people. And if you're going to take full advantage of this, surely the best plan would be to meet and mix with as many as possible.

Back in my day (here we go again) anyone who stuck with the same person all night was looked on as a bore and a social failure. Now he's a social success. But he's still a bore.

Downright dull

This is the whole tragedy of the current fad—it's so downright dull. It has a lot of other disadvantages which probably wouldn't interest you much, things like making you staid and fixed in your ways, limiting your experience in handling people of the opposite sex, and hampering your ability to see real worth in other people.

These, as I say, are things you probably aren't interested in. You're more concerned with having a good time.

Well, boy oh boy, if sticking with the one person all night until you're so bored you're ready to sink through the floor is the modern version of having a good time, count me out!

But my complaints don't finish there. No, sir! While I'm on the subject I feel I ought to mention the terrible "sameness" of the parties.

Time — 8 p.m. The first guests have arrived. On to the record-player goes "The Buddy Holly Story." Some mildly enthusiastic jive begins.

Time—8.30 p.m. End of Side 1, and the guests all head for the refreshments. The first one to arrive orders punch, so they all order punch.

One day, as an experiment, I'm going to be first on the queue and I'm going to order castor oil. Then we'll see what happens

Time—8.45 p.m. Buddy Holly Side 2 is gathering momentum. The same combinations of faces begin a slightly slower, punch-sodden jive. At the end of Side 2 the process is repeated. More punch.

And so on, through the night. I'm no Buddy Holly fan, but after two parties I know every track on that record off by heart. And I didn't have to learn it—sheer repetition soaked it into me.

By about 10.30 the party had ground to a halt, with everyone looking thoroughly bored. I can't say I blame them. I was pretty bored myself by that stage.

Brighten it up

Well, now you're entitled to ask me: "What better way is there to have a party?"

First up, a surprise! I agree with you that Pinning the Tail on the Donkey is strictly for the birds. So are charades and picking up peas with a straw. Kid stuff! We're all agreed on that.

But there's plenty still left to do. Like forming a troupe of "chorus girls" drawn from the local football team, who can be rigged out in short pink skirts and sing "Get Me To The Church On Time."

At a party I once had, three of us did "Sisters" from "White Christmas," and we're still trying to live it down. But it helped to contribute to a memorable evening.

You can always form your own rock-'n-roll or skiffle group, built around a couple of people who can actually play a musical instrument. Nothing square about this! All you need, then, is a collection of people to play tea-chest basses or washboards, and you have your own live dance-band.

The whole point is that a party is a pretty artificial business, anyway. The only way to make it memorable or interesting is to make sure it's different from the last party your crowd had.

There are old favorites at parties, and even Buddy Holly ONCE in a party would do wonders to make it move along, but a party that's nothing but a collection of old favorites and doing things you always do is bound to be a failure.

Not only will it be a failure—it deserves to be one.

Now, I know there are all sorts of explanations from psychologists and other meddling squares on this subject of teenage party customs. Some people even blame the H-bomb for current dating habits. Well, I think the poor old bomb is responsible for a lot of things, and most of them harmful, but that one's a bit over the odds.

No, I don't think you're Made Insecure, nor do I think you are all suffering from Post-war Neurosis. Do you know what I think? I think you're all basically "chicken."

I think you're all scared to death of being different. You've all gone and got yourselves trapped, you're in a rut, and none of you has the courage to move out of it.

I asked a few people at the parties whether they really enjoyed them. Mostly they were indifferent.

Boys to blame

In all fairness, I have to say the girls were more keen for a good time than the boys. They seemed eager to move around and meet new people.

But they're not the ones who do the asking.

Unfortunately—and as a male and proud of it, I hate to say this—most of the trouble comes from the boys. They're the ones who lack imagination. They're content to jog along with the same girl, doing what they did last time because it's less bother. Let's face it, they're socially lazy.

And there isn't much time left to do anything about it. The end-of-year party season is about to get under way, and if you girls and boys don't move quickly you're going to be stuck with 40,000 playings of "The Buddy Holly Story" between now and Christmas.

As for me. Well I'm off on the next cruise to the Antarctic, where I'm going to teach the penguins Spin the Bottle. Good luck while I'm away.

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TO SLEEP IN, PERCHANCE THESE DREAMS?

Fashions by Lotus Lingerie at David Jones' and Myer's stores.

DREAM that you're Petrushka in this frivolous, bright blue shortie with rick-rack braid and ribbon tie. (About £8/8/-.)

PALE coffee sheer Swiss voile nightie and brunch coat highlighted with deep lace trim looks oh-so-fetching. (Gown about £9/9/-, coat £11/19/6.)

GOWN of fine Swiss voile in one of the new 'bloom' shades has embroidered flannel flowers on yoke and hem. (About £8/8/-.)

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● Keyed to the warm weather, pretty, colorful, and with new easy-care qualities, these are the nighties and robes you'll like most for cool, cool sleeping and lounging.

AIRBORNE white crepe supreme — a glamorous new fabric—with French lace trimming. (About £10/10/-.)

SHORTIE gown and negligee of Swiss voile has new-again waisted look and luxurious French lace trimming. (Shortie about £8/16/-, negligee £11/11/-.)

CLEAR contrast coloring (below) in voile shortie and full brunch coat styled with unusual neck-line pleating, full puffed sleeves, and appliqued skirt. (Shortie about £9/19/6, coat £9/19/6.)

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Louise Hunter — Here's your answer

Love or a crush?

"I AM a girl of 16 and for almost a year I have been dreaming about the same boy. I just cannot forget him, although I have been out with several other boys who are much better looking. He has never even spoken to me and I don't think he ever will. Is it possible that I could be in love with him or is it just a crush? If it is a crush, how long will it last? Do other girls have this same problem? If so, how do they overcome it?"

"Heartache," N.S.W.

Practically everyone has crushes while growing up, and the older you get the less time a crush will last. Often, all you've got to do is meet the person to realise that you're not interested at all and have just built up an imaginary picture which has no basis in reality.

One constructive way of getting over a crush is to change your dreams. Every time you find yourself gazing into space and mooning about his lovely brown eyes, just snap out of it —get yourself a good book to read, plan how you'd spend £1000 if you were given it tomorrow, work out which countries you'd like to visit overseas. Occupy your mind and you'll be a much more interesting person.

Baffled belles

"WE are two attractive 16-year-old girls and we know two boys who like us a lot, but we do not like them at all. Can we brush them off without offending them? Do you think we should 'drop hints, or what? Also do you think we are too young to smoke if we can afford it?"

"Troubled," Vic.

I think you're having yourselves on a bit. There's no need to worry about brushing these boys off just yet. Wait until they actually ask you out and just say, "No, thank you." They'll get the message.

As for smoking, be really sophisticated and don't ever start. It's too childish to take it up just for effect, apart from the fact that it can endanger your health.

Too many curls

"I HAVE very thick, curly hair verging on 'frizziness.' I usually set it on large rollers and this gives a nice big wave. However, when it rains my hair goes very frizzy. Would a permanent wave be a solution to my problem, and could I do it myself? Someone told me that a permanent would result in my hair going completely straight, but I would like to avoid that if I could."

"Curious," Qld.

I'm afraid that the only person who can help you is a professional hairdresser, who can give you a dekinking permanent. However, it's not possible to do this yourself. All I can suggest is to save up until you can afford to consult a good hairdresser.

Be a casual Romeo

"I AM a 15-year-old boy who likes a girl about a year younger than I. But I see her only when I'm down in the shopping centre or at the beach. I would like to strike up an acquaintance and ask her out for a date, but I don't know anybody who could introduce us and I'd have to do it myself. How can I do this, as I don't know her name and don't know where she lives?"

"Mystified," N.S.W.

Start smiling when you pass her in the street or say, "Good day for a swim, isn't it?" when you see her at the beach —any casual remark at all.

Don't rush in with a wolf whistle and "How about a date" line — this would put any girl off at once. Play it cool and casual and you'll gradually get to know her well enough to ask her out—if she likes you well enough to accept.

Unsteady steady

"I AM 17 and have been going steady with a very nice boy for two years. He used to take me out every week, but now he never takes me out at all, but meets me at dances when they are nearly over and then takes me home. He comes to see me nearly every night and all we do is watch TV. He says he wants to become engaged next year, but I would like to go out with a few other boys first, even though I love my steady very much. Lately I have been out with another boy whom I like a little and who wants me to break it off with my steady. But I don't want to do it just like that. What should I do?"

"Uncertain," N.S.W.

You don't have to switch off the TV and announce that everything is off. Pick your time and tell your steady that he's now unsteady. At the moment you could hardly be sure that he loves you and not your TV set.

Don't play Cupid

"I AM a young boy trying to play Cupid to two friends. He's the shy type and doesn't talk much to her when he sees her and has sought my advice on how he can win her. Would you please give me an answer I can pass on to him?"

"Ag," N.S.W.

Tell him to pluck up his courage and ask her out himself. You can't do it for him.

The love game

"WE are two teenage sisters who like two boys who live a few streets away. We all go to the same school and have met them through our friends. We would like to invite them to our home for the afternoon but do you think we'd be doing the right thing, and how should we go about asking them?"

"Cooped Up," S.A.

Ask them if they'd like to come round and play some records one afternoon. But ask a few other friends, too. If the boys are the sporting type, perhaps you could arrange a tennis party at a local court and see if they'd join in the fun.

Live with in-laws?

"MY fiance and I are to be married in 18 months' time when he has finished his university course and we will have saved approximately £2500. I realise that there are many young couples worse off than we are, but £2500 hardly buys a block of land these days and my fiance has suggested that we should live with his parents for about three years after we marry; we will both be going to work. We agree that it would be better to live with his parents in a comfortable home than to buy a block of land and build a garage to live in or pay a high rent when we could be paying off our own home. His parents are extremely nice and I think they would be easy to get on with, but I would not be able to cook for him, although I could do his washing and sewing, etc. But it would not be like our own home. I don't want to be selfish or unreasonable and demand that my fiance buy a new home immediately, but I wonder if living with relations works out satisfactorily.

"Puzzled," Vic.

Newly married couples have a lot of adjustments to make simply getting used to each other. Living by themselves it's difficult enough, but it becomes doubly difficult when you're living with close relations. Money matters a lot, but not nearly as much as your happiness together.

All young couples have to cope with the housing problem these days and it really is better for them to learn to cope alone.

I don't think you have fully investigated the financial side as yet. Why not see your bank manager together and discuss with him just what you'll be able to afford. If you're both working you might be better off paying rent for a while and continuing to save a little.

A word from Debbie

Do you ever find yourself with an hour or two to spare—and nothing to do?

There are times when just "a-sittin' and a-thinkin'" is fun.

But if you want to do something—and something different at that—how about the do-it-yourself job of coloring your own photographs?

Impossible? No, ma'am. I'm just a beginner, and already my picture album looks terrific.

Let's not be too ambitious to begin with! Try your skill on one photograph and remember that it must have a flat finish (glossy shots are hard to color and not at all successful).

You'll need a few colored pencils and some blotting-paper scraps dipped in fat (butter, cooking oil, or dripping). Leave the blotting-paper to dry for a few minutes.

Color the light sections in the picture with one of your pencils. Use a soft circular movement; the density of color depends on how often you repeat this movement.

Then, with the scraps of grease-stained blotting-paper, rub the colored section gently (round and round again) to get that professional oil-paint look.

Repeat this process with each of the colors you want to use on the picture.

And I hope your first effort looks as good as mine did (the family said it was good, anyway). I'm improving, too.

Beauty in brief — BE SENSIBLE ABOUT SNACKS

● Taking the edge off hunger with snacks from the fridge or shop counter is not a bad habit if it's done with sound common sense.

THERE is nothing wrong with a fourth meal, provided you have the good sense to make snacking count in your ordinary way of eating.

It's the silly snacker who wades in and eats all the time with never a thought for the basic essentials of eating who is in for trouble.

In short, nibbling to fill gaps in your meals is okay, but making a meal of in-betweens as well as sitting down to three hearty meals a day is not, especially if it makes you fat.

What, then, is a sensible snack?

Well, a sensible snack for a young girl could be a glass of milk or cup of bouillon, fruit or fruit juice, salad or vegetables (ever try chewing a raw carrot?) or yoghurt.

All fit perfectly into a plan for eating toward youthful health and good looks, and they're low in calories. If you haven't had as much of any of them as you should have during the day, now's the time to make up for the lack.

A sandwich is another good snack if you've eaten rather lightly and take it into account as a part of your day's food intake.

You see, it doesn't really matter WHEN you have the important foods quite as much as it matters that you have them. —*Carolyn Earle*

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LISTEN HERE — *with Ainslie Baker*

Promising vocal trio with many interests

● Some singers and musicians I talk to have just one interest — music. But this is far from being the case with the promising Tolman Trio, a vocal and comedy group in Sydney whose TV appearances are beginning to win them interstate friends.

IN fact, I've seldom found a group who between them have so many varied interests.

Gordon Tolman, the light baritone of the outfit, who also plays guitar and bongo drums, is a part-time actor (he worked in "Whiplash" and "The Patriots") and does a bit of writing. On weekdays he works as a clerk.

Geoff Turner, lead guitar and bass voice, is a telephone technician who would like to be a biology teacher and still keeps up his studies.

Lew Jones, who is a baritone, too, collects tropical fish, works as a compositor in the printing industry, and helps Geoff with the musical arrangements.

Geoff was the first into show business and was singing solo when the other two, who were pals at Auburn School, met him and decided to work up an act.

That was about a year ago, and since then they've worked in "Sing, Sing, Sing," "First Appearances," and "Bandstand." They will have their first disc out soon on the Pye label, with the prospect of a two-year contract if it's a success.

The boys spend three nights a week and Saturday afternoons practising together, and tackle anything from pops to folk songs and standards.

JUST about every jazz group in the land was busting to be asked to play for the King and Queen of Thailand. One group who did were the high-riding **Varsity Five Plus Two,** who played at a private dinner party at Government House, Brisbane.

They've got their own half-hour TV show, "Jazzbah," a single and an LP disc, and now they've played before royalty—all in two years.

BOY star of the Australian-made film "Smiley," **Colin Peterson** — now a husky, good-looking teenager — is planning to get back into show business, but this time as a singer and recording artist.

AFTER his last national TV appearance on "Sing, Sing, Sing," Ray Melton took off to Adelaide for TV and club work. He's back in Sydney now, and radio listeners can hear this good singer each Saturday evening in the 15-minute A.B.C. programme "Ray Melton Sings."

The mixture is jazz, pops, and ballads, and the programme's going out over Radio Australia as well as in all States.

HAVING written a couple of hit songs for his big brother Barry, **Rod Stanton** has been doing a bit of quiet singing himself and made his first national TV appearance on a recent "Bandstand."

He's still interested in composing as a sideline and has a new real gone Westerner, "Unlike You," that's yet to be recorded.

Pops: How'd you like to hear a whole LP by the "Wolverton Mountain" man, **Claude King?** As well as "Mountain" and "The Comancheros," other titles are "Big River, Big Man," "I Backed Out." "Meet Claude King" is a Coronet album, and getting to know him better is no disappointment, I can assure you.

AS pleasing a bunch of evergreen standards as you're ever likely to hear on the one disc are very well sung by **Paul Anka** on the R.C.A. LP, "Let's Sit This One Out." "You Go To My Head," "Embraceable You," and "I'll See You In My Dreams" are among the songs Paul scores with.

MOST people who enjoy music at some time or another fall under the romantic spell of Viennese light operetta and waltzes, for, though old-fashioned, they're dreamy listening. **Harry Secombe** (ex-Goon comedian and now top-of-the-bill straight singer) has selected some of the most lovely and lilting of the songs for his Philips' LP, "Vienna, City Of My Dreams."

An orchestral LP from the same label is "Viennese Waltzes" — most of them by Strauss.

IF you're independent about the singles you buy, and don't go just for the chart toppers, try one of these R.C.A. releases. **Lennie Miles** does a bright, Chubby Checker-type vocalising job with "I Wouldn't Be Here"; "A Golden Tear," stylishly sung by **Jimmy Elledge,** is a slow, heart-wrenching ballad with a lot of appeal; and, for a lively rocking novelty, there's **Johnny Kongos'** "Johnny And The Mermaid."

Jazz: There's a really marvellous LP buy on the Coronet label. It's "Who's Who in the Swinging Sixties," and offers the dazzling array of **Dave Brubeck, Louis Armstrong, Gerry Mulligan, Carmen McRae, J. J. Johnson, Duke Ellington, Miles Davis,** and **Lionel Hampton,** plus a few others. The jacket calls it "The Many Sounds of Jazz Today," and this just about sums things up.

ANOTHER novelty jazz LP, "Battle Royal" (Coronet), combines the talents of the **Duke Ellington** and the **Count Basie** bands, playing together as one big outfit with 14 soloists.

There are two Ellington compositions, "Battle Royal" and "Wild Man," both from the film "Paris Blues," and the meeting winds up with the lively Basie classic "Jumpin' at the Woodside."

THE TOLMAN TRIO. From left: Lew Jones, Gordon Tolman, Geoff Turner.

WORTH HEARING

CHOPIN: Piano works

CLAUDIO ARRAU, one of the greatest living pianists, recently finished a triumphant concert tour of Australia. Those who want to keep a memory of his performances, or who did not have the opportunity to hear him, should look for a splendid two-record set of Chopin recorded by Arrau and issued by Festival to coincide with his tour.

The four sides cover a sizeable slab of Chopin's music, concentrating particularly on the big, brilliant concert pieces — the complete Scherzi, Ballades and Impromptus, along with the Barcarolle.

There is another quite different and no less attractive world of Chopin in the gentler and smaller works: the Mazurkas, Nocturnes, Waltzes, etc.

A week ago, discussing Moussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition" and Schumann's "Carnaval," I mentioned the fondness the Romantic composers had of attaching fancy descriptive titles to their music, even when the music did not tell any specific story.

Chopin is the most notable exception to this. He was a romantic of romantics, but he carefully avoided giving anything but formal titles to his works, leaving the listener to conjure up in his own mind whatever feelings or "pictures" the music may suggest. (Keep this in mind when you meet the tags like "Raindrop" and "Winter Wind" that have been attached to some of Chopin's works by other hands.)

—Martin Long

EVEN THE KITCHEN SINKS!

● I see that two Frenchmen went to live for a week in an underwater "house," 30ft. beneath the surface of the Mediterranean.

ONE of the purposes of the experiment was to test the feasibility of maintaining human life for long periods underwater.

The house was equipped with beds, cooking facilities, telephone, and television.

Life, I'd reckon, would be rather different if the oyster, and thereabouts, was our world . . .

Girls would be even harder to fathom.

There would also be new teenage hit tunes. A (fish) catchy one could be "He Wore a Black Leatherjacket and Motor-cycle Boots."

Romantic conversation pieces would change, too.

Blokes would say: "I worship the ground you tread water on," and "Let me lake you away from all this."

And, I suppose, a father would warn off an unwanted date for his daughter, finishing up, ". . . and never dampen my doorstep again."

Unhappily, girls would probably still pass over local lads for more exciting strangers. For **divers** reasons.

Money would also rear its ugly head in dating.

A girl would not go out with a boy, I'm sure, unless he was prepared to spend a squid or two on her.

What would you get on underwater TV? Lloyd Bridges in "Land-hunt," I guess. And, of course, Dr. Ben Casey —the story of a surly **sturgeon!**

There'd always be "Rawhide," naturally. Doesn't it already star **Gill** Favor?

At the swim-in theatres I suppose one could see films like, say, "Never on **Barramundi.**"

For all that, however, kids could have a whale of a time. If, that is, they didn't go overboard.

I ALSO see that all voters in Northern Rhodesia's recent general elections had to immerse their thumbs in a special ink after they voted.

This ensured that no one voted twice.

If you think rule-of-thumb voting is something new, think again.

Females the world over have men under their thumb for years.

Oh, well—these little things are senate to try us.

—Robin Adair

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ARCHITECTURE through the Ages

By Morton Herman 13. EARLY RENAISSANCE

An Italian palace

THROUGHOUT the Medieval period Gothic architecture was the ruling style in Europe, modified only by local building materials or economic conditions.

At the beginning of the 15th century there was a sudden revival in all branches of learning and scholars devoted themselves to the study of the classical arts that had flourished long before in Greece and Rome. This reawakening was called the Renaissance or rebirth.

The small city-State of Florence in Northern Italy took the lead in the new movement in architecture, and its architects were asked to go to other Italian cities to spread the knowledge they had gained in making Florence so architecturally grand.

One of the most important of the Florentine architects was Leon Alberti. He wrote the first book on architecture ever printed and had an enormous influence on architecture for centuries.

Early Renaissance architecture was as different from Gothic architecture as it was possible to be. Gone was all the ornate filigree that added such richness to buildings in the years up to 1400.

Designs were now austere, disciplined, and laid out according to strict rules.

The Florentine architects spent much time in Rome and other centres of antiquity, measuring and sketching the ruins of Imperial Rome to examine their principles of design. There were still, after 1000 years of neglect, great Roman monuments to be studied and their secrets discovered.

While Gothic architecture was mainly concerned with churches and cathedrals, the Early Renaissance was more concerned with ordinary secular buildings, and in Florence some of the greatest architectural achievements of the period were the designs of houses so large they are still referred to as palaces.

Italy was still divided into many small States constantly at war with each other and the houses of great families were made into strongholds. Alberti designed the Palazzo (Palace) Rucellai for the family of that name in Florence in 1451.

The street front has the round-headed windows so popular in Florence, and the ground floor has only small, barred windows, which were easily defended.

The division of the wall into sections with horizontal strips of mouldings and vertical flat columns (called pilasters) was directly copied from Roman models, as also was the heavy, ornamental cornice at the roof line.

The whole effect is a patterned surface in which the actual window openings play only a minor part.

NEXT WEEK: A later Italian Palace.

PALAZZO RUCELLAI, an example of Early Renaissance architecture in Florence, Italy.
From "European Architecture in Colour." By R. Furneaux Jordan (Thames & Hudson).

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Silver teapot full of flowers

NEW TWIST is given to the favorite combination of roses in a silver bowl by using a 100-year-old silver teapot and the small methylated spirit lamp which used to be burned underneath to keep the tea hot. The teapot is filled with an informal arrangement of pink roses (mostly floribunda Van Ness). The stems are inserted in chicken-wire crushed into a ball.

Arranged by Mrs. Jean Taylor, Earlwood, N.S.W.

Modern charm of milk-glass

CHARMING milk-glass containers in many shapes are a perfect background for flowers of all colors. Here, an eight-inch footed bowl has been used for mixed roses, including white Frau Karl Druschki, pale yellow Golden Ophelia, deep pink Mission Bells, apricot-pink Lorraine Lee, and flesh-colored Ophelia. All flowers are supported on one heavy circular needle-point holder. The candle in the milk-glass holder is placed just off-centre behind the bowl to give the arrangement height and balance.

Arranged by S. Macoboy, Neutral Bay, N.S.W.

New life for a white elephant

RESCUE from oblivion that unusual silver bowl or dish you were given as a wedding present. Use it for a classic arrangement of dark red roses, but put them in a glass or china container inside the silver which is so much trouble to clean. The roses here are old-fashioned Crimson Glory and a few long-stemmed Chrysler Imperial. The strongest base for arrangements of heavy-stemmed flowers like these is the old rose-holder, usually made of heavy glass. Ideally, tallest rose should be at least one and a half times as high as the container is wide.

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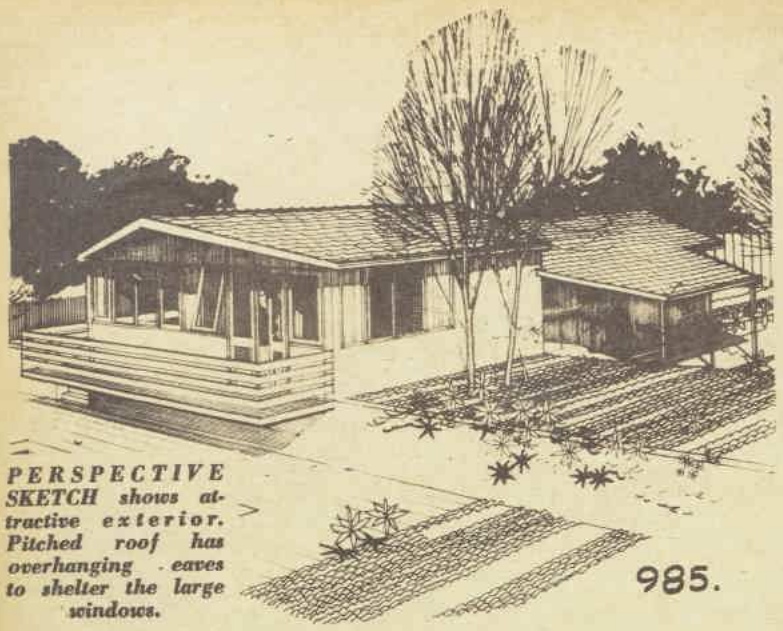


***PERSPECTIVE SKETCH** shows attractive exterior. Pitched roof has overhanging eaves to shelter the large windows.*

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

ARCHITECT—DIRECTED

Home Plans Service

● ***This week's Home Plan is a split-level design and includes a family room.***

THIS room is an ideal place for children to play, for the family to watch television, or as a rumpus-room for parties.

Placed next to the kitchen, the family room can be supervised while meals are being prepared, and it can be closed off from the main living area.

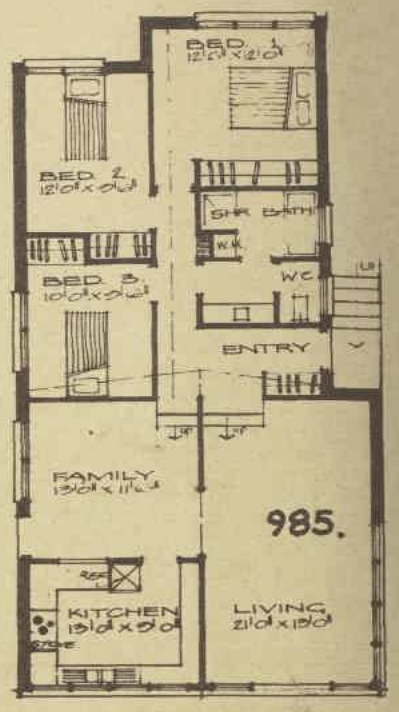
The split level of Plan No. 985 divides the house into two clearly defined sections—living and sleeping.

In the plan as illustrated, the sleeping area is on the lower level. Three spacious bedrooms have built-in wardrobes and ample space for desks and bookshelves.

The bathroom arrangement is unusual and most attractive. It is a large room and has a shower recess and a bath on one side and a full-size vanity basin and separate toilet on the other. In the floor plan as illustrated at right, a washing-machine has been included in the bathroom, but this could be placed in the kitchen or family room, or if the house were built on a sloping site a laundry could be added underneath.

Entrance to the house is through a small lobby with built-in cupboards to the spacious living-room on the second level or through to the family room and kitchen.

Glass doors open from the living-room to the patio, shaded by the overhanging eaves of the pitched roof. The roofline extends over to form a carport.



***FLOOR PLAN.** Note large family room and well-designed kitchen. Bathroom has vanity basin and separate toilet.*

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First, wash your skin well with a good complexion soap. Dry thoroughly. Lightly pat a small amount of lotion on your face, using upward strokes. Spread carefully, concentrating on lines under, beside and between the eyes. Treat your neck, too. Leave on overnight. Apply two or three times daily, if you so desire. Watch the progress your skin will make in only a few days . . . you will be amazed.

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- Smokey Black
- Peach Blonde
- Russet Brown
- Golden Blonde
- Chestnut Glow

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AT HOME *with*

Margaret Sydney

● The Commonwealth Statistician comes up with some fascinating figures at times. For instance, he knows down to the last penny how much we spend on shoes and slippers every year in Australia.

AUSTRALIAN women spend a total of £30,619,876, and men a total of £18,769,513.

Now why, when the numbers of men and women are fairly even, do we spend £11,000,000 more on shoes than the men do? Could it be because we're absolute dopes?

Once upon a time I used to think I wasn't hard on shoes, but now every pair I've owned for more than three or four weeks has ring-barked heels because the silly little things will go down into gratings and wire mats and escalator treads.

Once upon a time if you got your shoes soaking wet you could let them dry off and then polish them up and they looked as good as new.

Nowadays they seem to be made of such thin leather that they get a depressingly second-hand look the very first time that they get caught in the rain.

I don't suppose it's much good blaming the manufacturers — they wouldn't be making them if people didn't want them.

I suppose we're all to some extent bitten by the bug that you might as well be out of the world as out of the fashion, and certainly when you see old movies on television the heroine looks odd stumping round on four-inch heels an inch thick.

But they were a lot more comfortable.

The pointed toes are just as mad, too. People who used to pride themselves on having small feet now have big ones, and people with big feet look as though they're wearing skis!

It's bad enough having to stuff the toes of them with tissue paper to keep them flat; I wonder if we'll ever get back to the 14th-century stage of having to wear a jewelled strap just below the knee with a slim gold or silver chain running down from it to support the long, turned-up toes of the shoe?

That was the men, of course. The women's shoes were still decently hidden under their long gowns, so they weren't nearly such an expensive item in their wardrobe.

How boys wear their shoes out

THE Commonwealth Statistician also says that we spend over £5,000,000 each year on children's shoes and slippers.

One thing he **doesn't** know is what an unfair proportion of that £5,000,000 is spent by **this** family, keeping Mike shod!

He can get his shoes wet on days when there's not a cloud in the sky, he finds posts and brick walls irresistible for kicking the toes against, he apparently indicates his complete boredom with what's going on in class by rubbing the sides of his shoes up and down against the legs of his chair, and he'd rather slow down his bike by dragging his foot on the ground than by using the brake.

I often wish I could take Mike along to a blacksmith and get him shod with iron shoes, like a horse.

A get-rich scheme I didn't fall for!

HOW's the earthworm supply in your garden? A firm in Ohio, U.S.A., is advertising that it wants 100,000,000 live earthworms a year.

They must be at least 15 centimetres long and belong to the family lumbricidae.

I wrapped up the rubbish from the carpet-sweeper in the piece of newspaper in which I read this and stowed it carefully in the very bottom of the rubbish-tin.

I've been involved in some pretty odd get-rich-quick schemes of the children's in the past, but I refuse to spend my spare time measuring worms and thinking up a way of transporting them, alive, half-way across the world!

Bride was 50— and bridegroom, 38

SIX months ago there was lots of talk over the coffee cups in our neighborhood about a marriage that almost nobody approved.

The bride was 50, and previously unmarried.

The bridegroom was 38, and had also never been married, and most people shook their heads and said solemnly that it could never work, that he was bound to tire of her and pay attention to younger women.

I didn't agree altogether with this—I felt that if he'd had 38 years to look the field over, he probably had a fair idea of what he was doing.

The poor bride, of course, had had an awful time making up her mind because of the difference in their ages, and she was very well aware of the talk that had been going on.

Yesterday while I was doing the breakfast wash-up she came bouncing in with an American magazine which reported the findings of a committee that had been inquiring into 1226 marriages to try to find out how much age affects the chances of happiness in marriage.

I don't remember all the figures, and she was far too pleased with this article to let it out of her hands, but some that I do remember were very interesting.

There was a higher-than-average divorce rate where the husband was 13 or more years older than the wife. Young wife getting restless, I suppose. It reminds me of Anna Wickham's poem:

I am a quiet gentleman,
And I would sit and dream;
But my wife is on the hillside,
Wild as a hill-stream.

The percentage of divorces was **lower** where the husband was 9-12 years older than where husband and wife were of equal age; and the **lowest** where the wife was older than the husband.

The article went on to point out that where the wife was up to ten years older than the husband it made little difference; that a difference of more than ten years might create problems if the couple were young, but that problems were much less likely if they were mature.

I always think that the point about all these marriage analyses and figures is that they're interesting as averages, but they have very little bearing on individual cases. Luckily for us, we've all got different needs and there aren't any rules for satisfying them.

This neighbor of mine at least had the sense to do her own thinking instead of letting others do it for her; and so far, at least, anyone who knows them can see that there isn't a cloud in the sky.

WOMAN TO WOMAN

YOUR QUESTIONS ANSWERED ABOUT INTERNAL SANITARY PROTECTION

Q. *Is internal protection a new idea?*

A. It may surprise you to learn that it isn't! Modern women of every era, as far back as ancient Rome, have used various methods of internal protection. But it wasn't until a doctor invented Tampax a little more than 25 years ago that internal protection became *truly* safe and sanitary; easy and practical for *all* women to use.

Q. *Can you bathe while wearing Tampax?*

A. Emphatically yes! Because Tampax cannot absorb water from the outside and remains in place for full protection during showers, baths or swimming. This is an advantage of internal sanitary protection. It lets you do everything you normally do. Lets you be your own sweet self — fresh, neatly groomed *at all times*. You feel *so* free, cool and comfortable, you're scarcely aware it's your time of month!

Q. *Can unmarried girls use Tampax?*

A. Of course! Remember Tampax was invented by a doctor for the benefit of all women, married or single. This means that Tampax serves its purpose of absorption safely and comfortably. When inserted correctly, Tampax is unfelt and perfectly secure. While wearing Tampax you can feel free to engage in even the most strenuous sports.

Q. *Is internal protection really adequate?*

A. In most cases yes, depending upon how frequently it is changed. The very principle of internal sanitary protection makes it fully adequate to use from the very first day. You'll find Tampax in two different absorbencies to meet your individual need: Regular and Super. Many women use different absorbencies on different days to ensure the right protection at all times.

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Envious of friends with well-groomed fingernails? You can have lovely nails, too, with Nailoid reconditioning cream. Nailoid is a complete nail health treatment in a compact. Some preparations try to strengthen nails by giving a hard lacquer coating but this soon chips off. Nailoid actually nourishes and strengthens nails as they grow, from tip to root, from top layer to bottom layer. When new nails have fully grown (about 14 weeks) you'll have lustrous pearly white nails and shapely cuticles. No more chipping, breaking or flaking.

Ask for the free informative folder, "Nail Care with Nailoid," when you buy Nailoid in the dainty blue and white purse size compact at chemists and leading stores. Only 6/-.

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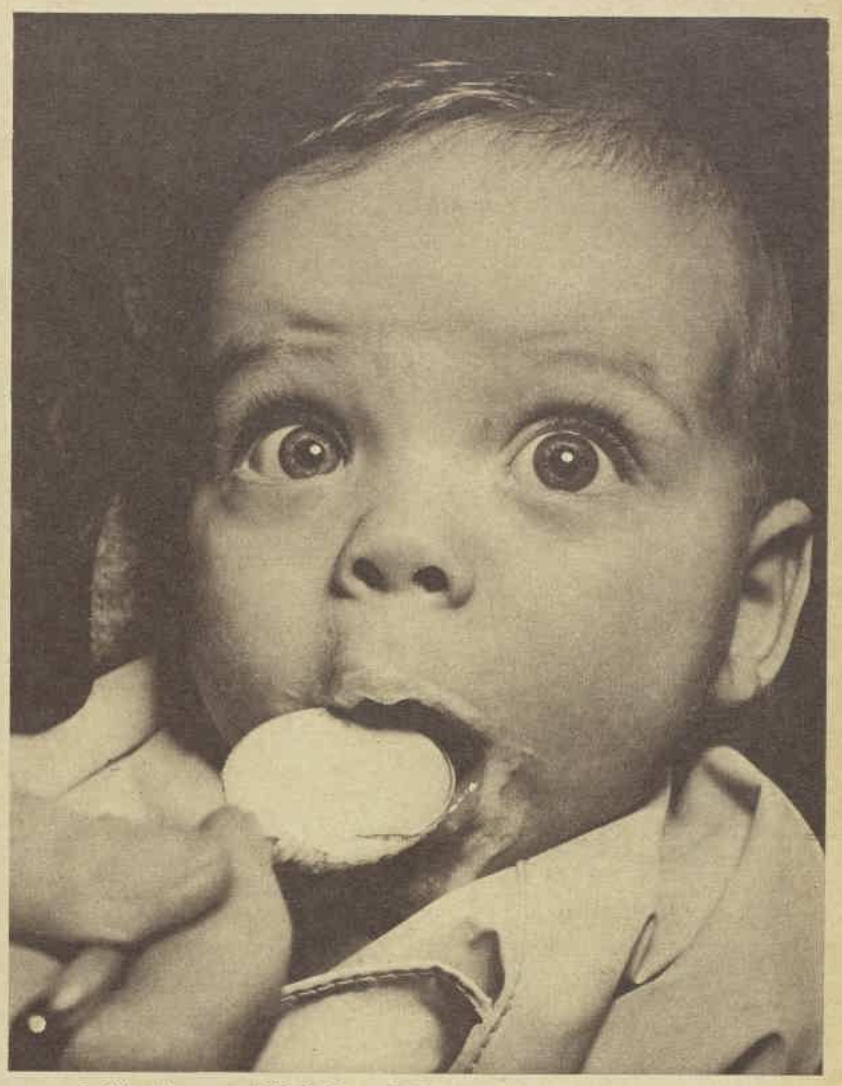
HAVE YOU A PROBLEM CHILD?

● In an age of conformity it is unwise to make a child conform too much. That is the opinion of an eminent Sydney child specialist, who talked to reporter Winifred Munday on the problem of the difficult child.



● *"No doctor could find a child who starved himself to death." Yet most mothers worry when their children won't eat.*

"Don't have too many rules"

IT is normal for parents to worry about whether their child will be able to fit in with other people.

It is wise to make sure that at an early age he can do the things his friends can do—do up buttons, tie shoelaces or ties.

It is unkind to let a child grow up so lax and lacking in discipline that he becomes "odd" in the eccentric sense.

But it is equally wrong to bring him up in a narrow atmosphere of restrictions, rules, and taboos to ensure he will grow up exactly like the child next door.

The specialist particularly advises keeping rules to a minimum with small children from the age of two to six. This is the experimental age, when a child is making his first discoveries about life.

"At this age a parent should make taboo only the few things which are really dangerous, such as the stove, electric plugs and fires, ponds, or swimming-pools," he says.

"Leave him to do the things he wants as much as possible. This applies also to pleasing himself about when and how he eats.

"No doctor could find a child up to six years of age who had starved himself to death.

"I, and many other doctors, have had experience of mothers who bring children to us declaring that for three weeks their child has not eaten enough to keep a bird alive.

"Yet, in most cases, examination proves these children perfectly healthy.

"No child puts on weight or gains height at a uniform pace, and it is normal for a two- to four-year-old not to gain weight for months on end, and then to put it on in a short concentrated period."

The specialist made these points:

Meals:

From 18 months to three years old it is part of growing up to play with food. It is expecting too much for a child to sit down and eat his meal quietly and olemnly. Don't make a fuss at mealtimes, a child will eat more if the food is placed before him and he is left to himself.

Don't worry if a child misses a meal or two. He'll make up what he needs at a later one.

Don't get anxious if he refuses to eat green vegetables. They are not essential provided he eats other foods—such as fruit—to make up for them. In fact, if a whole variety of food is available to the child it doesn't matter if an item is completely left out of his diet.

The only exception to this is fruit juice, especially orange juice.

In Australia, where millions of oranges are available, it is still common to find children in hospital with scurvy, most of them under two years old.

It should become a national custom here for small children to get either fruit juice or ascorbic acid tablets every day.

Bed-wetting:

Don't look on this as a disease once you are sure that there is no illness or physical reason for it.

"Psychological" bed-wetting won't be improved by withholding fluids, keeping calendars of dry nights, giving medicines, sweets, or other bribes, or spanking. These, in fact, tend to make it go on longer.

A sensitive child will worry about the distress he is causing his parents.

The most positive action a parent can take is to make a child feel proud of himself, encourage him to achieve something that will draw his attention away from bed-wetting.

A true illustration: A small boy was taken to doctors and hospitals about his wetting — to no avail. Suddenly it stopped, never to return—because the child had been chosen to play in the school football team.

Any similar achievement will have the same effect on "psychological" bed-wetters.

Sleepwalkers:

It is a very dull child who never gets upset about anything, and there are many different ways in which a child can show that he is —consciously or subconsciously—upset. One way is walking or talking in his sleep.

When a child suddenly starts to sleepwalk it is often possible for the parent to think back and realise the reason. Worry about school or examinations is a common cause.

Another is the loss of a near relative, often a grandparent. When a close relative dies it is wrong to push the child into the background.

As much of the truth as possible about death should be explained. A child will lose a lot of his trust and security in his parents if told a lot of fairy-stories—such as grandma being a star in the sky.

Today's sophisticated children know this is not true, but if they are not allowed or encouraged to talk about their fears of death they will worry by themselves.

A common cause of anxiety later, when a child may not want to go to school or leave his mother for any reason, is because he is afraid he may come home and find that his mother has disappeared in the same way. He must be assured that this won't happen.

A chance to "talk it out" is one of the best ways of dispelling the childish fears which may cause sleepwalking, sleeptalking, and other worrying forms of behaviour.

If a child persists in apparent naughtiness, don't use policemen or doctors as "bogymen."

Bedtime:

Don't make the hour for bed too rigid. A child will be more rested if, on the nights he is not tired at the usual time, he is allowed to stay up later.

He will probably go to sleep then as soon as he is put to bed; better for him than going to bed early and staying awake for hours.

A child should have plenty of contact with his father. He should, if possible, be allowed to see him and play with him every evening, even if this makes bedtime hours irregular.

Destructiveness:

A child who tears up or scribbles on books or breaks toys — apparently deliberately—is hardly ever naturally destructive.

He may do it merely for the sake of being adventurous. It is even more likely, however, that he is testing his parents' love for him, seeing how much he can get away with before they become angry.

It is not a bad thing, therefore, to show a child that you are distressed at his behaviour in a case like this. Let him know you are hurt at his destructive ways, rather than angry with him.

Turn his attention, at this stage, to making friends with other children who will share his things. Don't rush or force friendships—let the child take his own time.

If he seems disinclined to be friendly with other children, start him off with a pet—a puppy or kitten—that he can make friends with first.

Stealing:

It is not uncommon for a child around five or six years old to start taking pennies from his mother's purse, something from her drawer, or to pick up something from a next-door neighbor's house. This doesn't mean the child is a congenital thief.

It is far more likely to come from a sense of insecurity or unhappiness. Perhaps the child isn't getting enough attention and interest from his parents.

Such a child frequently gives away the things he takes to another child who, he thinks — in his childish mind — is even more unhappy than he is himself.

Sometimes the expression "we give him everything" from parents means that they give him everything except a few hours of their time.

Children should be given opportunities of having different experiences — even something as simple as staying away from home for a few nights with friends or relatives.

They should not always be shielded from the realities of life, even if that reality may be something unpleasant.

For instance, a child who has had an accidental glimpse of a road accident should not be forced by his mother to "turn your head the other way, dear."

The peep has already aroused the child's fear and anxiety, and the insistence by mother that an accident is not a fit subject to talk about will only increase his worries.

A fear of the unknown can blow up into something far worse in a sensitive child's mind than the temporary upset of an accident which the child is allowed to discuss with his mother.

Finally, says the specialist, the mother who doesn't keep running to a doctor for advice will almost certainly do the right thing if she follows her natural instinct.

She must have the confidence to do what she instinctively wants to do.

Many children's doctors have changed their tactics—from giving advice on how to bring up children to listening to parents' ideas on how they want to bring them up.

They — the doctors — are then willing to take the responsibility and back up the mother's methods so she can deal with interfering neighbors and well-meaning relatives, who give advice contrary to what she knows inside her to be right.

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MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

SHORT LIFE, BUT A HIGH ONE

● Nature has been stingy in its variety of annual climbers. There are only a few to be found in the seedsmen's catalogues.

The **CONVOLVULUS** (or morning glory) family is the most extensive. Its botanical name is Ipomoea.

About a dozen varieties are obtainable in Australia. Some of them should be avoided, because they have been declared noxious weeds owing to their fecundity and rampant growth.

(These are the common purple tall-growing creeper, Ipomoea erubescens, and the white or pink lowgrower, I. arvensis.)

The convolvulus most grown here is the cardinal creeper (Ipomoea cardinalis), with its bright red flowers. It grows quickly from seed sown in spring, and by summer is a blaze of color.

All members of the convolvulus family except the few well-known perennial types are half-hardy annuals. They usually fade out with the first really hard frost. Another variety worth growing is the quamoclit or cypress vine, which has feathery foliage and small red flowers. A near relative is the vivid Scarlett O'Hara.

Ipomoea mikado is obtainable in a wide range of brilliant colors — red, scarlet, maroon, blue, violet, mauve, and white. Others in this family are Bona Nox (beautiful large blue flowers), Grandiflora Alba (white—commonly known as moon-flower), and Heavenly Blue.

SWEET-PEAS, of course, are annuals, and the summer-flowering types are sown in spring. The blooms are smaller than the winter-flowering types. They do best in the cooler climates.

MINA LOBATA is one of the best-known annual climbers and is a very vigorous plant when grown in good-quality, deep soil. It will reach 50ft. or more on dead trees if fed well.

The orange-red and gold flowers appear profusely for several months.

NASTURTIUMS (tropaeolums) climb well and produce a lot of good bloom if grown on a light trellis. They will reach 6ft. or more in good deep soil but dislike heavy feeding.

The variety T. canariensis or Canary Creeper, has small, light-colored foliage and thousands of little yellow blooms. This variety is the most vigorous.

Seeds of all the annuals mentioned can be sown in spring. They do best if sown where they are to spend all their lives; they don't transplant well.

Gardening Book — page 29

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

***RIGHT:** Lattice makes a pleasant stand for convolvulus at the home of Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Brett, Canberra. **BELOW:** Convolvulus of the variety Heavenly Blue.*

Gardening Book — page 30

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LADY PELACO 'LITTLE CLASSICS'

(Left) Supremely elegant one-button suit and chic 'mandarin' style: both 7 gns. (Above) Chanel line with a difference, and only 7 gns.

OH LOOK WHAT'S HAPPENED NOW! Lovely, lovable 'little classics' for Spring—by Lady Pelaco. They're darling little suits—deliciously fresh, in heavenly colours. They're in new Tootal "Crusti" crease-resistant fabric—and so lovely you'll want three or four!

DELICIOUSLY YOURS,

Lady Pelaco

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SPECIAL BUYING OFFER

● These four smart dresses can be bought ready made or cut out ready to sew. Address orders to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Mention name of dress required and make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders.

"MARINA": Frill-trimmed summer dress (left), available in poplin and terylene. Color choice in poplin: Navy, pale blue, bright pink, avocado, and red—all printed with a white spot.

Ready to wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £4/16/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £4/18/6.

Cut out only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £3/6/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £3/8/6. Postage and registration 6/6 extra.

Color choice in terylene: Pale blue, pale pink, olive, and tan—all printed with a white spot.

Ready to wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £6/13/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £6/15/6.

Cut out only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £5/3/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £5/5/6. Postage 6/6 extra.

"VIRGINIA": Front-buttoned sheath dress (right), available in poplin and terylene.

Color choice in poplin: White with a mint-green trim; and navy, caramel, and powder-blue with a white trim.

Ready to wear in poplin: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £5/7/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £5/10/6.

Cut out only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £3/17/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £4/0/6. Postage and registration 6/6 extra.

Color choice in terylene: White with mint-green trim; and navy, mint-green, and powder-blue with white trim.

Ready to wear in terylene: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £6/4/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £6/7/6.

Cut out only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £4/14/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £4/17/6. Postage and registration 6/6 extra.

"CAROLYN": Cool, sleeveless one-piece dress (left) has a pretty flared skirt and a pocket trim. The material is faille poplin and the color choice includes white with a turquoise trim; and caramel, pale blue, and navy with a white trim.

Ready to wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £5/16/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £5/19/6.

Cut out only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £4/6/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £4/9/6. Postage and registration 6/6 extra.

"JOYCE": One-piece dress (right) designed with a contrasting colored trim and detachable white pique front. The material is faille poplin, the color choice includes navy with a red trim; and mint-green, caramel, and powder-blue with a white trim. The white pique front is detachable.

Ready to wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £5/8/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £5/12/6.

Cut out only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £3/18/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £4/1/6. Postage and registration 6/6 extra.

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Dress Sense by Betty Keep

● A prettily shaped flowery one-piece is a popular way to dress for party nights. The design was chosen for a girl in her twenties.

HERE is part of her letter and my reply:

"I will soon be attending quite a few parties and need a new frock. I like figure-fitted styles, if they are being worn. I will need a pattern for the frock in size 36in. bust. My fabric is a 42in. floral silk."

The shapely, form-fitted party dress is very much in fashion and I have chosen this silhouette in the design at right. You can obtain a paper pattern for the dress in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Beside the illustration are further details and how to order.

"I intend buying two new summer outfits and would like advice about shades to choose. I have mid-brown hair and usually wear fawns and navy-blues."

Discard your fawns and navy-blues for clear shades of blue, pink, and yellow. It will surprise you how very becoming a clear color can be—especially in summer.

"Please advise me on a color to wear with a navy linen skirt. I am 15 and the skirt is to wear at weekends."

Orange is a booming fashion color and would give your skirt a gay look for weekend wear.

"What could I wear for a pretty but inexpensive evening wrap in mid-summer?"

A shawl is the summer season's prettiest possible evening wrap. Shawls come in all sizes; an oversize triangle is perhaps the most popular. Some shawls are quite unadorned; others are self-ruffled, bobble-trimmed, or fringed.

"I feel very self-conscious about my feet, which are large in comparison to my height. Would you advise me on the best type of shoes?"

Plain court shoes will help to make your feet less conspicuous. A bow trim will help cut the length of the vamp and make the foot appear shorter.

"My husband and I have been asked to attend a theatre with a party of friends. The show is for charity and we don't know what would be the correct thing to wear."

If it is a gala performance you should wear a short evening dress and your husband should wear a dinner jacket. However, it would save embarrassment if you inquire from your hostess what the other members of the party are wearing. If the men are wearing business suits, you should wear a late-day dress and gloves. It is not necessary to wear any head covering.

"I am a fifty-year-old businesswoman who would like to know if a skirt and over-blouse would be an appropriate city-wear fashion."

I have reservations about saying yes. A skirt and over-blouse worn without a coat or jacket is for the young. However, as a casual for weekends, etc., your age group can get away with it if you have a good slim figure.

"Should I wear a small or a large hat to a 6 p.m. wedding?"

A small dressy hat, a cap of blossoms, or a trimmed veil would be more appropriate than a large hat for an evening wedding.

"Is it correct to wear a small hat in summer?"

Yes, that oldtimer the pillbox has boomeranged back into fashion. The shape—it is mainly a little higher than last year's pillbox—can be varied to individual taste. The newest fabric for the pillbox is coarse straw.

DS498. — One-piece party dress in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 42in. material (36in. material not suitable). Price 3/9. Patterns are available from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

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(Women's Weekly, out 11th or 12th Sept.)

CORN FLAKE BOOMERANGS
(Women's Weekly, out 18th or 19th Sept.)

JIFFY PIE SHELLS
(Women's Weekly, out 25th or 26th Sept.)

STROGANOFF FAMILY STYLE
(Women's Weekly, out 2nd or 3rd Oct.)

CHEESE PUFF PIE
(Women's Weekly, out 9th or 10th Oct.)

1st PRIZE	2nd PRIZE	3rd PRIZE	4th PRIZE
£1,000	£500	£300	£200

PLUS 100 CONSOLATION PRIZES OF £10 GROCERY ORDERS

HIT PARADE OF BUTTER & CHEESE RECIPES CONTEST

Win £1,000 by placing these butter and cheese recipes in order of merit

Recipes for the 6 Butter and Cheese dishes pictured here are appearing in 6 successive issues of The Australian Women's Weekly (on-sale dates for recipes are indicated under illustrations at left). You can get the leaflet featuring all six recipes at your grocer's now.

These recipes have been tested by a panel of expert home economists, who have voted them 1 to 6 in order of merit. They based their decision on the following factors — appearance, nutrition, flavour appeal, economy, novelty and ease of preparation. Their selection has been deposited, in a sealed envelope, with The Australian Dairy Produce Board's Bank.

To enter the Contest, make up the recipes yourself, then see if you can place them (and the reasons for voting one of them into top position) in the same order as the experts did. Send your completed entry to "Hit Parade of Butter and Cheese Recipes Contest," Box No. 5252, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W., before October 25.

CONDITIONS OF ENTRY

There's no entry fee or restriction on the number of entries you submit. Entries may be made on an entry form such as the one in this advertisement or the one attached to the special recipe leaflet now obtainable at your grocer's.

Employees of the Australian Dairy Produce Board and its Advertising Agents are not eligible to compete. The judges' decision will be final and no correspondence will be entered into. In the event of more than one correct answer being received, major prize money will be divided between the successful entrants.

ENTRY FORM

TO: "HIT PARADE OF BUTTER AND CHEESE RECIPES CONTEST," Box No. 5252, G.P.O., SYDNEY, N.S.W.

MY SELECTION IS: (number off in order of preference)		I BASED MY FIRST CHOICE ON: (number off in order of importance)	
Grapefruit Parfait Cake	◯	Appearance	◯
Macaroni Cheese Tropical	◯	Nutrition	◯
Corn Flake Boomerangs	◯	Flavour Appeal	◯
Jiffy Pie Shells	◯	Economy	◯
Stroganoff Family Style	◯	Novelty	◯
Cheese Puff Pie	◯	Ease of Preparation	◯

NAME Mr. Mrs. Miss (Block letters please) _____

ADDRESS _____

STATE _____

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Continuing . . .

TEATIME AND THE VOICE

from page 32

to be sure David was comfortable in the villa and had succeeded in finding the cognac.

He showed David where his grandmother had kept it—in the library, hidden behind the calfskin volumes of the "Summa Theologiae" of Thomas Aquinas. It was excellent cognac, and they spent a pleasant afternoon talking, while through the open window came the rhythmic snip-snip of Guido, trimming a boxwood hedge.

Van Koop was an entertaining scoundrel, and it was too bad he wasn't responsible for the eight-inch strip of tape, or the glass slipper, as David was beginning to think of it.

"By the way," inquired Van Koop, "the other afternoon, did I or did I not see a certain reptilian knight in fake armor coming up the hill in his coughing-machine?"

"Are you referring to Count Poggi?"

"Count! The old lizard. If he's an example of the Italian nobility, I'm Marie of Rumania. He's known for leagues around as a shameless fortune hunter. He lost all his money when the Fascists fell in forty-five, the poor fellow, and he's been trying ever since to get it back. Now he's down to his last car, and he's getting desperate."

"But I believe my grandmother was quite fond of him?"

Van Koop snorted. "She couldn't stand him. His name is Ignazio, as you may have heard, but she always called him the Iguana. The drooping jowls, the steely blink. She claimed she caught him snapping at flies once."

"Still, I believe he came every day for tea. Why did she put up with him for so many years?"

"She said she liked to have him around to remind her the flesh is corrupt. I suppose he threw his daughter at you? He's already thrown her at several American millionaires and a Bedouin oil-well prince. He'd throw her at a Hottentot if he could find one with some money."

"Count Poggi made no suggestion of any romantic connection between his daughter and myself," said David with dignity.

"Well, don't fly off the handle. She's a pretty girl. I'm waiting for the old snake to run out of millionaires, and then I'm going to marry her myself. I just thought I'd brief you on the situation, that's all."

"But why should he, as you say, throw her at me? I'm not a millionaire."

Van Koop gazed at him with wonder. "My, you are a child, aren't you?" he remarked finally.

It was at this point that Caterina came to announce the count himself. David glanced at his watch; it was exactly five o'clock.

"Let me out of here," Van Koop said. "Isn't there a side door?"

Caterina was sent to lead him out through the kitchen, and David went to the salon to receive the Count and Marie-Ange.

The Count was stiff; he seemed to be in one of his fly-snapping moods. "There is something I must warn you of," he said darkly as he was served his tea. "I have heard rumors of the presence under this roof of a certain Bohemian person, a Teutonic ruffian who insinuated himself into your grandmother's household under the false banner of art. I warned her in the beginning against this fellow, and I have never altered my judgment. Now I feel, in all fairness, I must warn you."

"Still, I believe Mr. Van Koop was a good friend of my grandmother's?"

"Ridiculous. I can assure you that Mrs. MacMahon was a person of genuine breeding and refinement, and if there was anything she detested, it was a Bohemian."

He glanced at his daughter as he pronounced this last word, as though it were a piece of obscenity he used only reluctantly in the presence of an unmarried girl. Evidently, there was more of the same to come, for he suggested that Marie-Ange take a stroll on the terrace to look at the pretty flowers.

"We will call you in a few minutes, my dear, when things more suitable for pretty ears are once more under discussion."

As Marie-Ange passed through the french doors into the sun, it was possible to see that an incipient run in her hosiery had been inconspicuously caught up and darned. The ankle, mended hose or not, was exquisitely shaped.

"Ah, women!" sighed the Count, glancing at the retreating form. "If it were not for them, what beauty would remain in our dreary lives? And yet, what fragile, elusive creatures they are! How they confuse, in our emotions, the bitter and the sweet!

"As I have told you, the hidden tragedy of my life has been that your grandmother would never agree to the marriage that would have crowned the sublime passion of my autumn years. But I might find some small consolation—in fact, I might even look upon the gathering shades with a certain philosophical resignation—if I knew that my only child were united to a close relative of the beloved one to whom I was devoted for so many years."

VAN KOOP, your prophecy rings in my ears, thought David.

"Seize the day! Your life is before you," urged the Count. "You will make an old man happy, and perhaps your grandmother, as she looks down upon us all, will bless this union as a symbolic consummation of the marriage her own rigid asceticism would never permit her."

"How could I not be honored?" murmured David, grateful for his diplomatic training. "I am conscious, however, of my great unworthiness. The post I hold is only a very minor one; my salary is small, and I am afraid your daughter has been accustomed—"

The Count bent forward and spoke lower. "It is possible for my daughter to be very wealthy. Your grandmother wished her estate to go to someone who had loved her—am I right? And she left the matter entirely in your hands. It is necessary only to arrange things among gentlemen. Do we understand each other?"

"I'm afraid we do," admitted David. "I cannot express to you how flattered I am by your generous gesture. At the same time, I'm not quite in a position at present to think of marriage. At my age, you see, one hardly knows——"

He mumbled something about hasty judgments and premature decisions and the possibility of careers being blighted in an embryonic stage.

"Ah, yes, your career," conceded the Count. He stared at David with the air of a chess player who grudgingly surrenders a minor piece, meanwhile moving more deviously toward his goal. "Marriage in your situation would perhaps be premature.

'Tween Teen

At twelve she was an overgrown child,
A noisy tomboy, grubby, wild;
At fourteen she's acquired poise,
Is mad about hit parades—and boys.
But, oh, the bliss of the year between,
When I had a daughter aged thirteen.

IRENE D. GLASSON.

But, after all, why speak of marriage? We are men of the world, you and I. We know what life is. A young man should not be married too soon.

"Meanwhile, happiness is at hand—a small apartment in Rome; a charming companion to share your evenings, who plays skilfully on the pianoforte; in the garage below your own little Alfa roadster, plus a vintage car that is an unmatchable museum piece. Ah, if I were young again!"

David groped for an adequate response to this splendid offer and was unable to find one.

It was Marie-Ange herself, coming back from the garden, who saved him. "I have found a little rosebud, you see?" She was flushed and excited. "That lovely boy, Guido, gave it to me. He is so nice. It is too bad he is only a gardener. Papa, why are all the handsome men poor?"

"My dear, you are chattering," said the Count severely. "Come along now. It is time to go." He held out his hand formally to David.

The three of them walked again down the gravel path to the car. David helped Marie-Ange into the car, while the Count ignored her and climbed into the front seat. On the whole, it was not a good day for the Count. He seemed to be in the worst of humor and had some trouble getting the motor started.

As David walked back up the driveway he could hear their voices behind him in the twilight. "Idiot, I told you to stay out in the garden until I called you!" "Mais, Papa—"

They were gone. The villa was quiet. David walked around into the garden and sat in a wicker chair on the terrace, where Guido, on his hands and knees, was clipping the tough Tuscan grass between the paving stones. Snip-snip, snip-snip. It made you tired to watch him.

"Why don't you quit, Guido? It's getting dark." Without thinking, David had spoken in English.

Unexpectedly, Guido answered in the same language. "I finish," he said doggedly.

"You speak English?"

Guido grinned with a schoolboy's pride. "Hallo. Where is my red book? I would lick a cup of tea."

"Where did you learn that?" David smiled.

Guido pulled a dog-eared pamphlet out of his pocket. It was "Hugo's Modern English Method," 1910 edition, two shillings and sixpence.

"The old signora, your grandmother, was a very kind old lady," he said, speaking in Italian. "I told her I wanted to learn English, and she gave me the book. When I learned my first sentence, I came and spoke it to her first, because she was so kind to give me the book."

"What was the first sentence? 'I would lick a cup of tea'?"

"No. 'I love you, Miz Mockmoun.'"

There was a moment of silence.

"I think she left you something in her will," David told him finally.

"She was a very kind lady. I am sorry she is dead," said Guido sincerely. "Maybe I could buy a motor-cycle. I have always wanted a motor-cycle. Do you think there would be enough?"

There was enough for several thousand motor-cycles; but David's mind was moving in another direction. It was so ingenious, and yet so simple, that he wondered why he hadn't thought of it before. It would be a bitter pill for the Count to swallow, but the would swallow it.

It was fiendish. He almost felt sorry for the Count. But a man who would marry his daughter to a Bedouin with an oil well would hardly balk at a gardener with a portfolio of Swiss bonds. Perhaps David's grandmother had planned this, too, as a slightly macabre joke on the man who had bored her for twelve years. The only uncertain quality was Guido himself.

David approached the subject tactfully. "I'm sure there will be enough for a motor-cycle and for many other fine things," he told him. "The little countess likes you, Guido. You've made a conquest."

Guido was stunned. It took him some time to grasp the idea. "Who, signore? She? But she is angel. Her father—"

"Her father is a simpler man than you think. You must leave everything to me. I'll explain it to you. Go in and get the cognac, will you, and we'll have a drink on it. It's in the library, behind Thomas Aquinas."

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Continuing . . . THE GOLDEN RENDEZVOUS

from page 29

He had to look closely. He was unaware that everyone in the ship knew that, piercing blue eyes or not, he was short-sighted and refused to wear glasses. "Ah, look at this. The tongue, the lips, the eyes, above all the complexion. No doubt about it, no doubt about it at all. Cerebral hemorrhage."

He turned, caught sight of Bullen looming in the doorway. "Ah, there you are, Captain. A bad business, a bad business."

"A bad business," Bullen agreed. "Miss Beresford, you have no right to be here. Go to your cabin at once." When Captain Bullen spoke in that tone, the Beresford millions didn't seem to matter any more. "Doctor Marston will bring you a sedative later."

"And perhaps Mr. Carreras will be so kind—" I began.

"Certainly," Carreras agreed at once. "I will be honored to see the young lady to her cabin." He bowed slightly, offered her his arm, and they disappeared.

Five minutes later all was back to normal in the radio cabin. Peters had taken the dead man's place, Dr. Marston had returned to his favorite occupation of mingling socially and drinking steadily with our millionaires, the captain had given me his instructions, I'd passed them on to the bosun, and Brownell, canvas-wrapped, had been taken for'ard to the carpenter's store.

I stayed in the wireless office for a few minutes, talking to a very shaken Peters, and looked casually at the latest radio message that had come through. All radio messages were written down in duplicate as received, the original for the bridge and the carbon for the daily spiked file.

I lifted the topmost message from the file, but it was nothing very important, just a warning of deteriorating weather far to the south-east of Cuba which might or might not build up into a hurricane. I lifted the blank message pad that lay by Peters' elbow.

"May I have this?"

"Help yourself. Plenty more where that came from."

I left him, then made my way to the captain's cabin. He was in his usual seat by the desk with Cummings and the chief engineer sitting on the settee. The presence of McIlroy meant a very worried captain and a council of war. McIlroy's brilliance wasn't confined to reciprocating engines, his plump laughter-creased face concealed a brain that was probably the shrewdest on the Campari.

"Sit down, Mister, sit down," Bullen growled. "No signs of Benson yet?"

"No sign at all."

Bullen pushed across a tray with whisky and glasses on it, unaccustomedly open-handed liberality that was just another sign of his worry. "Help yourself, Mister."

"Thank you, sir." I helped myself lavishly, the chance didn't come often, and went on: "What are we going to do about Brownell?"

"What the devil do you mean, 'What are we going to do about Brownell'? He's got no folks to notify, no consent to get about anything. Head office has been informed. Burial at sea at dawn, before our passengers are up and about."

"Wouldn't it be better to take him to Nassau, sir?"

"Nassau? Just because a man has died you don't have to go off your blasted rocker, do you?"

"Nassau or some other British territory. Some place where we can get competent authorities, police authorities, to investigate things."

"What things, Johnny?" McIlroy asked.

"Yes, what things?" Bullen's tone was quite different from McIlroy's. "Just because the search party hasn't turned up Benson yet, you—"

"I've called off the search party, sir."

"Who gave you the authority to do anything of the kind?"

"No one, sir. But we'll never see Benson again. Not alive, that is. Benson's dead. Benson's been murdered."

"Murdered?" McIlroy shifted uneasily in his chair. "Have you any proof?"

"I haven't any proof. Not a scrap of evidence. But I have proof that Brownell was murdered tonight. And I can tie the two together."

"You're mad," Bullen said with harsh conviction. "So now Brownell's been murdered, too. You're mad, Mister. You heard what Dr. Marston said? Massive cerebral hemorrhage. But, of course, he's only a doctor of forty years' standing. He wouldn't know—"

"How about giving me a chance, sir," I interrupted. "I know he's a doctor. I also know he hasn't very good eyes. But I have. I saw what he missed. I saw a dark smudge on the back of Brownell's uniform collar—and when has anybody on this ship even seen a mark on any shirt that Brownell ever wore? They didn't call him Beau Brownell for nothing.

"Somebody had hit him, with something heavy and with tremendous force, on the back of the neck. There was also a faint discoloration under the left ear. When the bosun and I got him down to the carpenter's store we examined him together. There was a corresponding slight bruise under his right ear—and traces of sand under his collar. Someone sandbagged him and then, when he was unconscious, compressed the carotid arteries until he died. Go and see for yourselves."

"I'm no medical man," McIlroy said. "But I should imagine the symptoms are pretty much the same in both cases. Can hardly blame old Marston."

"Look, Mister," Bullen said slowly. "You've changed your tune, haven't you? When I was there, you agreed with Dr. Marston. You even put forward the heart-failure idea."

"Miss Beresford and Mr. Carreras were there," I interrupted. "I didn't want them to start getting wrong ideas. If word got around the ship that we suspected murder, then whoever was responsible might have felt themselves forced to act again, and act quickly, to forestall any action we might take."

CAPTAIN Bullen nodded. "Miss Beresford is above suspicion. But Carreras? And his son? Just aboard today—and in most unusual circumstances. It just might tie up."

"It doesn't. I checked. Carreras, senior and junior, had both been in either the telegraph lounge or the dining-room for almost two hours before we found Brownell."

"Benson," Captain Bullen said. "How does he tie up?"

"This way." I slid the empty telegraph book across the table. "I checked the last message that was received and went to the bridge. Routine weather report. Time, 2007. But later there was another message written on this pad: original, carbon, duplicate. The message is indecipherable—but to people with modern police equipment it would be child's play to find out what was written there. What is decipherable is the impression of the last two time figures. Look for yourself. It's quite clear. 33. That means 2033.

"A message came through at that moment, a message so urgent in nature that, instead of waiting for the routine bridge messenger collection, Brownell made to phone it through at once. That was why his hand was reaching for the phone when we found him, not because he was feeling ill all of a sudden. And then he was killed. Whoever killed him had to kill. Knocking Brownell out and stealing the message would have accomplished nothing, for as soon as he would have come to he would have remembered the contents of the message and immediately sent it to the bridge."

"Benson," Bullen repeated impatiently. "How about Benson?"

"Benson was the victim of a lifetime of habit. Howie here tells us how Benson invariably went out on deck between half-past eight and twenty-five to nine for a smoke while the passengers were at dinner. The radio room is immediately above where he would have been taking his promenade—and the message came through and Brownell was killed inside those five minutes. Benson must have seen or heard something unusual and gone to investigate. He might even have caught the murderer in the act. And so Benson had to die, too."

"But why?" Captain Bullen demanded. He still couldn't believe it all. "Why was he killed? Why was that message so desperately important?"

"That's why we've got to go to Nassau to find out, sir."

McIlroy said: "You haven't missed much, Johnny. But you've missed one thing. The wireless officer on watch—Peters, isn't it? How do you know the same message won't come through again? Maybe it was a message requiring acknowledgment? If it was, and it's not acknowledged, it's pretty certain to come through again. Then what's the guarantee that Peters won't get the same treatment?"

"The bosun's the guarantee, Chief. He's sitting in black shadow not ten yards

To page 53

FROM THE BIBLE

● *"For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly."*

—Romans 5.6.

Continuing . . . THE DAY WE GOT ADJUSTED

from page 35

Dad came out of the kitchen without his apron and with his suit coat on. "Well," he said, "in just a moment dinner will be ready." He looked at ol' Dave. "What shall we talk about, David?"

"Let's have Miss King tell us about what it was like in the olden days, when she was a girl."

Dad looked like he had swallowed something, but Miss King told us about the olden days when she was a little girl on a farm.

After a while Dad said dinner must be ready, and he asked Dave to help Miss King with her chair while he went to see how the steak was doing, not mentioning that it had burned.

He came back and said it was cooling, and why didn't we drink our pineapple juice. He sat down, but stood right up again.

"I forgot to mention," I said, "but I spilled a little water on your chair."

"A little!" he said. "Excuse me. I'll have to change my suit."

While he was gone, Miss King found her place-card, and she told Dave it was printed very well.

Dad came back downstairs and said he would get the steak. He disappeared into the kitchen, and the next thing we heard was a real loud "Ralph!"

Miss King said, "My, your dog has a loud bark," and I said, "That wasn't Ralph."

Dad came into the dining-room. "I'm sorry," he said. "Ralph ate our steak."

"Oh, good," I said. "Let's have pancakes."

"I'm crazy about pancakes," Miss King said.

"I have to go to the bathroom," ol' Dave said.

"All right, we will," Dad said. "And, David, don't just sit there—go."

By the time Dad had mixed up the batter, ol' Dave had locked himself in the bathroom and he couldn't get out.

"Don't get excited, anybody," Dad said, calm as anything as he jiggled the door-knob. "I'll get the axe."

While he was in the basement looking for the axe, Miss King went to the bathroom door.

"David," she said quietly, and ol' Dave stopped blubbering because he didn't want to let on to Miss King that he was a baby. "David, there's a little knob just above the big knob, isn't there?"

Ol' Dave agreed that there was a little knob.

"Well, just turn it."

Dave did and Miss King opened the door just as Dad came running up the stairs with an axe.

"Stand back, everybody," Dad said, and then he looked sort of foolish as he saw ol' Dave standing there next to Miss King, who had started to laugh.

"What's so funny?" Dad asked. Then he sniffed. "Good gosh! The pancakes!" He rushed off to the kitchen.

Miss King looked at me and Dave. "I have an idea," she said. "Let's all go out and have hamburgers."

"I like hamburgers," ol' Dave said, brightening.

"Me, too," I said. "Can you make hamburgers, Miss King?"

"Oh, I guess I could if I tried," she said.

There was one other thing I wanted to know. "Tell me, Miss King," I said, "are we adjusted?"

"About as adjusted as possible under the circumstances," she said, laughing.

"How about me?" Dad asked, poking his head around the kitchen door.

"You'll become adjusted, you eavesdropper, if it kills me," she said, but she didn't sound like anything was going to kill her.

"Funny, funny Miss King," Dad said, and got his hat . . .

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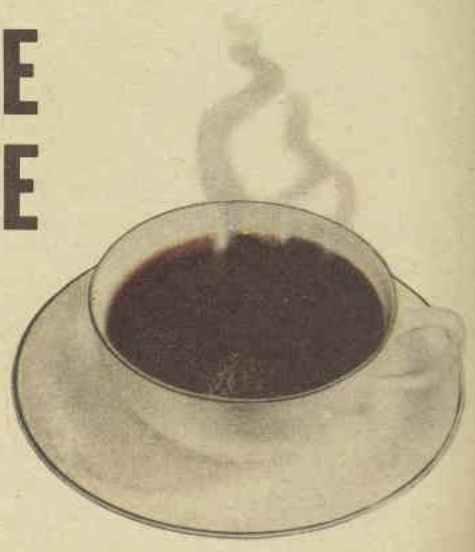

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Continuing . . . THE GOLDEN RENDEZVOUS

from page 51

from the wireless office with a marline-spike in his hand and Highland murder in his heart. You know MacDonald. Heaven help anyone who goes near the wireless office."

Bullen smiled tiredly and glanced at his single broad commodore's stripe.

"Mr. Carter, I think you and I should change jackets." It was as far in apology as he could ever go. "Who's on the bridge? Jamieson, isn't it? Better take over, First."

"Later, sir, with your permission."

"Don't tell me there's something else," Bullen said heavily.

"I've had some time to think about this, that's all," I said. "A message came through to our wireless office, a message so important that it had to be intercepted at all costs. But how could anyone possibly know that message was coming through? The only way that message could have come into the Campari was through a pair of earphones clamped to Brownell's head, yet someone else was taking down that message at the same instant as Brownell was. Must have been. Brownell had no sooner finished transcribing that message on to his pad than he reached for the phone to get the bridge, and he no sooner reached for the phone than he died.

"There's some other radio receiver aboard the Campari tuned into the same wavelength, and wherever it is it's not a hop, skip and jump from the wireless office, for wherever the eavesdropper was, he got from there to the wireless office in seconds. Problem, find the receiver."

Bullen gazed at the message pad, abruptly made up his mind. "Nassau it is. Maximum speed, Chief, but slowly, over half an hour, so that no one will notice the step up in revs. First, get the bridge. Get our position." He fetched chart, rules, dividers while I was getting the figures, nodded at me as I hung up. "Lay off the shortest possible course."

It didn't take long. "047 from here to here, sir, approximately 220 miles, then 350."

"Arrival?"

"Maximum speed?"

"Of course."

"Just before midnight tomorrow night."

Bullen reached for a pad, scribbled for a minute, then read out: " 'Port authorities, Nassau. s.s. Campari, position such-and-such, arriving 2330 tomorrow Wednesday. Request police alongside immediate investigation one murdered man, one missing man. Urgent. Bullen, Master.' That should do." He reached for the phone. I touched his arm.

"Whoever has this receiver can monitor outgoing calls just as easily as incoming ones. Then they'll know we're on to them."

Bullen slowly tore the message into tiny shreds and dropped it into his waste-paper basket.

I didn't get a great deal of investigating done that night. I'd figured out how to start, all right, but the devil of it was I couldn't start till the passengers were up and about in the morning.

After having cautiously identified myself to the bosun to ensure that I didn't get the back of my head stove in with a marline-spike, I spent a good fifteen minutes in the vicinity of the wireless office relating its position to other offices and nearby accommodation.

The wireless office was on the starboard side, for'ard, immediately above the passengers' "A" deck accommodation—old man Cerdan's suite was directly below—and on the basis of my assumption that the murderer, even if he didn't wait for the last few words of the message to come through, could have had no more than ten seconds to get from wherever the hidden receiver was to the wireless office, then any place within ten seconds' reach of the wireless office automatically came under suspicion.

THERE were quite a few places within the suspected limits. There were the bridge, flag office, radar office, chartroom, and all the deck officers' and cadets' accommodation. Those could be ruled out at once.

There were the dining-room, galleys, pantries officers' lounge, telegraph lounge, and, immediately adjacent to the telegraph lounge, another lounge which rejoiced in the name of the drawing-room — it having been found necessary to provide an alternative lounge for our millionaires' wives and daughters who weren't all so keen on the alcoholic and ticker-tape attractions of the telegraph lounge as their husbands and fathers were. I spent forty minutes going through those —they were all deserted at that time of night—and if anyone had yet invented a transistor receiver smaller than a matchbox then I might have missed it: but anything larger I'd have found it for sure.

That left only the passengers' accommodation, with the cabins on "A" deck immediately below the wireless office as the prime suspects. The "B" deck suites, on the next deck below, were not out of the bounds of possibility: but when I ran a mental eye over the stiff-legged bunch of elderly crocks on "B" deck, I couldn't think of a man among them who could have made it to the wireless office in under ten seconds. And it certainly hadn't been a woman: because whoever had killed Brownell had not only also laid out Benson but removed him from sight, and Benson weighed a hundred and eighty pounds if he weighed an ounce.

So, "A" or "B" decks. I prayed for good weather to tempt our passengers out on to the sundecks to give the stewards a chance to carry out a thorough search. The customs in Jamaica, of course, had already done this; but they had been looking for a mechanism over six feet in length, not a radio which, in these days of miniaturisation, could easily have been hidden in, say, one of those jewel-boxes which were run of the mill among our millionaires' wives.

I was walking slowly up the boat-deck, port side, when I saw Captain Bullen approaching. He lifted his arm, motioned me into the deep shadow cast by one of the ship's lifeboats.

"Thought I would find you here or hereabouts," he said softly.

He reached under his jacket and pressed something cold and hard into my hand. "I believe you know how to use one of those."

Starlight glinted dully off the blued metal in my hand. A Colt automatic, one of the three kept on a locked chain in a glass cabinet in the captain's sleeping-cabin.

"I can use it, sir."

"Right. Stick it in your belt or wherever you stick those damned things. Never realised they were so awkward to conceal about your person. And here's a spare magazine. Hope to heaven we don't have to use them." Which meant the captain had one also.

"The third gun, sir?"

"I don't know." He hesitated. "Wilson, I thought."

"He's a good man. But give it to the bosun."

"You know the regulations, Mister. Those guns to be used only in times of war, piracy or mutiny—and never to be issued to anyone other than an officer."

"The regulations don't concern me half as much as my own neck does, sir. You know MacDonald's record—youngest-ever sergeant-major in the Commandos, a list of decorations as long as your arm. Give it to MacDonald, sir."

"We'll see," he grunted, "we'll see. I've just been to the carpenter's store. With Doc Marston. First time I've ever seen that old phony shaken to the core. He agrees with you, says there's no doubt Brownell was murdered. You'd think he was up in the dock of the Old Bailey with the alibis he's giving himself."

"Well," I said doubtfully. "I hope nothing comes of it, sir."

"What do you mean?"

"You know old Doc Marston as well as I do, sir. The two great loves of his life are Jamaica rum and the desire to give the impression that he's on the inside of everything that goes on."

To page 56

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NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 63. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

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VOGUE magazine says: 'Dri-Glo towels lead the fashion field'

BOND'S

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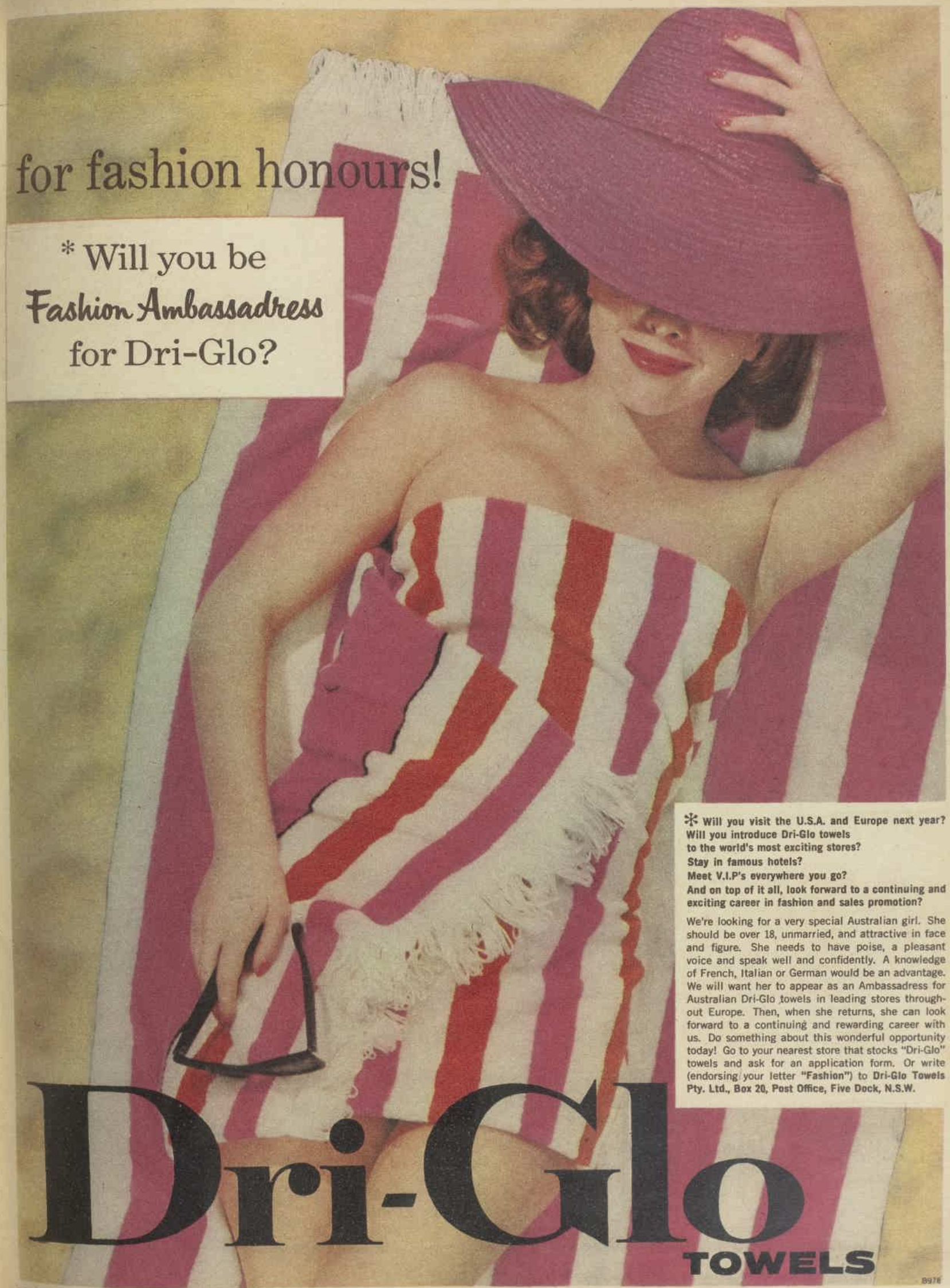

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YR727

Continuing . . .

THE GOLDEN RENDEZVOUS

from page 53

"Not to worry, my boy," Bullen said. "I told our worthy surgeon that, Lord Dexter's pal or not, if he as much as lifted a glass of rum before we arrived in Nassau I'd have him on the beach, and for good, within the week."

"About this burial at sea tomorrow at dawn, sir," I asked.

"What burial at dawn? Brownell is our only exhibition for the Nassau police."

"Burial, sir," I repeated. "But not at dawn. About, say, eight o'clock, when a fair number of our passengers will be up and about, having their morning constitutional. This is what I mean, sir."

I told him what I meant and he listened patiently enough, considering. When I was finished he nodded slowly, two or three times in succession, turned, and left me without a word.

I moved out into a lane of light between two lifeboats and glanced at my watch. Twenty-five minutes past eleven. I'd told MacDonald I'd relieve him at midnight. I walked across to the rail and stood there by a life-jacket locker, staring out over the slow shimmering swell of the sea, hands at arms' length on the rail, vainly trying to figure out what could possibly lie behind all that had happened that evening.

. . . . . .

When I awoke, it was twenty minutes to one. Not that I was immediately aware of the time when I awoke. There was blood in my eyes, blood that was gumming the lids together and making me blind.

I rubbed some of it away with the heel of my hand, and then I could see. My head was lying in the scuppers, inches away from one of the lifeboat davits. What was I doing there with my head in the scuppers inches away from the davits? I managed to get both hands under me and, with a sudden drunken lurch, heaved myself into a semi-sitting position with one elbow still on the deck. A great mistake, a very great mistake, for at once a blinding agonising pain slashed its paralysing way across head, neck, and shoulders and toppled me back to the deck again.

Then something, I dimly realised, was touching my face, my eyes, my mouth: something cold and moist and sweet. Someone was sponging my face with water, gently trying to mop the blood from my eyes. I raised my right hand and touched someone's wrist.

"Take it easy, sir. You just take it easy." I recognised the voice. Archie MacDonald. "Don't you try moving now. Just you wait a bit. You'll be all right, sir."

"Is that you, Archie?" Heaven knows I didn't doubt it; I just wanted the reassurance of hearing him say so.

"It's myself, sir. Just you leave everything to me."

"My neck, Archie. I think it's broken."

"Aye, I'm sure it feels that way, sir, but I'm thinking myself maybe it's not as bad as all that. We'll see."

THEN he slid one arm under my shoulders and under my head and began to lift me, inch by patient inch, into a sitting position.

"What time is it, Archie?" A stupid question to ask, but I wasn't at my very best.

He turned my left wrist.

"Twelve forty-five, your watch says, sir. I think you must have been here a good hour. You were in the shadow of the boat and no one would have seen you even if they had passed by this way."

I moved my head an experimental inch and winced at the pain.

"What on earth happened to me, Archie? Some kind of turn or other? I don't remember—"

"Some kind of turn!" His voice was soft and cold. I felt his fingers touch the back of my neck. "Our friend with the sandbag has been taking a walk again, sir."

"Sandbag!" I struggled to my feet, but I'd never have made it without the bosun. "The wireless office! Peters!"

"It's young Mr. Jenkins that's on now, sir. He's all right. You said you'd relieve me for the middle watch, and when twenty-past twelve came I knew something was wrong. So I just went straight into the wireless office and phoned Captain Bullen."

MacDonald had his arm around me now, still half-supporting me, leading me to the wireless office. "He came at once. He's there now, talking to Mr. Jenkins. He gave me a present before I came looking for you." He made a movement and I could see the barrel of a pistol that was all but engulfed in his huge hand.

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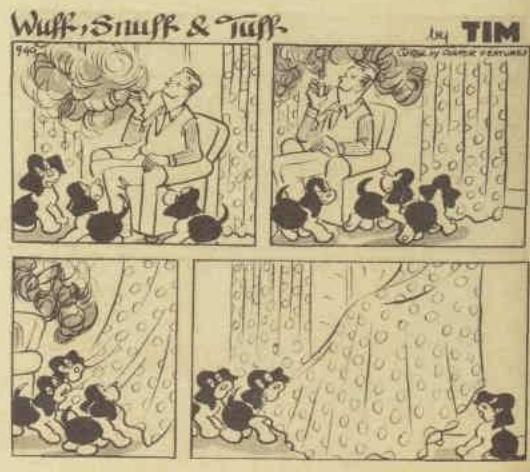
FOR THE CHILDREN



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Continuing . . . THE GOLDEN RENDEZVOUS

from page 56

"I am hoping that I get a chance to use this, Mr. Carter, and not the butt end, either. I suppose you realise that if you had toppled forward instead of sideways, you'd most likely have fallen over the rail into the sea."

I wondered grimly why they—or he—hadn't in fact shoved me over the side, but said nothing, just concentrated on reaching the wireless office.

Captain Bullen was waiting there, just outside the door, and the bulge in the pocket of his uniform jacket wasn't caused only by his hand. He came quickly to meet us, probably to get out of earshot of the wireless officer. "Why the devil didn't they just go the whole hog and throw you overboard while they were at it?"

"They didn't have to, sir," I said wearily. "They didn't want to kill me. Just to get me out of the road."

"You talk as if you knew why they coshed you."

"I think I do. My own fault. I overlooked the obvious. Come to that, we all overlooked the obvious. Once they killed Brownell and we'd deducted, by association, that they'd also killed Benson, I lost all interest in Benson. I just assumed that they'd got rid of him."

"Are you trying to tell me that Benson was—or is—still alive?"

"He was dead, but they hadn't got rid of him. Maybe they hadn't the chance to get rid of him. Maybe they had to wait till it was really good and dark to get rid of him. But they had to get rid of him—if we'd found him we'd have known there was a murderer aboard. They probably had him hidden away in some place where we wouldn't have thought of looking for him. And I was either too near where they'd hidden him, so that they couldn't get at him, or they couldn't chuck him overboard as long as I was standing by the rail there.

"Barring myself, they knew they were safe enough. Going at maximum speed, with a bow-wave like we're throwing up right now, no one would have heard anything if they had dropped him into the sea, and on a dark and moonless night like this no one would have seen anything either. So they'd only me to deal with and they didn't find any trouble at all," I finished bitterly.

Bullen shook his head. "You never heard a thing?"

"No. For all I know I might have taken a fainting turn and struck my head on the davit as I fell. And that's what I'm going to tell anyone who wants to know tomorrow because someone knows I had an accident—the character responsible for it, and he's going to regard it as damned queer if I make no reference to it at all; but if I do mention it and pass it off as a lady-like swoon, there's an even chance he may accept it, and if he does we're still going to have the advantage of being in the position of knowing that there's murder and mayhem abroad, while they will have no suspicion we know anything of the kind."

"Your mind," said Captain Bullen unsympathetically, "is beginning to clear at last."

When I awoke in the morning the already hot sun was streaming in through my uncurtained window.

I showered, shaved—I'd never before appreciated how difficult it is to shave when the turning motion of your head is limited to an arc of two inches—then examined the wound. Seen in daylight, it looked bad, much worse than it had in the night; above and behind the left temple it was a two-inch gash—wide and very deep. And it throbbed heavily in a way I didn't much care for. I dressed, put on my hat, adjusted it to a suitably rakish angle till the band just missed the wound, and went down to see Dr. Marston.

All he seemed concerned about was the entry in last night's log, and when I told him no entry about Brownell had been made nor would be made until we arrived in Nassau, and that when it was made no mention of my name would appear in connection with the diagnosis of Brownell's death, he became positively jovial. He shaved off a few square inches of hair, jabbed in a local anaesthetic, cleaned and sutured the wound, covered it with a sticking-plaster pad, and wished me good morning.

It was quarter to eight. I dropped down the series of accommodation ladders that led to the fo'c'sle and made my way for'ard to the carpenter's store. The fo'c'sle was unusually crowded for that time of the morning. There must have been close on forty members of the ship's company gathered there, deck staff, engine-room staff, cooks, and stewards, all waiting to pay their last respects to Brownell.

Nor were these all the spectators. I looked up and saw that the promenade deck, which curved right round the for'ard superstructure of the Campari, was dotted with passengers, eleven or twelve in all. Bad news travels fast, and even for millionaires the chance of seeing a burial at sea didn't come along too often.

Everything was ready. The bier—a hastily-nailed-together platform of boards, seven feet by two—lay on the deck; and the Red Ensign, tied to two corners of the handles at the top of the bier, but free at the other end, covered the canvas-swathed mound beneath. Only the bosun and carpenter were there.

To look at MacDonald you would never have guessed that he hadn't slept the previous night. He had volunteered to remain on guard outside the wireless office until dawn; it had also been his idea that, though the chances of any trouble in daylight were remote, two men should be detailed for holystoning the deck outside the wireless office after breakfast, for the entire day if necessary.

Meantime, the radio office was closed—and heavily padlocked—to allow Peters and Jenkins to attend the funeral of their colleague.

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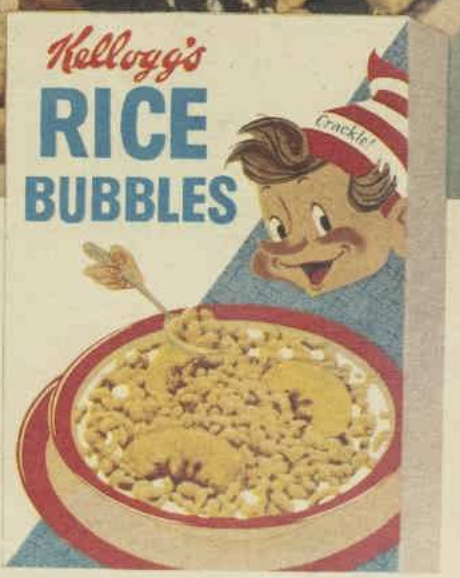

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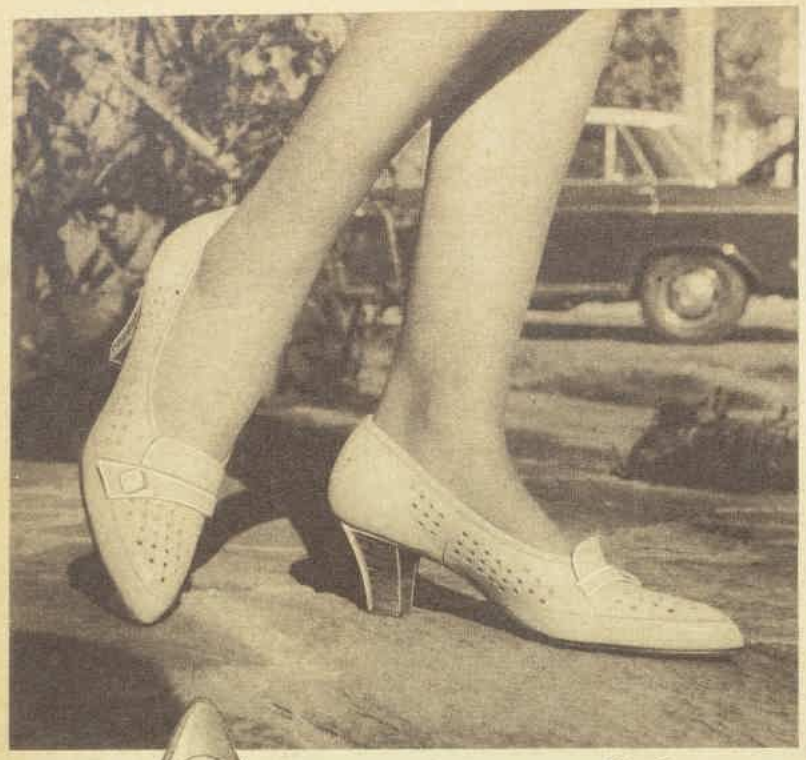

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Continuing . . .

THE GOLDEN RENDEZVOUS

from page 57

The slight vibration of the Campari's engines died away as the engines slowed and the revs dropped until we had just enough speed to give us steerage-way in that heavy swell. The captain came down the companionway, carrying a Bible under his arm. The heavy steel door in the port hand fo'c'sle side was swung open and back till it secured with a clang in its retaining latch. A long wooden box was slid into position, one end level with the opening in the side of the ship. Then MacDonald and the carpenter appeared, carrying bier and burden, and laid them on the box.

The service was very brief, very simple. Captain Bullen said a few words about Brownell, led the singing of "Abide With Me," read the burial service, and nodded to the bosun. MacDonald lifted the inboard end of the bier, the canvas-swathed mound slid out slowly from beneath the Red Ensign and was gone with only the faintest of splashings to mark its departure.

But I found it hard to be at my reverent best when I knew that all we were committing to the deep was a length of canvas, large quantities of engine-room waste, and a hundred and fifty pounds of rusty chain to give the necessary negative buoyancy.

The door in the ship's side clanged shut, Captain Bullen handed over the Bible to a cadet, the engine revs mounted, and the Campari was back in business again. And the first item on the agenda was breakfast.

I had a full complement at my table except, of course, for the invalid Mr. Cerdan. I should have been on watch, but the captain had decided that as there was a very able quartermaster on the wheel and no land within seventy miles, young Dexter, who usually stood the watch with me, could stand it alone for the length of breakfast.

No sooner had I pulled in my chair than Miss Harrbride fixed her beady eyes on me.

"What on earth's happened to you, young man?" she demanded.

I put on my best shamed-face. "I was standing up on the boat-deck last night and the next thing I knew I was lying in the scuppers with my head cut—I must have struck it against the davit when I fell." I had my story all prepared. "Dr. Marston thinks it was a combination of sunstroke—I was loading cargo most of the day yesterday, and I can assure you that the sun was very hot—and the fact that owing to our troubles in Kingston and the delay caused by it, I haven't had very much sleep in the past three days."

"I must say things do keep happening aboard the Campari," Miguel Carreras said. His face was grave. "One man dead from a heart attack or whatever it was, another missing—they haven't found our chief steward yet, have they?"

"I'm afraid not, sir."

"And now you get yourself banged up. Let's sincerely hope that's the end of it."

"Troubles always happen in threes, sir. I'm sure this is the end of it. We've never before—"

"Young man, let me have a look at you," a peremptory voice demanded from the captain's table. Mrs. Beresford, my favorite passenger. I twisted round in my seat to find that Mrs. Beresford, who normally sat with her back to me, had herself turned completely round in hers.

"You don't look well at all, Mr. Carter," she pronounced finally. "Twisted your neck, too, didn't you? You didn't have to turn around in your chair to talk to me."

"A little," I admitted. "It's a bit stiff."

"And hurt your back into the bargain," she added triumphantly. "I can tell from the peculiar way you sit."

"It hardly hurts at all," I said bravely. It didn't, in fact, hurt me in the slightest, but I hadn't yet got the hang of carrying a gun in my waist-band and the butt kept sticking painfully into my lower ribs.

"Sunstroke, eh?" Her face held genuine concern. "And lack of sleep. You should be in bed. Captain Bullen, I'm afraid you're overworking this young man."

CAPTAIN BULLEN smiled briefly and rose to his feet. His eyes, as they roved slowly over the room, held the expression of one who wanted both attention and quiet: such was the personality of the man that he got it in three seconds flat.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began. "I am most distressed, as I am sure you are all, by the events of the past twelve hours. That we should lose our chief wireless officer through death by natural causes is bad enough: but that our chief steward should vanish the same evening—well, in thirty-six years at sea I have never known anything like it.

"What happened to Chief Steward Benson we cannot say with any certainty: but I can hazard a guess and at the same time issue a warning. There are literally hundreds of recorded cases of men vanishing overboard during the night and I have little doubt but that Benson's death is due to the same reason which probably accounts for 99 per cent. of all the other cases. Even on the most experienced sailors the effect of leaning over the rail at night and watching the black water passing by below has a weirdly hypnotic effect, a gradual mesmerism. A man just leans farther and farther over until his centre of gravity is suddenly displaced. And then he is gone.

"And so, ladies and gentlemen, I would counsel you all, most strongly, never to approach the ship's rails at night unless you are accompanied by someone else. I would be most grateful if you would all bear that strongly in mind.

"But," Bullen went on emphatically, "it will help neither of those unfortunate men and only do ourselves a great disservice if we allow ourselves to brood over those things. I cannot ask you to dismiss those deaths from your minds at once, but I can ask you not to dwell on them. On a ship, as elsewhere, life must go on—especially, I might say, on a ship. You are aboard the Campari to enjoy the cruise: we are aboard to help you enjoy it. I would be most grateful if you would give us your every assistance to get shipboard life back to normal as soon as absolutely possible."

There was a subdued murmur of agreement, then Julius Beresford, rising from his seat beside the captain, was on his feet.

"Do you mind if I say a few words, sir?" He could have bought the Blue Mail Line without even denting his bank

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Continuing . . . THE GOLDEN RENDEZVOUS

from page 58

balance, but still he asked permission to speak and called old Bullen "sir."

"Certainly, Mr. Beresford."

"I agree with everything our captain has said. Captain Bullen has said that he and his crew have a job to do and that job is to look after the every comfort and convenience of his passengers: under the rather sad circumstances in which we have to meet this morning, I think that we, the passengers, have also a job to do—to make things as easy as possible for the captain, officers, and crew and to help them bring things back to normal as soon as possible.

"I'd like to start the ball rolling by asking you all to be my guests for a brief period this evening. To-day, ladies and gentlemen, my wife celebrates her birthday." He smiled down at Mrs. Beresford. "She forgets exactly which one. But Mrs. Beresford and I should be grateful if you would be our guests at a cocktail party this evening.

"Seven forty-five. In the drawing-room. Thank you."

I looked round the table. Miguel Carreras was nodding slightly as if in grave acceptance and appreciation of Beresford's underlying motives. And Tony Carreras, more impossibly handsome than ever, leaned back in his chair and regarded Julius Beresford with a slightly amused, speculative interest. He caught my glance and smiled.

"You'll be there, Mr. Carter?"

"Briefly only, I'm afraid. I have to go on watch at eight o'clock this evening." I smiled. "If you're still at it at midnight, I'll join you." Like hell I'd join them: at midnight I'd be showing the Nassau police over the ship. "And I'm afraid you'll have to excuse me now: I have to relieve the officer of the watch."

I MADE my excuses and left. On the deck I almost bumped into a sandy-haired young seaman, Whitehead, who usually shared my watches on the bridge in his capacity as engine-room telegraphist, lookout, bridge messenger, and coffee-maker.

"What are you doing here?" I asked sharply. With young Dexter on watch I wanted as many sharp eyes and quick minds as possible around him: Whitehead had both. "You know you're not to leave the bridge in my absence."

"Sorry, sir. But Ferguson sent me." Ferguson was the quartermaster on the forenoon watch. "We've missed the last two-course alterations and he's getting pretty worried about it." We were bringing round three degrees to the north every fifteen minutes to get on a north-by-west course, but slowly, so as not to excite anyone.

"Why come and bother me about it?" I said irritably. "Fourth Officer Dexter is perfectly capable of handling those matters."

"Yes, sir. But he's not there, Mr. Carter. He left the bridge about twenty minutes ago and he hasn't come back yet."

I pushed violently past Whitehead and made for the bridge at a dead run, three steps at a time up the companionways.

Ferguson, a tall, swarthy, saturnine Cockney with no hair left to speak of, glanced round as I burst through the doorway from the starboard wing of the bridge into the wheelhouse. His face showed his relief.

"Where's the fourth mate?" I demanded.

"Search me, sir. Them course alterations—"

"To hell with the course alterations! Where did he go?"

"I don't know, sir. He didn't say!"

I reached for the nearest phone, got through to the dining-room, asked for Bullen. He came on and I said: "Carter here, sir. Could you come up to the bridge straight away? Dexter's missing, sir. He had the watch but he left the bridge twenty minutes ago."

"Left the bridge." Bullen's voice held no inflection, but only because he made it that way. Lord Dexter's son or not, young Dexter was finished on the Campari unless he could explain this one away. "Looked for him yet? He could be anywhere."

"That's what I'm afraid of, sir."

The phone clicked and I hung up. Young Whitehead, still looking apprehensive, had just arrived in the cabin. I said: "You'll find the third mate in his cabin. My compliments to him, ask him if he'll take over the bridge for a few minutes, Ferguson?"

"Sir?" The voice was still wary.

"Mr. Dexter said nothing at all when he left?"

"Yes, sir. I heard him say something like 'Wait a minute, what the hell's going on here?' Then he said: 'Keep her as she is. Back in a jiffy,' and then he was off."

"Where was he standing at the time?"

"On the starboard wing, sir. Just outside the door."

"And he went down that side?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where was Whitehead at the time?"

"Out on the port wing, sir."

"Didn't cross to see where Mr. Dexter had gone?"

"No, sir. Well, not right away. But I thought it a bit funny so I asked him to have a look. He couldn't see anything."

"But whatever Mr. Dexter saw, it was aft?"

"Yes, sir."

I moved out on to the wing bridge and looked aft. Nobody there. Nothing of any interest at all to be seen. Even the wireless office was deserted, its door closed and locked.

The wireless office! I stood there perfectly rigid for all of three seconds, then took off down the companionway the same way as I had come up, three steps at a time.

Only a smart piece of braking on my part and a surprisingly nimble bit of dodging on the captain's part prevented a head-on collision at the foot of the companionway. Bullen put into words the thought that was obviously gaining currency around the bridge.

"Have you gone off your rocker, Mister?"

"The wireless office, sir." I said quickly. "Come on."

I was there in a few seconds, Bullen close behind. I tried the padlock, a heavy-duty double-action one, but it was securely locked.

It was then I noticed a key sticking out from the bottom of the padlock. I twisted it, first one way, then the other, but it was jammed fast. I tried to pull it out and had the same lack of success. I became aware that Bullen was breathing heavily over my shoulder.

"What the devil's the matter, Mister?"

"One moment, sir." I'd caught sight of Whitehead making his way up to the bridge and beckoned him across. "Get the bosun; tell him to bring a pair of pliers. Then ask Mr. Peters for the key to this door. Hurry!"

Bullen said: "Look here, Mister —"

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Continuing . . . THE GOLDEN RENDEZVOUS

from page 59

"Dexter left the bridge because he saw something funny going on. So Ferguson said. Where else but here, sir? Look at that." I took the padlock in my hand. "That bent key. And everything that's happened has happened because of here."

Bullen looked at me queerly but said nothing Half a minute passed in silence. Bullen was getting more worried every second. I wasn't — I was as worried as could be already. And then the bosun was there, carrying a pair of heavy insulated pliers in his hand.

"Open this damned door," Bullen said curtly.

MacDonald tried to remove the key with his fingers, failed, and brought the pliers into use. With the first tug of the pliers the key in the lock snapped cleanly in half.

"Well," Bullen said heavily, "that helps."

MacDonald looked at him, at me, then back at the broken key still held in the jaws of the pliers.

"I didn't even twist it, sir," he said quietly. He handed the key over for inspection. The break showed the grey, rough, porous composition of some base metal. "Home-made, and not very well made at that, either."

Bullen pocketed the broken key.

"Can you get the other bit out?"

"No, sir. Completely jammed." He fished in his overalls, produced a hacksaw. "Maybe this, sir?"

"Good man."

It took MacDonald three minutes of hard work, and then the hacksaw was through. He slid out the padlock, then glanced inquiringly at the captain.

"Come in with us," Bullen said. "See that nobody comes near." He pushed open the door and passed inside; I was on his heels.

We'd found Dexter all right and we'd found him too late. He had that old bundle of clothes look, that completely relaxed, huddled shapelessness that only the dead can achieve: face down, outflung on the floor, he hardly left standing room for Bullen and myself.

"Shall I get the doctor, sir?" It was MacDonald speaking.

"It's too late for a doctor now, Bosun," Bullen said stonily. "Damn it, why did the fiends have to kill him? He was only a kid; what harm did young Dexter ever do anybody?"

"He died for the same reason that Benson died," I said. "He saw too much." I kneeled beside him, and saw he had been shot three times. I rose to my feet, looked from the captain to the bosun, then said to Bullen. "We can't pass this off as a heart attack, sir. We're up against someone in the maniac class, sir."

"Nobody heard anything. How did nobody hear anything?"

"He had his gun close up to Dexter, maybe jammed right against him. You can see the marks of burnt powder. That would help to deaden the sound. Besides, everything points to this person—or those persons—as being professionals. They would have silencers on their guns."

"I see." Bullen turned to MacDonald. "Could you get Peters here, Bosun? At once."

"Aye, aye, sir." MacDonald turned to leave, and I said quickly: "Sir, a word before MacDonald goes. You're going to send a message?"

"Too right I'm going to send a message."

"It's no use, sir. It's too late now."

"What do you mean?"

I NODDED toward the big transmitter-receiver, with its metal lid slightly askew, the securing screws loose. I lifted the lid and stood to one side to let Bullen look also.

Nothing was ever surer than that no one would ever use that transmitter again. It was littered inside with torn wire, bent metal, smashed condensers and valves. Someone had used a hammer. There was no guesswork about that: the hammer was still lying among the tangled, splintered wreckage.

"There's an emergency set," Bullen said hoarsely. "In the cupboard under the table there. The one with the petrol generator. He'll have missed that."

But the murderer hadn't missed it, he wasn't the type to miss anything.

"Our friend must have been listening in on his receiver again," MacDonald put in quietly. "So he came out either to stop the message or smash up the sets so that no more messages could come through. He was lucky, had he been a bit later and the radio officer back on watch, my men would have been holystoning the decks outside and there would have been nothing he would be able to do."

"I don't associate luck with this killer in any way," I said. "He's too damned efficient for that. I don't think any more messages which might have worried him had come through, but he was afraid they might. He knew both Peters and Jenkins were off watch at the burial, and he probably checked that the wireless office was locked. So he waited till the coast was clear, came out on deck, unlocked the office, and went inside. And Dexter, unfortunately for himself, saw him going in."

"The key, Mister," Bullen said harshly. "How come?"

"The Marconi-man in Kingston who checked the sets, sir. Remember? He spent about four hours here. Time to do anything. If he was a Marconi-man, I'm the Queen of the May. He had a nice big impressive toolkit with him, but the only tool he used, if he could call it that, was a stick of wax, heated to the right temperature, to take an impression of the key. And my guess is that that was all he did while he was there."

And my guess was completely wrong. But the thought that this fake Marconi-man might have employed himself in another way during his stay in the wireless office did not occur to me until many hours later: it was so blindingly obvious that I missed it altogether, although two minutes' constructive thought would have been bound to put me on to it. But those hours were to elapse before I got around to the constructive thought: and by that time it was too late. Too late for the Campari, too late for its passengers, and far, far too late for all too many of the crew.

• • • • •

We left young Dexter lying in the wireless office and secured the door with a new padlock. Nobody was going to use that wireless office any more that day: he was as well there as anywhere till the Nassau police came aboard.

From the wireless office we'd gone straight to the telegraph lounge. The teleprinters in there were coupled to receiver-transmitters on fixed wave-lengths to London, Paris, and New York, but could be adapted by men who knew what they were doing, such as Peters and Jenkins, to receive and transmit on practically any wave-length.

But not even Peters and Jenkins could do anything about the situation we found: there were two big transmitters in the telegraph lounge, cleverly designed to look like cocktail cabinets, and both had received the same treatment as the sets in the wireless office: the exteriors intact, the interiors smashed beyond repair. Somebody had been very busy during the night: the wireless office must have been the last item on his list.

I looked at Bullen.

"With your permission, sir, MacDonald and I will go and have a look at the lifeboats. We might as well waste our time that way as in any other."

He knew what I meant all right, and nodded.

And so MacDonald and I duly wasted our time. There were three lifeboats equipped with hand-cranked transmitters for emergency use if the Campari sank, or had otherwise to be abandoned. Or they had been equipped with them. But not any more. The transmitters were gone.

No need to waste time or make a racket smashing up sets when all you have to do is to drop them over the side. Our murderous friend hadn't missed a single trick.

When we got back to the captain's cabin, McIlroy and Cummings were there with the captain, and so, too, was our second mate, Tommy Wilson. He had had to be told, the stage had been reached now where every officer would have to be told, so Bullen said, in the interests of their own safety and self-defence: I wasn't so sure. Bullen looked up as we came through the door. "Well?" he asked.

I shook my head, took a seat: MacDonald remained standing, but Bullen gestured him irritably to a chair. He said: "I suppose that accounts for all the transmitters on the ship?"

To page 61

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY — *By RUD*

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Continuing . . .

THE GOLDEN RENDEZVOUS

from page 60

"As far as we know, yes." I went on: "Don't you think we should have White up here, sir?"

"I was about to do that." He reached for the phone, spoke for a moment, hung up, then said roughly: "Well, Mister, you were the man with all the bright ideas last night. Got any this morning?"

"None. All we know is that Dexter was killed at eight twenty-six this morning, give or take a minute. The only passengers not at breakfast were Miss Harcourt, Mr. Cerdan and his two nurses, Mr. and Mrs. Piper, from Miami, and that couple from Venezuela—old Hournos and his wife, and their daughter. Our only suspects, and none of them makes any sense."

"And all of those were at dinner last night when Brownell and Benson were killed," McIlroy said thoughtfully, "except the old man and his nurses. Which leaves them as the only suspects, which is not ridiculous, but far too obvious: I think we've already had plenty of proof that whatever the people behind all this are guilty of, being obvious is not one of them. Unless, of course," he added slowly, "some of the passengers are working in collusion with each other."

"Or with the crew," Tommy Wilson murmured.

"What?" Old Bullen gave him the full benefit of his commodore's stare. "What did you say?"

"I said the crew," Wilson repeated clearly. "You all seem to be convinced that it must be one or more of our passengers responsible—our chief officer here seems to have set this bee firmly in all your bonnets—but if a passenger were in cahoots with one of the crew then it's quite possible that that member of the crew was detailed to hang around in the vicinity of the wireless office and start laying about him when necessary."

McILROY had always regarded Wilson as a bit of a mental bantamweight, but you could see him slowly revising his opinion. "The crew, Tommy. What makes you suspect the crew?"

"Elimination, motive, and opportunity," Wilson said promptly. "We seem to have more or less eliminated the passengers. All with alibis. And the motive. What are the usual motives? Take revenge and jealousy. Is it conceivable that any of our passengers should have their knives so deeply stuck in Brownell, Benson, and Dexter as to want to kill them all? Ridiculous. Gain? What could that bunch of bloated plutocrats want with any more lucre."

He looked round slowly. "And what officer or man aboard the Campari couldn't do with a little more lucre. I could for one."

"Opportunity, Tommy," McIlroy prompted him gently. "Opportunity, you said."

"I don't have to go into that," Wilson said. "Engineer and deck crews could be eliminated at once. The engineering side, except for officers at mealtimes, never go anywhere near the passenger and boat decks. The bosun's men here are only allowed there in the morning watch, for washing down decks.

"But"—he looked around him again, even more slowly—"every deck officer, radio officer, radar operator, cook, galley slave, and steward aboard the Campari has a perfect right to be within a few yards of the wireless office at any time: no one could question his presence there. Not only that—"

A knock came at the door and Assistant Chief Steward White came in, hat in hand.

"Come in and sit down," Bullen said. He waited till White had done this, then went on: "Where were you between eight and half-past eight this morning, White?"

"I was on duty, sir, of course. I—"

"Relax," Bullen said wearily. "No one is accusing you of anything." Then he said more kindly: "We've all had some very bad news, White. Nothing that concerns you directly, so don't get too apprehensive. You'd better hear it."

Bullen told him, without any trimmings, of the three murders.

"Now then, between eight and eight-thirty: how many of your passengers had breakfast in their rooms?"

"Mr. Cerdan and his nurses, of course. The Hournos family. Miss Harcourt. Mr. and Mrs. Piper."

"Now, White, be very careful. Did any of those passengers at any time leave their rooms during this period? At any time? Even for a moment?"

"No, sir. Quite definitely not. Not on my deck, anyway. The Hournos' are on 'B' deck. But none of the others went in or out of any of the suites: only stewards with trays. I can swear to that, sir. From my cubicle—Mr. Benson's, that is—I can see every door in the passageway."

"That's so," Bullen agreed. He asked for the name of the senior steward on "B" deck, spoke briefly on the phone, then hung up. "All right, White, you can go. But keep your eyes—and ears—open and report to me immediately you come across anything that strikes you as unusual. And don't talk about this to anyone." White rose quickly, and left. He seemed glad to go.

"There it is, then," Bullen said heavily. "Everyone—every one of the passengers, that is—in the clear."

"I'm beginning to think you may have been right, Mr. Wilson." He looked speculatively at me. "How about it now, Mr. Carter?"

I looked at him, then at Wilson, and said: "Mr. Wilson seems to be the only one of us that makes any sense. What he says is logical, completely plausible, and fits the facts. It's too logical, too plausible. I don't believe it."

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AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting October 3

ARIES MAR. 21-APRIL 20
★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, blue, orange. Lucky days, Sat., Monday.
★ The highlight of the week could be a radical and unexpected change in your job, or perhaps a new type of work. Love, marriage, home matters, speculation all favored.

TAURUS APRIL 21-MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Sat., Monday.
★ A good week becomes progressively better. A romantic surprise could be in store. You could make exciting friendships. Monday favors speculation and parties. Finances, home affairs are sound.

GEMINI MAY 21-JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, tan, black. Lucky days, Sat., Monday.
★ A sudden, exciting change that will affect your private and public life at the weekend. Monday favorable for speculation, entertainment, and romance. You should be mentally stimulated.

CANCER JUNE 22-JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, green, pink. Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.
★ At heart every Cancerian is a homebody. The week favors all things concerning the home, parents, relatives, and neighbors. Finance, romance, and speculation also favored.

LEO JULY 23-AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Thur., Monday.
★ There could be surprising news—perhaps a gain from a legacy, good news about relations, or benefits from neighbors. Improvement on the home front continues. Try your luck Monday.

VIRGO AUG. 23-SEPT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, black, blue. Lucky days, Sat., Monday.
★ Exciting and stimulating changes in store. You may experience an expansion of prestige and personality. Your ambitions will be stirred, and you could realise those cherished dreams.

LIBRA SEPT. 24-OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Sat., Monday.
★ The time to use those splendid gifts of calculation. You are in your ascendant cycle, a time for decisive action, especially in work and employment. Weekend aspects are very good.

SCORPIO OCT. 24-NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Thur., Monday.
★ Except for Thursday the week is favorable for most things. Try a ticket on Monday. There could be unexpected, pleasant surprises concerning finances and benefits from friends.

SAGITTARIUS NOV. 23-DEC. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, red, purple. Lucky days, Sun., Tuesday.
★ Home and career receive powerful help from the stars this week. Monday could prove a memorable milestone in your life. Marriage, partnership, new changes are all benefited.

CAPRICORN DEC. 21-JAN. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, pink, black. Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.
★ You are in your destiny cycle, emphasising deep-seated and far-reaching changes. You may adopt a new outlook on life. The week is propitious for finance, romance, and speculation.

AQUARIUS JAN. 20-FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, orange, grey. Lucky days, Sat., Monday.
★ Romance, speculation, marriage, partnership, and holidays are all favored this week. There could be surprising fluctuations in financial matters, or benefits from wills or legacies.

PISCES FEB. 20-MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, red, purple. Lucky days, Sun., Tuesday.
★ A new way of life in the making receives powerful influences which stimulate progress. There could be a new look in your surroundings and in matters of partnership.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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Continuing . . . THE GOLDEN RENDEZVOUS

from page 61

"Why not?" Bullen demanded, "because you can't believe that any crew member of the Campari could be bought? Or because it knocks your own pet theories on the head?"

"I can't give you any whys or why nots, sir. It's just a hunch, the way I feel."

Captain Bullen grunted—not a very kindly grunt, either—but unexpected support came from the chief engineer.

"I agree with Mr. Carter. We're up against very, very clever people—if it is people." He paused, then said suddenly: "Is the passage money for the Carreras family, father and son, paid in yet?"

"It's been paid," Cummings said.

"In what currency?"

"Travellers' cheques. Drawn on a New York bank."

"Dollars, eh? Now, Captain Bullen, I submit that's very interesting, indeed. Paid in dollars. Yet in May of last year the generalissimo made it a penal offence to be in possession of any foreign currency whatsoever. I wonder where our friends got the money from. And why are they permitted to be in possession of it?"

"What are you suggesting, Chief?"

"Nothing," McIlroy confessed. "That's the devil of it. I just don't see how it can tie up with anything. I just submit that it is very curious indeed, and that anything curious, in the present circumstances, is worth investigating."

He sat silently for a moment, then said idly: "I suppose you know that our generalissimo friend recently received a gift from the other side of the Iron Curtain? A destroyer and a couple of frigates? Trebled his naval strength in one fell sweep. I suppose you know the generalissimo is desperate for money—his regime is coming apart at the seams for lack of it and that's what lay behind last week's bloody riots. You know that we have a dozen people aboard who would be worth heaven knows how many millions in ransom money? And that if a frigate suddenly did heave over the horizon and order us to stop—well, how could we send out an SOS with all our transmitters smashed."

"I have never heard such a ridiculous suggestion in my life," Bullen said heavily. "To knock your suggestion on the head straightway: How could any vessel ever find us? Where to look for us? We changed course last night: we're over a hundred miles away from where they might expect us to be—even if they had any idea where we were going in the first place."

"I could support the chief's arguments in that, sir," I put in. "Any person with a radio receiver might equally well have a transmitter—and Miguel Carreras himself mentioned to me that he used to command his own ships. Navigation by sun or stars would be easy for him. He probably knows our position to within ten miles."

"And those messages that came through on the radio," McIlroy went on. "Message or messages. A message so damned important that two men died: and the possibility that another such message might come through caused a third man to die. What message, Captain; what so tremendously important a message? Warnings: from where, from whom, I don't know. Warnings, Captain Bullen. Knowledge which in our hands would have destroyed some carefully laid plans: and the scope of those plans you can judge from the fact that three men died so that that message should not come through."

Old Bullen was shaken. He tried not to show it, but he was shaken. Badly. And I knew it next moment when he turned to Tommy Wilson.

"On the bridge, Mr. Wilson. Double lookouts: stay doubled till we get to Nassau." He looked at McIlroy. "If we get to Nassau. Signaller to stand by the Aldis all day. 'I want assistance' flags ready for the yardarm. Radar office. No matter how small a blip they see, not matter what distance, report immediately to the bridge."

"We turn towards them for assistance, sir?"

"You blithering idiot," Bullen snarled. "We run for our lives in the opposite direction. Do you want to steam into the waiting guns of a destroyer?" No question but that Bullen was far off balance; the self-contradictory element in his instructions escaped him completely.

"You believe the chief, then, sir?" I asked.

"I don't know what to believe," Bullen growled. "I'm just taking no chances."

WHEN Wilson left I said: "Maybe the chief is right. Maybe Wilson is right, too. Both could go together—an armed attack on the Campari with certain suborned members of the crew backing-up the attackers."

"But you still don't believe it," McIlroy said quietly.

"I'm like the captain. I don't know what to believe. But one thing I do know for certain: the radio receiver that intercepted the message we never got — that's the key to it all."

"And that's the key we're going to find." Bullen heaved himself to his feet. "Chief, I'd be glad if you came with me. We're going to search for this radio, personally. First we start in my quarters, then in yours, then we go through the quarters of every member of the crew of the Campari. Then we start looking anywhere where it might be cached outside their quarters. You come with us, MacDonald."

The old man was in earnest all right. If that radio was in the crew's quarters he'd find it. The fact that he'd offered to start the search in his own suite was warranty enough for that.

He went on: "Mr. Carter, I believe it's your watch."

"Yes, sir. But Jamieson could look out for me for an hour. Permission to search the passengers' quarters?"

"Wilson was right about that bee in the bonnet, Mister." Which only went to show how upset Bullen was: normally, where circumstances demanded, he was the most punctilious of men and, in the presence of the bosun, would never have spoken as he had done to Wilson and myself. He glowered at me and walked out.

He hadn't given me permission, but he hadn't refused it, either. I glanced at Cummings: he nodded, and rose to his feet.

We had luck in the conditions for our search, the purser and I, in that we didn't have to turf anyone out of his cabin: they were completely deserted. Radio reports in the morning watch had spoken of weather conditions deteriorating sharply to the south-east and bulletins had been posted warning of approaching bad weather: the sundecks were crowded with passengers determined to make the most of the blue skies before the weather broke.

To page 64

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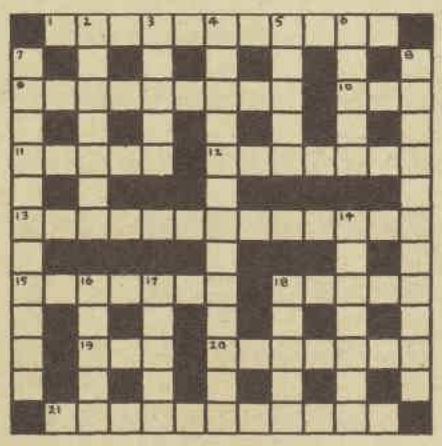

Solution will be published next week.

ACROSS

1. They are crack vessels (3-8).
9. Secret underground dungeon with a lie in the centre (9).
10. Heavy weight with a negation in its back (3).
11. Such word is coined for the occasion (5).
12. Good for catching rodents or driving a bicycle (3-4).
13. A spy with intellectual power (13).
15. Used by surgeons and plasterers starting with a short gaiter (7).
18. Bandage to support an injured limb (5).
19. Domestic animal kept in a cheap igloo (3).
20. European carried in a tail (7).
21. They are depressing, grey, and obviously heavy (6, 5).

DOWN

2. Furniture for a government (7).
3. Newly married woman (5).
4. Complete destruction with a nation mixer and French (13).
5. Placed oneself in a submissive position (5).
6. The turning part from both ends (5).
7. Nero's cousin (anagr., 11).
8. These flowers may be photographic subjects for St. George (11).
14. Descendant of a famous murderer (7).
16. There is plenty in a maple (5).
17. Driven forcibly (5).
18. A pile in which a cat is turned (5).

Solution of last week's crossword.

Fashion PATTERNS

• *Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Patterns, Box 4069, G.P.O., Sydney. New Zealand readers should address orders to Box 5348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.*

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No. 710.—GIRL'S FROCK
Cut out to sew with making instructions, this pretty frock is available in printed cotton in white with green leaves and pink rosebuds, or white with green leaves and aqua rosebuds. Sizes 6 to 8 years, 26/6; 10 to 12 years, 28/6. Postage 3/- extra.

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Three-piece set cut out and traced with spring-flower design to embroider on pink, cream, blue, or white Irish linen. Price 8/11, postage 1/- extra.

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Casual two-piece. Playsuit is available cut out to sew in caramel, royal-blue, red, or black poplin. Skirt is available cut out to sew in printed poplin. Colors are black, red, caramel, or royal-blue design, all on white ground. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 39/11; 36 and 38in. bust, 41/6. Postage 4/- extra.

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Continuing . . . THE GOLDEN RENDEZVOUS

from page 62

Even old Cerdan was on deck. Flanked by his two watchful nurses, the tall one with a big mesh-string knitting-bag and clicking away busily with her needles, the other with a pile of magazine reading. You had the impression with them, as with all good nurses, that less than half their minds was on what they were doing: without stirring from their chairs they seemed to hover over old Cerdan like a couple of broody hens.

With a couple of stewards keeping watch we went through the suites on "A" and "B" decks with meticulous care. I had a bridge megger with me, which was to lend cover to our cover story, if we had to use one, that we were trying to trace an insulation break in a power cable; but no passenger with a guilty mind was going to fall for that for a moment if he found us in his cabin, so we thought the stewards a good idea.

There should have been no need for any passenger aboard the Campari to have a radio. Every passenger's cabin on the ship, with the Campari's usual extravagance, was fitted out with not one but two bulkhead relay receivers, fed from a battery of radios in the telegraph lounge.

Cummings and I missed nothing. We examined every cupboard, wardrobe, bed, drawer, even my ladies' jewel-boxes. Nothing. Nothing anywhere.

I retired defeated to the bridge and took over from Jamieson. Almost an hour elapsed before another defeated man came to the bridge — Captain Bullen. He didn't have to tell me he was defeated. It was written on him, in the still, troubled face, the slight sag of the broad shoulders. And a mute headshake from me told him all he needed to know.

We were on the second leg of our course now, 10 degrees west of north, heading straight for Nassau. Twelve hours and we would be there. My eyes ached from scanning the horizons and skies; even although I knew there were at least ten others doing the same thing, still my eyes ached. Whether I believed McIlroy's suggestion or not, I certainly behaved as if I did.

But the horizon remained clear, completely, miraculously clear, for this was normally a fairly heavily travelled steamer lane. And the loudspeaker from the radar room remained obstinately silent. We had a radar screen on the bridge, but rarely troubled to consult it; Walters, the operator on watch, could isolate and identify a blip on the screen long before most of us could even see it.

After maybe half an hour's restless pacing about the bridge, Bullen turned to go. Just at the head of the companionway he hesitated, turned, beckoned to me, and walked out to the end of the starboard wing. I followed.

"I've been thinking about Dexter," he said quietly. "What would be the effect—I'm past caring about the passengers now; I'm only worried about the lives of every man and woman aboard—if I announced that Dexter had been murdered?"

"Nothing," I said, "if you can call mass hysteria nothing."

"You don't think the fiends responsible for all this might call it off? Whatever 'it' is?"

"I'm dead certain they wouldn't. As no mention has been made of Dexter yet, no attempt to explain away his absence, they must know we know he's dead. They'll know damn' well that the officer of the watch can't disappear from the bridge without a hue and cry going up. We'd just be telling them out loud what they already know without being told. You won't scare this bunch off. People don't play as rough as they do unless there's something tremendous at stake."

"That's what I thought myself, Johnny," he said heavily. "That's just what I thought myself." He turned and went below, and I had a sudden foreknowledge of how Bullen would look when he was an old man.

I stayed on the bridge until two o'clock, long past my usual time for relief, but then I'd deprived Jamieson, who had the afternoon watch, of much free time that morning. When Jamieson took over the bridge he didn't exchange a word with me except routine remarks about course and speed. From the strained, set expression on his face you would have thought he was carrying the mainmast of the Campari over his shoulder. Bullen had been talking to him; he'd probably been talking to all the officers.

I WENT to my cabin, closed the door, pulled off shoes and shirt, and lay down on my bunk. The back of my head ached and ached badly. I adjusted a pillow and tried to think. Somebody had to think and I didn't see that old Bullen was in any state for it. Neither was I, but I thought all the same.

By three o'clock I'd got nowhere. I sat up, careful of my stiff neck, fished a bottle of whisky from a cupboard, poured a drink, watered it, knocked it back, and then, because it was illegal, helped myself to another. I placed this second on the table by my bunk and lay down again.

The whisky did it, I'll always swear the whisky did it, as a mental lubricant for rusted-up brains it has no parallel. I had it suddenly, completely, and all in a moment I knew beyond doubt that I had it right. The radio! The receiver on which the message to the wireless office had ben intercepted! There had been no radio. Only a blind man like myself could have missed it; of course, there had been no radio. But there had been something else again. I sat bolt upright with a jerk and yelped with pain as a hot blade skewered through the back of my neck.

"Are you subject to these attacks often or do you always carry on like this when you are alone?" a solicitous voice inquired from the doorway. Susan Beresford, dressed in a square-necked white silk dress, was standing in the entrance.

"Miss Beresford." I rubbed my aching neck with my right hand. "What are you doing here? You know passengers are not allowed in the officers' quarters."

"Pfui!" She stepped into the cabin and closed the door behind her. All at once the smile was no longer on her face. "Will you talk to me, Mr. Carter?"

"Any time," I said courteously. "But not here . . ." My voice trailed away; I was changing my mind even as I spoke.

"You see, you're the only person I can talk to," she said.

"Yes." A beautiful girl alone in my cabin and plainly anxious to speak to me and I wasn't even

To page 65

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Continuing . . . THE GOLDEN RENDEZVOUS

from page 64

listening to her. I was figuring out something; it did involve Susan Beresford, but only incidentally.

"Oh, do pay attention," she said angrily. "I want to know why no one will talk to me." She lifted a hand as I made to speak. "Please don't be facetious. I'm worried. Something's terribly wrong, isn't it? You know I always talk more to the officers than any of the other passengers" — I passed up the pleasure of loosing off a couple of telling shafts—"and now nobody will talk to me. They're all dead scared about something, going about with tight faces and not looking at anyone, but looking at them all the time. Something is wrong, isn't it? And Fourth Officer Dexter—he's missing, isn't he?"

"What could be wrong, Miss Beresford?"

"Tell me the truth. Three men missing in twenty-four hours—don't tell me that's coincidence. And all the officers looking as if they're going to be shot at dawn."

"Don't you think it's strange you're the only person who seems to have noticed anything unusual? How about all the other passengers?"

"The other passengers!" The tone of her voice didn't say a great deal for the other passengers. "How can they notice anything with all the women either in bed for their afternoon's sleep or at the hairdresser's or in the massage-room, and all the men sitting around in the telegraph lounge like mourners at a funeral just because the stock-exchange machines have broken down? And that's another thing. Why have those machines broken down? And why is the radio office closed? And why is the Campari going so fast?"

She didn't miss much, and that was a fact. I said: "Why come to me?"

"Daddy suggested it." She hesitated, then half smiled. "He said I was imagining things and that for a person suffering from delusions and a hyper-active imagination, he could recommend nothing better than a visit to Chief Officer Carter, who doesn't know the meaning of either."

"Your father is wrong."

"Wrong? You do—ah—suffer from delusions?"

"About your imagining things. You aren't." I finished my whisky and got to my feet. "Something is wrong, Miss Beresford."

SHE looked me steadily in the eyes, then said quietly: "Will you tell me what it is? Please!" The cool amusement was now completely absent from both face and voice: a completely different Susan Beresford from the one I'd known, and one I liked very much better than the old one. The thought occurred to me that this might be the real Susan Beresford.

"Will you tell me, please?" she repeated. She'd come close to me now, the green eyes had started to melt in that weird way they had and my breathing was getting all mixed up again. "I think you could trust me, Mr. Carter."

"Yes." I looked away—it took the last of my will-power, but I looked away—and managed to get my breathing working again. "I think I could trust you, Miss Beresford. I will tell you. But not right away. If you knew why I say that, you wouldn't press me to tell you. Any of the passengers out taking the air or sunbathing?"

"What?" The sudden switch made her blink, but she recovered quickly and gestured to the window. "In this?"

I saw what she meant. The sun had gone completely and dark cumulus cloud coming up from the south-east had all but obscured the sky. I could quite understand why none of the passengers would be on deck. That made things awkward. But there was another way.

"I see what you mean. I promise you I'll tell you all you want to know this evening" — that was a pretty elastic time-limit — "if you in turn promise you won't tell anyone I've admitted anything is wrong — and if you will do something for me."

"What do you want me to do?"

"This. You know your father is holding some sort of cocktail party for your mother in the drawing-room tonight. It's timed for seven-forty-five. Get him to advance it to seven-thirty. I want more time before dinner — never mind why now. Use any reason you like, but don't bring me into it. And ask your father to invite old Mr. Cerdan to the party also. Doesn't matter if he has to take his wheelchair and two nurses along with him. Get him to the party. I can't tell you how vital that is."

She looked at me in slow speculation. She really had the most extraordinary eyes; three weeks she had been with us and I'd never really noticed them before. I dragged my own eyes away. I became aware that she was saying quietly: "I'll do it. I promise. I don't know what track you're on, but I know it's the right track."

"What do you mean?" I said slowly.

"That nurse of Mr. Cerdan's. The tall one with the knitting. She can no more knit than fly over the moon. She just sits there, clicking needles, botching every other stitch, and getting practically nowhere. I know. Being a millionaire's daughter doesn't mean that you can't be as slick with a pair of knitting needles as the next girl."

"What!" I caught her by the shoulders and stared down at her. "You saw this? You're sure of it?"

"Sure I'm sure."

"Well, now. This is very, very interesting. I'll see you later. Be a good girl and get that fixed up with your father, will you?" I gave her shoulder an absent-minded pat, turned away, and stared out of the window.

After a few seconds I became aware that she hadn't yet gone. She'd opened the door, one hand on the handle, and was looking at me with a peculiar expression on her face.

"You wouldn't like to give me a toffee-apple to suck?" If you can imagine a voice both sweet and bitter at the same moment, then that is how hers was. "Or a ribbon for my pigtails?" With that she banged the door and was gone.

I gazed at the closed door for a moment, then gave up. Any other time I might have devoted some minutes to figuring out the weird and wonderful workings of the female brain. But this wasn't just any other time. Whatever it was, this just wasn't any other time. I pulled on my shoes, shirt, and jacket, pulled out the Colt from under the mattress, stuck it in my waist-belt, and went off in search of the captain.

To be continued

The novel "The Golden Rendezvous" was recently published by William Collins.

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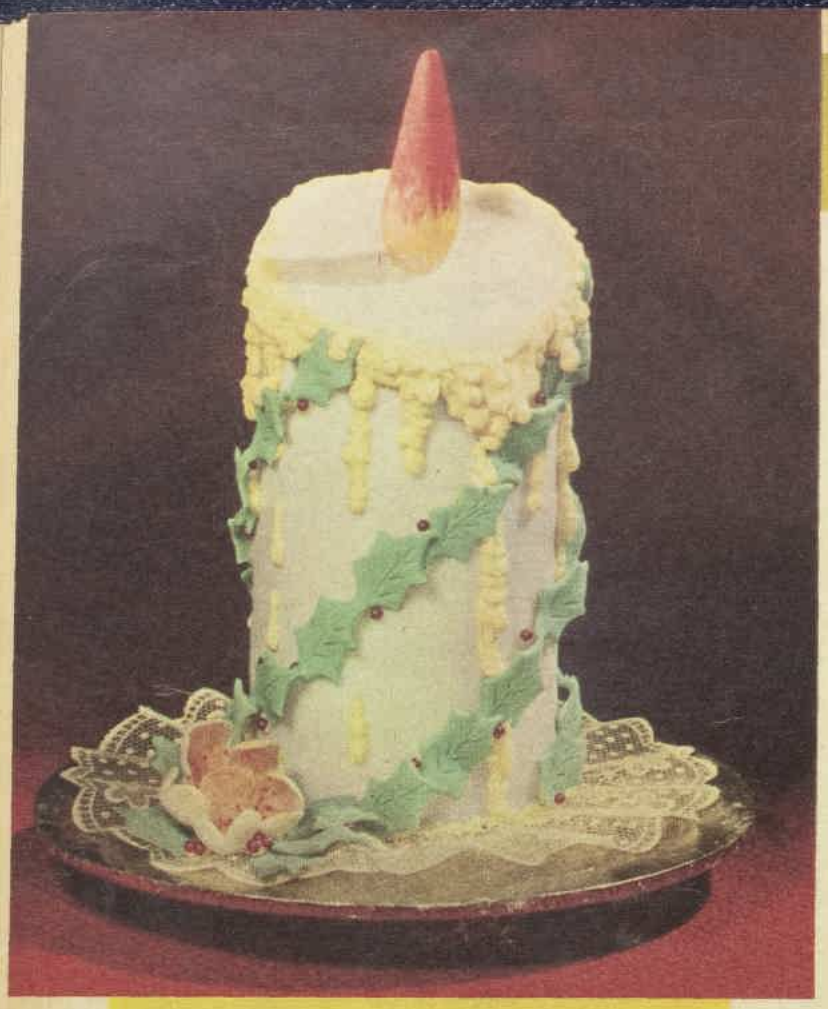
MAKE THEM NOW

CHRISTMAS



CANDLE CAKE looks pretty, and is not difficult to decorate. Bright colors could be used instead of the pastel colors shown in the cake above.

SCROLL CAKE, with its quill pen and appearance of aged parchment, makes an original Christmas decoration. Vary the inscription, if desired.

● Christmas cakes and puddings improve with keeping, so it is not too early to make them now. Select yours from the recipes in this four-page feature.

IN addition to the ever-popular traditional Christmas recipes, this feature includes recipes for new-style cakes and puddings that have some unusual ingredients and interesting flavors.

There are also step-by-step directions for decorating the four cakes shown above. They will give your Christmas table a festive look, and are simple to do.

Sizes of tins used and measurements for cutting are included. If a larger or smaller cake is desired, increase or decrease sizes accordingly.

The weight given in cake and pudding recipes refers to the weight of the shortening (butter or substitute) used in the ingredients. For example:

- A quarter-pound cake approximately 6in. wide means recipe contains ¼lb. shortening.
- A half-pound cake 8in. wide contains ½lb. shortening.
- A one-pound cake 10in. wide contains 1lb. shortening.

Pudding sizes vary with depth of mould, size of pudding-cloth, and shape of cooking utensil.

Plain flour is used in all the recipes unless otherwise stated. Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used.

Here are the recipes for icings needed to decorate the cakes above.

FONDANT ICING

Half dessertspoon gelatine, ¾ tablespoon water, ¼lb. glucose, ¼oz. solid white shortening, ¼ teaspoon glycerine, 1¼lb. icing-sugar, ½ egg-white.

Soften gelatine in the water. Place glucose, shortening, glycerine in saucepan, slowly heat until just boiling, stand 5 minutes. Sift 1lb. icing-sugar into basin, make well in centre, add egg-white, cover over with the icing-sugar, and gradually stir in hot glucose to make soft paste. Turn on to board, knead in remaining icing-sugar. Roll out, shape on cake as required.

ROYAL ICING

One egg-white, 6 to 8oz. pure icing-sugar, few drops acetic acid or lemon juice, food coloring.

Beat egg-white very lightly, gradually work in finely sifted icing-sugar, beating well after each addition. Add sufficient icing-sugar until mixture forms small peaks in bowl. Add acetic acid or lemon juice, and food coloring as desired. Beat well, cover with damp cloth until required.

CANDLE CAKE

One 4, 6, or 8oz. quantity fruit cake mixture cooked in large nut-roll tin or tall round tin from canned foods. One to 2 quantities fondant icing, depending on size of cake. One quantity royal icing. Red cachous, food colorings, artificial flower stamens, paper or plastic lace doily, paper-covered base board.

Cut small piece from top of cake with a slight downward angle so finished product will resemble uneven melting of wax from candle. Cover cake with layer of colored fondant, allow to dry. With remaining scraps of fondant make small holly leaves (a simple, quick method is to use small star-shaped cutter, pull fondant slightly to elongate, then smooth off tips) and open rose, using dab of royal icing and shortened stamens for centre section.

Make candle flame from small ball of fondant, rolled between palms of hands to point at one end. When dry, paint with yellow and red food coloring.

Arrange doily on base board, pinching it up and sticking at centre so it frills slightly. Place candle in position, neaten base edge with small shell pipework. Mark position for spiral lines of holly leaves, secure leaves and cachou berries on cake with little royal icing. Pipe or spread irregular lines to resemble melted wax drippings. Stick flame in position on top of candle, scooping small hole in fondant if necessary. Arrange flower decoration, extra holly leaves and berries on side of candle base.

SCROLL CAKE

One 8 to 12oz. quantity cake mixture baked in shallow oblong tin. Two to 2½ quantities fondant (remember to allow sufficient for extra scroll and quill section). One quantity royal icing. Food coloring, ribbon, holly sprig, paper-covered base board.

Cover cake with about 2-3rds white or pale cream fondant (add touch of yellow or brown coloring to make cream fondant). When dry, place diagonally on base board, neaten base with simple edging made by piping overlapping shell patterns in royal icing with No. 8 star rose-tube. Decorate board corners with ribbon and sprig of holly made from fondant (or use artificial holly).

Roll out small piece fondant to long narrow wedge, pressing firmly on side so it graduates to fine edge. Cut to shape of quill, making narrow slits along one side to resemble feather marks. Place at side of cake on board.

Roll remaining fondant to size of top of oblong cake. Break and tear edges to give appearance of antique parchment. Brush edges lightly with diluted brown coloring to give aged appearance. Spread few patches of royal icing on top of cake so parchment will stick when it is carefully lifted on. When dry pipe goodwill Christmas message on parchment, using soft royal icing of caramel shade and No. 0 or 1 writing-tube.

STAR CAKE

One 6 or 8oz. quantity fruit cake mixture, baked in star or round shaped tin approximately 7 or 8in. in diameter. One and a half to 2 quantities fondant. One quantity royal icing. Five colored candles, paper-covered base board, food coloring.

If using round cake, mark top circumference into 5 equal portions. Halfway in each portion mark another point 1½ to 2in. in from edge. Mark lines from edge to inner points, so forming star design. Cut out sections with sharp knife.

Cover cake with colored fondant icing, allow to dry, place on base board. Neaten base with shell edging of royal icing piped with No. 8 star rose-tube or No. 33 shell-tube. Using No. 1 or 2 writing-tube, pipe inverted scallop decoration round top edge. Pipe 3 straight lines on top of each other, a little farther in toward centre, following star shape. To avoid possible collapsing, allow each row to dry partially before adding next.

Reduce consistency of 2 tablespoons of royal icing by adding sufficient water to make it pour like soft honey. Color or shade it deeper than fondant. Fill into bag and, using a large writing-tube, pipe it to flood top star section inside built-up fondant lines. Allow to dry.

Roll out scraps of fondant and cut holly leaves with sharp pointed knife. Mark leaf veins with back of knife. When dry adhere to cake with little royal icing. Cut 5 small stars in fondant to place under each candle, and stick both to board with royal icing in between star points.

Pipe Christmas greeting message on dried floodwork, decorate top with holly.

CHURCH CAKE

One 8 to 12oz. quantity fruit cake mixture baked in square tin. Two to 2½ quantities fondant. One quantity royal icing. Food colorings, desiccated coconut, cocktail sticks, semolina, red transparent paper, cardboard, paper-covered base board.

Cut cake not quite through centre so one piece is about 1in. wider. Thicker piece becomes main section of church, and narrow piece is rounded at edges to form steeple tower.

Cover both sections with stone-colored fondant (using touch of brown and red coloring). Mark with knife blade all over to represent stone work. Mark and cut out section for windows. Fill spaces with pieces of transparent colored paper (backed with white paper) of identical sizes. Secure with piped edging and window bars.

Cut main roof section from cardboard, fold and bend to correct angle for roof. Cut triangles of cardboard to fit either end.

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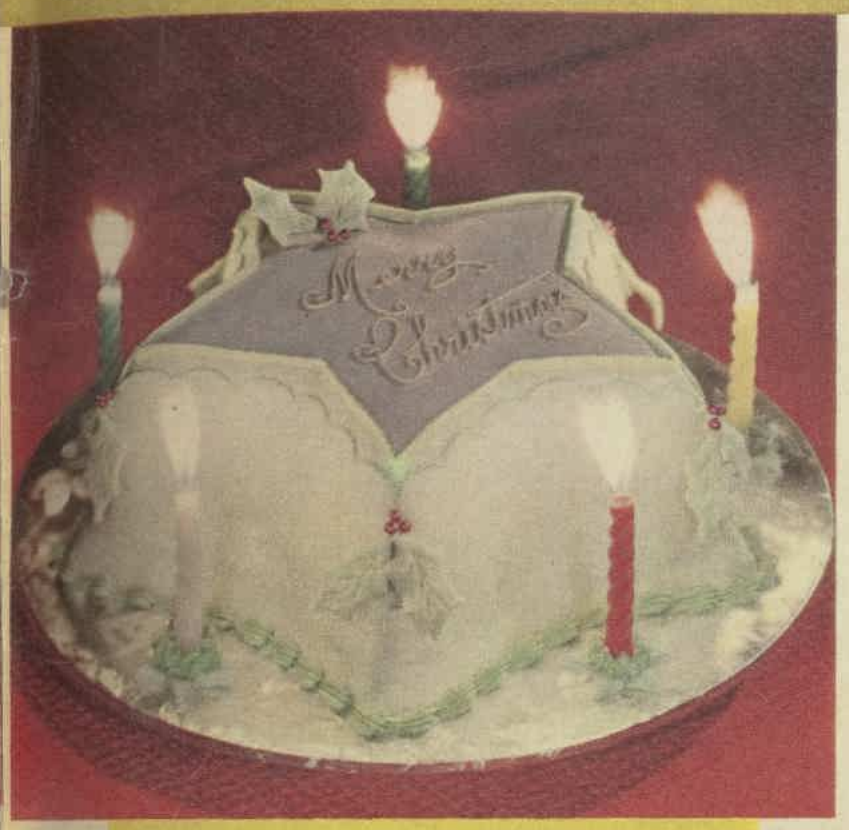
CAKES AND PUDDINGS

RECIPES FROM OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN



STAR CAKE features easy-to-pipe but attractive decorations set off with holly leaves made from fondant and red cachous to resemble holly berries.

CHURCH CAKE is a miniature snow-capped building that represents the spirit of Christmas thanksgiving and will delight both adults and children.

Pictures by staff photographer Barry Cullen

Secure with gum tape. Cut and shape cardboard cone for steeple, making sure base is slightly larger in diameter than tower top. Brush both roof sections with egg-white, cover with overlapping ⅜in. strips of deeper shaded fondant to give effect of slates. Place in position on cake, adhere with royal icing under eaves. Attach small porch roof in similar way, add overlapping sections of fondant for steps, etc. Supports for porch roof can be colored cocktail sticks.

Paint base board with egg-white, cover thickly with green-colored coconut, leaving space for pathway which can be covered with semolina to represent gravel. Elongated star roses piped on to cocktail sticks form miniature trees, and can be placed round lawn area. Christmas snow scene is obtained by spreading white royal icing in patches on roof, trees, and lawn. Spire top cross is made from crossed cocktail sticks or cut matches.

NOEL YEAST CAKE

Four eggs, ¼lb. sugar, ½lb. flour, ½oz. compressed yeast, pinch bicarbonate soda, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, ¼lb. butter or substitute, 2lb. chopped mixed fruits (raisins, sultanas, currants, cherries, peel, etc.), 3 tablespoons sherry, 1 teaspoon glycerine.

Beat eggs in basin, add 2oz. of the sugar and 1oz. of the flour. Crumble in yeast, mix lightly. Cover, stand basin in warm place about 25 to 30 minutes. Meanwhile cream butter with remaining sugar, then fold in yeast mixture, chopped prepared fruits, and flour (which has been sifted with soda and mixed spice). Mix well. Fill into 8in. lined cake-tin, bake in slow oven 3 to 3½ hours or until cooked through. Allow to cool in tin. When completely cold, remove from tin, peel off paper, place on cake-rack. Combine sherry and glycerine, mix well. Brush cake all over with this mixture, leave on rack until dry. Wrap, store until required.

GINGER SPICE CAKE

Eight ounces sultanas, 8oz. currants, 8oz. raisins, ½pt. ginger ale, ½ teaspoon each of vanilla and almond essences, 8oz. butter or substitute, 8oz. sugar, 4 eggs, 8oz. self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, 2oz. full cream powdered milk.

Soak finely chopped fruits overnight in ginger ale and essences. Next day cream butter and sugar until white and fluffy. Add eggs one at a time, beat well. Sift together flour, spice, powdered milk, and add to creamed mixture, mixing thoroughly. Add fruits and any liquid left in bowl, mix well. Fill into 8 to 10in. cake-tin lined with two thicknesses of paper. Bake in slow oven about 3 to 3½ hours or until cooked through. When cool, store in airtight tin or sealed in aluminium foil.

WHOLEMEAL FRUIT CAKE

One cup wholemeal flour, 1 cup white flour, ½lb. butter or substitute, ½lb. brown sugar, 4 eggs, 1-3rd cup treacle or golden syrup, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, pinch bircarbonate of soda, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon each ginger and allspice, 1lb. seeded raisins, ½lb. candied peel, ½lb. sultanas, ½lb. currants, 1 tablespoon ground almond meal, ½ cup brandy, few glace cherries, and halved almonds for decoration.

Sift together wholemeal flour, white flour, nutmeg, cinnamon, ginger, allspice, and soda. Cream butter or substitute with brown sugar and add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Fold in alternately sifted dry ingredients, treacle or golden syrup, finely chopped fruits, brandy, almond meal. Mix well. Fill into paper-lined 7 or 8in. cake-tin, bake in slow oven about 2½ to 3 hours or until cooked through when tested with skewer. For those who prefer uniced Christmas cake, a decoration of glace cherries and almond halves could be arranged on top of this uncooked cake before putting into oven. Addition of small sprig of holly will make it look festive.

YULETIDE ROLL

One and a half cups apricot nectar or water, 1½ cups chopped raisins, 1-3rd cup chopped dried apricots, 1 tablespoon grated orange rind, 2¾ cups flour, 2 teaspoons bicarbonate of soda, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ cup finely chopped walnuts, 1oz. butter or substitute, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, 1-3rd cup sweet sherry or spirits.

Combine in saucepan the apricot nectar or water, chopped raisins, apricots. Bring slowly to boil, simmer 5 minutes. Add orange rind, stand aside until cool. Meanwhile sift flour, soda, and salt together. Cream butter or substitute with sugar, add egg, mix well. Fold sifted flour into creamed mixture alternately with fruit, sherry, and walnuts. Blend thoroughly after each addition. Fill into greased nut-loaf tins, filling only 2-3rds full. Bake in moderately slow oven about 50 to 60 minutes or until cooked through when tested with skewer. Remove from oven, allow to cool before removing from tins.

HOLLY LOAF

Two cups flour, 1½ teaspoons baking-powder, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate soda, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ cup butter or substitute, 2-3rds cup firmly packed brown sugar, 3 eggs, ½ cup sweet sherry, ½ cup sieved cottage cheese, ½ cup uncooked dried apricots, ½ cup uncooked dessert prunes (both finely chopped).

Sift flour, baking-powder, soda, salt together. Cream butter or substitute with brown sugar until fluffy, add eggs one at a time, beat well after each addition. Fold sifted dry ingredients alternately with sherry into creamed mixture. Blend thoroughly after each addition. Stir in sieved cottage cheese, chopped apricots, prunes. Fill into large loaf-tin lined with 1 thickness greaseproof paper, bake in moderately slow oven about 1 hour or until cooked through. Allow to cool in tin before turning out.

BRANDY FRUIT CAKE

Half pound butter or substitute, 1½ cups castor sugar, 5 eggs, 2lb. mixed fruit (sultanas, raisins, currants), ½lb. each blanched almonds, crystallised or drained cherries, shredded peel, 2½ cups plain flour (sifted before measuring), 1 cup cornflour, ½ teaspoon salt, golden syrup brandy prepared as follows: Melt 1 tablespoon butter, add ½ cup golden syrup and ½ cup brandy. Bring to boil, simmer 2 or 3 minutes. Use immediately.

Cream butter or substitute and sugar thoroughly, add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Mix in prepared golden syrup brandy alternately with sifted dry ingredients and mixed fruits. Turn into 9in. round or square cake-tin lined with 3 thicknesses brown paper and one white paper. Bake in very moderate oven 4½ to 5 hours. Cool in tin, wrap well to keep airtight until required.

WHITE HOLIDAY RING

Half pound sultanas, 6oz. raisins, 2oz. preserved figs, 2oz. crystallised pineapple, 4oz. cherries, 2oz. shredded peel, ¼ cup pineapple juice (fresh or canned), 1 tablespoon sherry or rum, 5oz. butter or substitute, 5oz. brown sugar, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 3 eggs, ½lb. flour, 1 teaspoon spice, ½ teaspoon baking-powder, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, pinch salt, 4oz. walnut pieces, extra cherries.

Prepare sultanas and raisins, chop figs and pineapple, place in basin with cherries and peel. Add pineapple juice and sherry or rum; stand overnight. Cream butter and sugar with orange rind, add eggs one at a time; mix well. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with soaked fruit and chopped walnuts.

Turn into large ring-tin lined with 3 layers brown paper. Press extra cherries on top. Bake in slow oven 3 to 3½ hours.

CANDIED HONEY CAKE

Four ounces butter or substitute, ½ cup mild candied honey, 3 small eggs, 1½ cups plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon spice, ½ cup chopped dates, 1 cup seeded raisins, 1 cup sultanas, 2oz. finely shredded peel, 2oz. chopped crystallised pineapple, 2oz. crystallised cherries, ½ cup chopped peanuts (or mixed nuts).

Cream butter or substitute until very soft, gradually add honey, beat until well mixed. Add egg-yolks, mix well. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with fruit and nuts. Lastly fold in egg-whites beaten stiff but not dry. Turn into 7in. tin lined with paper. Bake in very moderate oven 2½ to 3 hours.

ECONOMICAL YULE CAKE

One and a half pounds to 2lb. mixed fruit, 2 tablespoons chopped mixed peel, ½ cup sherry, 8oz. good shortening, 8oz. brown sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla, few drops almond essence, ½ cup mashed banana, 4 eggs, 3 tablespoons orange juice, 2¾ cups flour, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 teaspoon spice, pinch salt.

Place prepared fruit and peel in basin, pour sherry over; mix well. Cover, stand overnight. Cream shortening, sugar, and banana until soft, light, and fluffy, add vanilla and almond essence. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Fold in fruit, then sifted flour, soda, salt, and spice alternately with orange juice. Fill into 8in. round or square cake-tin lined with 3 thicknesses brown paper and 1 white paper. Bake in very moderate oven 3½ to 4 hours.

Continued overleaf

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PEACH SLICE MERINGUE

Half cup rice, 1½ pints milk, 2oz. butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons golden syrup, 2 egg-yolks, 1 cup sultanas, 1 can peach halves, 2 tablespoons sweet sherry or other wine, 2 egg-whites, 4 tablespoons sugar, cherries, angelica.

Wash rice well and boil in the milk until soft. Stir in the butter, golden syrup, egg-yolks, and sultanas, spoon into greased ovenproof dish. Press drained peaches into rice mixture and spoon sweet sherry into each peach hollow. Beat egg-whites until stiff, gradually add sugar, beating well to dissolve. Pile roughly over peach halves, trickle ½ cup peach syrup over rice and place in moderately slow oven 20 to 25 minutes.

Decorate with cherries and leaves made from angelica strips.

RICH CHRISTMAS CAKE

One and a half pounds sultanas, ½lb. raisins, 4oz. currants, 4oz. crystallised or glace cherries, 4oz. shredded mixed peel (or use 2½lb. mixed fruit), ½ cup rum, brandy, or sherry, 8oz. butter, 8oz. brown sugar, 1 teaspoon each grated lemon and orange rind, few drops almond essence, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 tablespoons marmalade, 1 teaspoon caramel or parisian essence, 4 eggs, 2½ cups flour, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon spice, ¼ teaspoon cinnamon and nutmeg.

Prepare fruits by washing, drying, and removing stems. Place in basin, pour spirits over, mix well. Cover, stand overnight. Cream butter with sugar, grated fruit rinds, essences; add marmalade and caramel. Drop in eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Fold in prepared fruit alternately with sifted dry ingredients; mix well. Fill into 8in. or 8½in. square or round cake-tin lined with 3 layers brown paper and 1 layer white paper. Bake in lower half of very moderate oven 3½ to 4 hours. Do not open oven door for at least 1½ hours. Remove from oven, allow to cool in tin, then wrap cake in large towel. Leave wrapped until required.

BOILED WHISKY CAKE

One pound butter, 1lb. brown sugar, 10 eggs, 1½ wineglasses boiled whisky (see below), 1lb. raisins, 1lb. sultanas, ½lb. chopped dates, ½lb. glace cherries, ½lb. blanched almonds, ½lb. shredded peel, 1½lb. flour, ½ teaspoon baking-powder, ¼ teaspoon salt.

Boiled Whisky: Melt and brown 1oz. butter with 2 tablespoons sugar. Remove from heat, add 1½ wineglasses of whisky. Return to stove, simmer until sugar dissolves. Use at once.

Cut butter into pieces in large bowl. Beat until smooth, add sugar gradually, beat until white and fluffy. Add eggs one at a time, beating well. Stir in boiling whisky, then fold in prepared fruit mixed with sifted dry ingredients. Turn into paper-lined 10in. cake-tin, bake in slow oven 5 hours. Cool in tin, then wrap until ready to decorate.

NEW-STYLE CHRISTMAS CAKE

One and a half cups shelled whole brazil nuts, 1½ cups walnut halves, ½lb. stoned dates, 2/3rds cup chopped candied peel, ½ cup red maraschino cherries and ½ cup green maraschino cherries (both drained free of syrup), ½ cup seeded raisins, ¾ cup flour, ½ teaspoon baking-powder, ½ teaspoon salt, ¾ cup sugar, 3 eggs, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Grease sides and base of large loaf-tin (8in. by 5in.), line with 1 layer greased paper. Place unchopped brazil nuts, walnuts, dates, peel, cherries, and raisins into large basin. Sift flour, baking-powder, and salt together, then mix with sugar. Add to nuts and fruits, mix thoroughly. Make into stiff mixture with beaten eggs and vanilla. Spoon into prepared tin, pressing and flattening with back of a spoon. Bake in slow oven 2 to 2½ hours. Leave in tin 10 minutes, loosen edges, turn on to cake-cooler, then remove paper. When cold, wrap in plastic, store in refrigerator.

Note: This cake is not suitable for decorating.

AMERICAN-STYLE LIGHT FRUIT CAKE

Fruit Mixture: Quarter-pound crystallised pineapple, ¼lb. candied cherries, ¼lb. blanched almonds (cut into thin strips), ¼lb. finely chopped candied peel, 3 dessertspoons orange juice.

Remove sugar from pineapple and cherries, mix with almonds, candied peel, and orange juice. Allow to stand overnight before incorporating in cake mixture.

Cake Mixture: Four ounces butter, ¾ cup sugar, 3 eggs, 4oz. coconut, 1 tablespoon brandy, 1½ cups self-raising flour, ½ cup orange juice, ½ cup chopped raisins.

Soak coconut in brandy ½ hour. Cream butter and sugar, add beaten egg-yolks, then soaked coconut. Fold in sifted flour alternately with orange juice. Add soaked fruits and nuts, raisins lightly dusted with flour; fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Turn into paper-lined 6in. square or round tin, bake in very moderate oven 2½ to 2¾ hours. Leave in tin ½ hour. When cold, cake can be topped with icing and decorated with candied fruits and nuts.

ONE-EGG FRUIT CAKE

One egg, 1 packet mixed fruit, 5oz. butter or substitute, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup water, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 cup self-raising flour, 1 cup plain flour, 2 teaspoons spice.

Combine fruit, butter, sugar, spice and water. Place in saucepan, boil together 3 minutes. Allow to cool. Beat white and yolk of egg separately, then together, add bicarbonate of soda, stir into boiled fruit mixture. Lastly add well-sifted flours. Place in 7in. cake-tin well lined with greased paper, bake in moderate oven 1¼ to 1½ hours.

Pictured: 2½ pint oblong utility dish in Black Rose design.

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. . . AND PUDDINGS

EGGLESS NOEL PUDDING

Two cups flour, 3 tablespoons melted butter, ½ cup firmly packed brown sugar, ½ cup each chopped sultanas, raisins, mixed peel and currants, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 cup boiling milk.

Mix flour with brown sugar and chopped fruits in basin. Make well in centre of ingredients, add melted butter and milk in which soda has been dissolved. Lastly stir in vinegar and nutmeg; mix well. Fill mixture into greased basin, cover top with greased paper, then pudding-cloth or aluminium foil. Place in saucepan of boiling water, boil 3 hours. Serve piping hot with a rich custard or brandy sauce.

OVERNIGHT PUDDING

Two cups flour, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup currants, 1 cup sultanas, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, ¼ teaspoon mixed spice, pinch salt, ½ cup hot water, 2oz. butter or substitute, ½ cup cold water, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 egg.

Combine in basin the flour, sugar, currants, sultanas, nutmeg, mixed spice, salt. Make well in centre, add hot water in which butter has been melted, then cold water in which soda has been dissolved. Fold in beaten egg, mix well. Stand covered overnight. Next morning spoon into well-greased pudding-basin, cover with greaseproof paper and pudding-cloth or aluminium foil. Boil steadily 3½ to 4 hours. Serve hot.

FRUITARIAN PUDDING

Half pound figs, 8oz. almonds, 4oz. shelled brazil nuts, 6oz. currants, 8oz. raisins, 6oz. sultanas, 4oz. chopped candied peel, 2 small cooking apples, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, 4oz. brown sugar, ½lb. fresh breadcrumbs, pinch salt, grated rind and juice 1 lemon, 4oz. butter or substitute, 4oz. honey, 3 eggs.

Chop figs finely, place in basin. Blanch almonds, remove skins, chop finely, chop brazil nuts; add both to basin. Chop raisins, sultanas, and peel, add to basin with currants. Peel and grate the apples, add to basin with mixed spice, brown sugar, breadcrumbs, and salt. Mix all well together. Cream butter and lemon rind in separate basin, and gradually add lemon juice and honey. Continue beating until smooth, add eggs one at a time, beat well after each addition. Fold into fruit and nut mixture, stir well. Fill into 1 large or 2 smaller greased pudding-basins, packing down well and bringing mixture nearly to top of basin. Cover with greased paper, then with aluminium foil or pudding-cloth. Tie securely. Place pudding into saucepan of boiling water, making sure water comes half way up basin. Cover, boil about 5 hours for large pudding, 3 hours for smaller. On day of serving boil pudding further 1 to 1½ hours.

SPICED PLUM DUFF

One pound suet, 1lb. seeded raisins, ½lb. sultanas, ½lb. currants, ¼lb. mixed peel, 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, 1 tablespoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon mace, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ cup firmly packed brown sugar, 7 eggs (separated), 4 tablespoons cream, ½ cup brandy or sherry (or use orange juice), 3 cups freshly grated breadcrumbs.

Remove any skin from suet, grate very finely, place in large basin with the chopped raisins, sultanas, currants, and peel. Sift a little flour over fruits, mix through. To remaining flour add the nutmeg, cinnamon, mace, and salt, and sift into basin. Beat egg-yolks with cream, brandy or sherry, and brown sugar, stir into breadcrumbs, then mix into fruit mixture. Whip egg-whites until stiff in separate basin, fold into mixture. Fill into 1 large or 2 small greased pudding-basins. Cover with greased paper then with pudding-cloth or aluminium foil. Tie securely with string, place in saucepan of boiling water. Boil 6 hours or (for smaller pudding) 4 hours. On day of serving cook further 1 hour. Serve with the following sauce:

Sherry Butter Sauce: Place in top half of double boiler 1 cup sugar, ¼ cup butter, 2 eggs, pinch salt, 5 tablespoons sweet sherry. Stir over simmering water until mixture is thick.

RICH CHRISTMAS PUDDING

Quarter pound flour, ½lb. white breadcrumbs, ½lb. raisins, ½lb. sultanas, ¼lb. dates, ¼lb. figs, ¼lb. mixed peel, ¼lb. currants, ¼lb. sugar, ½lb. beef suet, 2oz. almonds, ½ teaspoon mixed spice, ½ teaspoon grated nutmeg, 3 eggs, ½ pint milk, 1-3rd cup brandy, almond essence, loaf sugar, castor sugar, extra brandy.

Prepare fruits, chop peel very finely, blanch and chop almonds. Chop suet very finely, mix with flour. Mix dry ingredients thoroughly. Beat eggs well, gradually add brandy, milk, and essence. Stir into dry ingredients. Fill into greased pudding-basin, cover with greased paper, then with a pudding-cloth. Secure and tie tightly. Plunge into boiling water, cook 5 to 6 hours, adding more boiling water if needed. Serve with castor sugar sifted over. Soak cubes of loaf sugar in brandy, place round edge of dish and set alight.

SAUCES for the pudding range from traditional hard sauce to family style rich custard.

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Hit Parade of Butter and Cheese Recipes Contest

THE recipe at right is the fifth in the series of six in a new and exciting £3000 cookery contest being conducted by the Australian Dairy Produce Board.

Big cash prizes will be awarded, including first prize of £1000; second prize £500; third prize £300; and fourth prize £200.

Details of the contest and an entry form appear in a color advertisement in a previous page in this issue.

Send completed entry forms to Hit Parade of Butter and Cheese Recipes Contest, Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

The contest will close on October 25.

RECIPE No. 5

STROGANOFF FAMILY STYLE

Three cups hot fluffy rice (1 cup raw), 15½oz. can condensed mushroom soup, 4oz. (1 cup) grated matured cheddar cheese, 1 dessertspoon butter, a small onion (chopped), 2 cups cubed cooked meat or raw meat cut in thin strips, tomatoes, parsley.

1. Cook the rice in the usual way.
2. Make the sauce by pouring the mushroom soup into saucepan and bringing to the boil. Add the cheese and stir until melted.
3. Melt butter in a frypan and gently cook the onion until transparent. Add the meat. Reheat only if cooked meat is used. Raw meat should be sauteed with the onion until tender.
4. Lift the onion and meat into the prepared mushroom-cheese sauce. Bring to the boil to reheat, then pour on to a bed of hot fluffy rice. Decorate with tomato halves which have been lightly fried in the butter remaining in the frypan after removing the meat. Garnish with parsley sprigs. Yields 4 large servings, 6 small.

This energy-packed breakfast costs less than 2D PER SERVE.

Growing children need an energy breakfast—and that means WEET-BIX! These golden brown, crisply toasted biscuits are 100% whole wheat, and wheat is Nature's richest energy grain. Yet, with 24 servings in each large packet, a Weet-Bix breakfast costs only about 1½d! At good grocers everywhere.

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Serve WEET-BIX for 'superific' energy!

W3S

£5 for cake

OUR main prize winner this week is a recipe for a fruit cake which is reputed to keep quite fresh for forty days.

Consolation prizes of £1 each are awarded for a simply made seafood and ham medley; spicy fruit-drop cookies; and a rabbit and asparagus casserole.

All spoon measurements are level.

FORTY DAY CAKE

Eight ounces butter, 4 cups self-raising flour, 2 cups sugar, 1lb. mixed fruit, 4oz. lemon peel, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1½ cups milk, ½ cup rum.

Cut fruit and lemon peel into small uniform pieces. Cream butter and sugar, add flour sifted with bicarbonate of soda, nutmeg, and spice alternately with the milk. Lastly add rum, mix well. Fill into well-lined round or square 8in. cake tin. Bake in moderately slow oven 2 to 2½ hours or until skewer comes out clean.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. R. Mahaffey, Flat 3, 75 Rawson Ave., Tamworth, N.S.W.

HONEY FRUIT COOKIES

Four ounces butter, ½ cup sugar, ½ cup honey, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 egg, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 2 and 1-3rd cups flour, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, ½ teaspoon baking-powder, ½ cup chopped mixed fruit, ½ cup chopped nuts.

Cream the butter with the sugar, honey, salt. Add the egg and vanilla, beat well. Sift the flour, bicarbonate of soda, and baking powder together, add to creamed mixture. Fold in fruit and chopped nuts. Drop on to well greased oven slide a teaspoon at a time. Bake in moderate oven 12 to 15 minutes. Makes approximately 3 dozen cookies.

Consolation prize of £1 to Miss Pauline Zink, 8 Myee Ave., Strathfield, N.S.W.

RABBIT AND ASPARAGUS CASSEROLE

One rabbit, 3 tablespoons oil, 1 packet asparagus soup mix, 1 onion, 1 potato, 1 turnip, 1 parsnip, 1 carrot, 1 dessertspoon tomato sauce, 1 pint water, 1 dessertspoon vegetable extract, 1 dessertspoon wine, cooked rice, 1oz. sultanas, 1oz. split peas, ½ teaspoon salt, pepper, 1 teaspoon curry powder, 1 teaspoon worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon flour.

Cut rabbit into joints. Brown on all sides in heated oil, remove rabbit and brown sliced onion. Prepare vegetables, cut into small dice. Place rabbit, onion, diced vegetables in pressure-cooker or casserole. Mix asparagus soup with the water. Add soup and all remaining ingredients, except flour, to rabbit. Pressure cook 20 minutes or in casserole 1½ hours. Thicken with flour blended with little water. Serve with creamed potatoes seasoned with chopped parsley.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. B. Miller, Box 255, Pt. Augusta, S.A.

PRAWN MEDLEY

Quarter pound ham, 1oz. butter or substitute, ½ cup chopped onion, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1 cup tomato pulp (fresh or canned), ½ cup water, pinch cayenne pepper, 2 cups cooked rice, salt, 2 cups coarsely chopped prawns, chopped parsley.

Chop ham roughly; saute lightly in melted butter or substitute in pan. Add onion, saute until it begins to color. Stir in flour, cook lightly. Add tomato pulp, water, cayenne pepper, salt, cooked rice. Lastly fold in prepared prawns. Simmer lightly over heat 10 minutes. Turn into greased cassolettes. Stand in dish of boiling water, cook in moderate oven 20 minutes. Sprinkle with chopped parsley.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. A. Stirling, Church St., Beenleigh, Qld.

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Collectors' Corner

● *Table is Chinese*

● *Teaset has hand-painted decorations*

● **Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antiques — a tray, a table, and a teaset — shown on this page.**

● *Tray is English Staffordshire*

My little table was bought in an antique shop some years ago and I was told it had been used in a Chinese temple. There are two women in oriental dress on the top, but no other figures or dates. Could you give me some information about it?—Mrs. A. E. Gibbs, Eden Hills, S.A.

Your table (above) is Chinese and was made about 1880.

★ ★ ★

Could you tell me the age of my teaset? The pieces are all decorated with a hand-painted scene. The only marking is a Japanese letter in gold on a dot of green paint.—D. B. Nimmo, Gympie, Qld.

Your teaset (above, centre) is Japanese satzuma and was made about 1900-1910.

★ ★ ★

I have a majolica tray which is marked on the back with a diamond-shaped motif. I would like some information about the tray.—Mrs. M. Coomber, Dubbo, N.S.W.

Your tray (above, right) is English Staffordshire and was made about 1865. The mark on the back indicates that the design was registered.

HOME HINTS

● **These hints for short cuts to better housekeeping have been sent in by readers. Each wins £1/1/- prize.**

SLIP fingers cut from old rubber gloves over broom and mop handles, and they will not leave marks when leant against walls.—Mrs. B. D. M. Dawe, 27 Minchington Rd., Elizabeth North, S.A.

★ ★ ★

If the cake-tin in which you wish to store a cake is just big enough, put the cake on the lid. The deep part of the cake-tin then becomes the cover, and is easily lifted off.—Mrs. G. M. Anderson, 1 Yapunyah St., O'Connor Heights, Canberra.

★ ★ ★

Vinegar added to washing and rinsing water will prevent colors running when laundering. This also revives the colors.—Mrs. S. Rice, 103 Frankland St., Launceston, Tas.

★ ★ ★

Don't throw away that old bucket or basket with the bottom out. Press wire-netting firmly round the inside, and use it when weeding. Earth and stones will fall through but weeds will remain.—Mrs. E. Harper, "Sea Winds," Havant Rd., Hayling Island, Hants, Eng.

★ ★ ★

To ensure that potplants get sufficient water while you are away from home, fill an old tub with water and place several bricks in it so that they are practically submerged. Stand each pot on a brick. The water will seep up through the brick and be absorbed into the pot through the drainage hole.—Mrs. S. Shepherd, 60 Cliff St., Sandgate, Qld.

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